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THE WORKS OF JOHN WEBSTER:

NOW FIRST COLLECTED, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR, AND NOTES.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE, B.A.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
WILLIAM PICKERING.
1830.

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LONDON:
Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES,
Stamford-street.

24-34
47-2

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THE DEVIL'S LAW-CASE.

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The Deuils Law-case. Or, When Women goe to Law, the Deuill is full of Businesse. A new Tragecomœdy. The true and perfect Copie from the Originall. As it was approouedly well Acted by her Maiesties Seruants. Written by John Webster. Non quam diu, sed quam bene. London, Printed by A. M. for John Grismand, and are to be sold at his Shop in Paul's Alley at the Signe of the Gunne. 1623.

That this play must have been written but a short time before it was given to the press is evident from the following allusion in it to the massacre of the English by the Dutch at Amboyna, which took place in February 1622;

"How? go to the East Indies, and so many Hollanders gone to fetch sauce for their pickled herrings! some have been peppered there too lately." Act IV. Sc. 2.

Whence the author derived the story of *The Devil's Law Case* I know not: the following observations by Langbaine are hardly worth quoting; "An accident like that of Romelio's stabbing Contarino out of malice, which turned to his preservation, is (if I mistake not,) in Skenkius his Observations: At least I am sure, the like happened to Phœreus Jason, as you may see in Q. Val. Maximus, lib. I. cap. 8. The like story is related in Goulart's Histoires Admirables, tome 1. p. 178."

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TO THE RIGHT WORTHY, AND ALL ACCOMPLISHED GENTLEMAN, SIR THOMAS FINCH, KNIGHT BARONET.*

SIR, let it not appear strange, that I do aspire to your patronage. Things that taste of any goodness, love to be sheltered near goodness: nor do I flatter in this, which I hate, only touch at the original copy of your virtues. Some of my other works, as *The White Devil, The Dutchess of Malfi, Guise*, and others,† you have formerly seen: I present this humbly to kiss your hands, and to find your allowance: nor do I much doubt it, knowing the greatest of the Cæsars, have cheerfully entertained less poems than this; and had I thought it un-

* *Sir Thomas Finch, Knight Baronet*] Was the second son of Sir Moyle Finch. His mother having been created Countess of Winchelsea, he, on her decease in 1633, succeeded to her honours as first Earl of Winchelsea. He married Cecilie, daughter of Sir John Wentworth, Bart.; and died in 1639. In the later editions of Collins's *Peerage*, his death is fixed in 1634; but see Hasted's *Hist. of Kent*, vol. iii. p. 199, and the Corrigenda to it, p. 48.

† *Guise and others.*] Webster's *Guise* has perished. Henslowe in his Memoranda (apud Malone) mentions "The Tragedye of the *Guyes*" as early as 1592, but in all probability he means *The Massacre at Paris* by Marlowe. On the lost dramas of Webster, some remarks will be found in the Introductory Essay to this work.

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worthy, I had not enquired after so worthy a patronage. Yourself I understand to be all courtesy: I doubt not therefore of your acceptance, but resolve that my election is happy; for which favour done me, I shall ever rest

Your Worship's humbly devoted,

JOHN WEBSTER.

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TO THE JUDICIOUS READER.

I hold it in these kind of poems with that of Horace, *sapientia prima stultitiâ caruisse*, to be free from those vices, which proceed from ignorance; of which, I take it, this play will ingeniously acquit itself. I do chiefly therefore expose it to the judicious: *locus est et pluribus umbris*, others have leave to sit down and read it, who come unbidden. But to these, should a man present them with the most excellent musick, it would delight them no more, than *auriculas citharæ collecta sorde dolentes*. I will not further insist upon the approvement of it, for I am so far from praising myself, that I have not given way to divers of my friends, whose unbegged commendatory verses offered themselves to do me service in the front of this poem. A great part of the grace of this, I confess, lay in action; yet can no action ever be gracious, where the decency of the language, and ingenious structure of the scene, arrive not to make up a perfect harmony. What I have failed of this, you that have approved my other works, (when you have read this,) tax me of. For the rest, *Non ego ventosæ plebis suffragia venor.*

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ROMELIO, a merchant, son of Leonora.
CONTARINO, a nobleman.
ERCOLE, a knight of Malta.
CRISPIANO, a Spanish lawyer.
JULIO, his son.
ARIOSTO, an advocate.
CONTILUPO, a lawyer.
SANITONELLA.
PROSPERO.
BAPTISTA.
A CAPUCHIN.
Two Surgeons.
Judges, Lawyers, Bellmen, Register, Marshal, Herald, and Servants.

LEONORA.
JOLENTA, her daughter.
ANGIOLELLA, a nun.
WINIFRED.

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THE

DEVIL'S LAW-CASE.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Enter ROMELIO, *and* PROSPERO.

PROS. You have shewn a world of wealth: I did not think
There had been a merchant liv'd in Italy
Of half your substance.

ROM. I'll give the king of Spain
Ten thousand ducats yearly, and discharge
My yearly custom. The Hollanders scarce trade
More generally than I: my factors' wives
Wear chaperons of velvet, and my scriveners,
Merely through my employment, grow so rich,
They build their palaces and belvederes
With musical water-works. Never in my life
Had I a loss at sea: they call me on th' Exchange
The Fortunate Young Man, and make great suit
To venture with me. Shall I tell you, sir,
Of a strange confidence in my way of trading?
I reckon it as certain as the gain
In erecting a lottery.

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PROS. I pray, sir, what do you think
Of Signior Baptisto's estate?
ROM. A mere beggar:
He's worth some fifty thousand ducats.
PROS. Is not that well?
ROM. How, well! for a man to be melted to snow water,
With toiling in the world from three and twenty
Till three score, for poor fifty thousand ducats!
PROS. To your estate 'tis little, I confess:
You have the spring-tide of gold.
ROM. Faith, and for silver,
Should I not send it packing to th' East Indies,
We should have a glut on't.

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Here's the great lord Contarino.
PROS. O, I know
His business; he's a suitor to your sister.
ROM. Yes, sir, but to you,
As my most trusted friend, I utter it,
I will break the alliance.
PROS. You are ill advis'd then:
There lives not a completer gentleman
In Italy, nor of a more ancient house.
ROM. What tell you me of gentry? 'tis nought else
But a superstitious relick of time past:
And sift it to the true worth, it is nothing
But ancient riches; and in him, you know,
They are pitifully in the wane. He makes his colour

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Of visiting us so often, to sell land,
And thinks if he can gain my sister's love,
To recover the treble value.

PROS. Sure he loves her
Entirely, and she deserves it.

ROM. Faith, though she were
Crook'd-shoulder'd, having such a portion,
She would have noble suitors: but truth is,
I would wish my noble venturer take heed;
It may be, whiles he hopes to catch a gilt-head,
He may draw up a gudgeon.

Enter CONTARINO.

PROS. He's come. Sir, I will leave you.

[*Exeunt Prospero and Servant.*

CON. I sent you the evidence of the piece of land
I motion'd to you for the sale.

ROM. Yes.

CON. Has your counsel perus'd it?

ROM. Not yet, my lord. Do you intend to travel?

CON. No.

ROM. O then you lose
That which makes man most absolute.

CON. Yet I have heard
Of divers, that in passing of the Alps,
Have but exchang'd their virtues at dear rate
For other vices.

ROM. O, my lord, lie not idle:
The chiefest action for a man of great spirit,
Is never to be out of action. We should think,
The soul was never put into the body,

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Which has so many rare and curious pieces
Of mathematical motion, to stand still.
Virtue is ever sowing of her seeds:
In the trenches for the soldier; in the wakeful study
For the scholar; in the furrows of the sea
For men of our profession: of all which
Arise and spring up honour. Come, I know
You have some noble great design in hand,
That you levy so much money.

Con. Sir, I'll tell you;
The greatest part of it I mean to employ
In payment of my debts, and the remainder
Is like to bring me into greater bonds,
As I aim it.

Rom. How, sir?

Con. I intend it
For the charge of my wedding.

Rom. Are you to be married, my lord?

Con. Yes, sir; and I must now entreat your pardon,
That I have conceal'd from you a business,
Wherein you had at first been call'd to counsel,
But that I thought it a less fault in friendship,
To engage myself thus far without your knowledge,
Than to do it against your will: another reason
Was, that I would not publish to the world,
Nor have it whisper'd scarce, what wealthy voyage
I went about, till I had got the mine
In mine own possession.

Rom. You are dark to me yet.

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CON. I'll now remove the cloud. Sir, your sister and I
Are vow'd each other's, and there only wants
Her worthy mother's and your fair consents
To stile it marriage: this is a way,
Not only to make a friendship, but confirm it
For our posterities. How do you look upon't?

ROM. Believe me, sir, as on the principle column
To advance our house: why, you bring honour with you,
Which is the soul of wealth. I shall be proud
To live to see my little nephews ride
O'th' upper hand of their uncles; and their daughters
Be rank'd by heralds at solemnities
Before the mother; all this derived
From your nobility. Do not blame me, sir,
If I be taken with't exceedingly;
For this same honour with us citizens,
Is a thing we are mainly fond of, especially
When it comes without money, which is very seldom.
But as you do perceive my present temper,
Be sure I am yours,—fir'd with scorn and laughter
At your over-confident purpose,—and no doubt,
My mother will be of your mind.

CON. 'Tis my hope, sir. [*Exit Romelio.*
I do observe how this Romelio
Has very worthy parts, were they not blasted
By insolent vain glory. There rests now
The mother's approbation to the match,

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Who is a woman of that state and bearing,
Though she be city-born, both in her language,
Her garments, and her table, she excels
Our ladies of the court: she goes not gaudy,
Yet have I seen her wear one diamond,
Would have bought twenty gay ones out of their clothes,
And some of them, without the greater grace,
Out of their honesties. She comes: I will try
How she stands affected to me, without relating
My contract with her daughter.

Enter LEONORA.

LEON. Sir, you are nobly welcome, and presume
You are in a place that's wholly dedicated
To your service.

CON. I am ever bound to you
For many special favours.

LEON. Sir, your fame renders you
Most worthy of it.

CON. It could never have got
A sweeter air to fly in, than your breath.

LEON. You have been strange a long time; you are weary
Of our unseasonable time of feeding:
Indeed th' Exchange-bell makes us dine so late,
I think the ladies of the court from us
Learn to lie so long a bed.

CON. They have a kind of Exchange among them too;

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Marry, unless it be to hear of news, I take it,
Their's is, like the New Burse,* thinly furnish'd
With tires and new fashions. I have a suit to you.

LEON. I would not have you value it the less,
If I say, 'tis granted already.

CON. You are all bounty:
'Tis to bestow your picture on me.

LEON. O, sir,
Shadows are coveted in summer, and with me
'Tis fall o'th' leaf.

CON. You enjoy the best of time;
This latter spring of yours shews in my eye,
More fruitful and more temperate withal,
Than that whose date is only limited
By the musick of the cuckoo.

LEON. Indeed, sir, I dare tell you,
My looking-glass is a true one, and as yet
It does not terrify me: must you have my picture?

CON. So please you, lady, and I shall preserve it
As a most choice object.

LEON. You will enjoin me to a strange punishment.
With what a compell'd face a woman sits
While she is drawing! I have noted divers,
Either to feign smiles, or suck in the lips
To have a little mouth; ruffle the cheeks
To have the dimple seen; and so disorder

* *The New Burse*] i. e. the New Exchange in the Strand, where were shops in which female finery and trinkets of every description were sold. Our old dramatists do not scruple to attribute to a foreign country the peculiarities of their own.

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The face with affectation, at next sitting
It has not been the same: I have known others
Have lost the entire fashion of their face,
In half an hour's sitting.

CON. How?

LEON. In hot weather,
The painting on their face has been so mellow,
They have left the poor man harder work by half,
To mend the copy he wrought by: but indeed,
If ever I would have mine drawn to th' life,
I would have a painter steal it at such a time
I were devoutly kneeling at my prayers;
There is then a heavenly beauty in't, the soul
Moves in the superficies.

CON. Excellent lady,
Now you teach beauty a preservative,
More than 'gainst fading colours, and your judgment
Is perfect in all things.

LEON. Indeed, sir, I am a widow,
And want the addition to make it so;
For man's experience has still been held
Woman's best eyesight. I pray, sir, tell me;
You are about to sell a piece of land
To my son, I hear.

CON. 'Tis truth.

LEON. Now I could rather wish
That noblemen would ever live i'th' country,
Rather than make their visits up to th' city
About such business. O, sir, noble houses
Have no such goodly prospects any way

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As into their own land: the decay of that,
Next to their begging churchland, is a ruin
Worth all men's pity. Sir, I have forty thousand crowns
Sleep in my chest, shall waken when you please,
And fly to your commands. Will you stay supper?

CONT. I cannot, worthy lady.

LEON. I would not have you come hither, sir, to sell,
But to settle your estate. I hope you understand
Wherefore I make this proffer: so I leave you.

[*Exit.*

CON. What a treasury have I perch'd [on]!* I hope
You understand wherefore I make this proffer!
She has got some intelligence, how I intend to marry
Her daughter, and ingenuously† perceiv'd,
That by her picture, which I begg'd of her,
I meant the fair Jolenta. Here's a letter,
Which gives express charge not to visit her
Till midnight; *fail not to come, for 'tis a business that concerns both our honours.*
Yours, in danger to be lost, Jolenta.
'Tis a strange injunction: what should be the business?
She is not chang'd, I hope: I'll thither straight;
For women's resolutions in such deeds,
Like bees, light oft on flowers, and oft on weeds.

[*Exit.*

* *perch'd* [*on*]] The old copy "*pearch'd.*"
† *ingenuously*] See note † p. 79. vol. I.

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SCENE II.

Enter ERCOLE, ROMELIO, *and* JOLENTA.

ROM. O sister, come, the tailor must to work,
To make your wedding clothes.

JOL. The tomb-maker, to take measure of my coffin.

ROM. Tomb-maker! look you, the king of Spain greets you.

JOL. What does this mean? do you serve process on me?

ROM. Process! come, you would be witty now.

JOL. Why, what's this, I pray?

ROM. Infinite grace to you; it is a letter
From his catholic majesty, for the commends
Of this gentleman for your husband.

JOL. In good season:
I hope he will not have my allegiance stretch'd
To the undoing of myself.

ROM. Undo yourself! he does proclaim him here—

JOL. Not for a traitor, does he?

ROM. You are not mad;
For one of the noblest gentlemen.

JOL. Yet kings many times
Know merely but men's out-sides; was this commendation
Voluntary, think you?

ROM. Voluntary! what mean you by that?

JOL. Why, I do not think but he begg'd it of the king,

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And it may fortune to be out of's way:
Some better suit, that would have stood his lordship
In far more stead. Letters of commendations!
Why, 'tis reported that they are grown stale,
When places fall i'th University.
I pray you return his pass; for to a widow
That longs to be a courtier, this paper
May do knight's service.

ERCO. Mistake not, excellent mistress; these commends
Express, his majesty of Spain has given me
Both addition of honour, as you may perceive
By my habit, and a place here to command
O'er thirty gallies: this your brother shews,
As wishing that you would be partner
In my good fortune.

ROM. I pray come hither:
Have I any interest in you?

JOL. You are my brother.

ROM. I would have you then use me with that respect,
You may still keep me so, and to be sway'd
In this main business of life, which wants
Greatest consideration, your marriage,
By my direction: here's a gentleman——

JOL. Sir, I have often told you,
I am so little my own to dispose that way,
That I can never be his.

ROM. Come, too much light
Makes you moon-ey'd: are you in love with title?

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I will have a herald, whose continual practice
Is all in pedigree, come a wooing to you,
Or an antiquary in old buskins.

ERCO. Sir, you have done me
The mainest wrong that e'er was offered
To a gentleman of my breeding.

ROM. Why, sir?

ERCO. You have led me
With a vain confidence that I should marry
Your sister; have proclaim'd it to my friends;
Employ'd the greatest lawyers of our state
To settle her a jointure; and the issue
Is, that I must become ridiculous
Both to my friends and enemies: I will leave you,
Till I call to you for a strict account
Of your unmanly dealing.

ROM. Stay, my lord.—
Do you long to have my throat cut?—Good my lord,
Stay but a little, till I have remov'd
This court mist from her eyes, till I wake her
From this dull sleep, wherein she'll dream herself
To a deformed beggar.—You would marry
The great lord Contarino—

Enter LEONORA.

LEON. Contarino
Were you talking of? he lost last night at dice
Five thousand ducats; and when that was gone,
Set at one throw a lordship that twice trebled
The former loss.

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ROM. And that flew after?
LEON. And most carefully
Carried the gentleman in his caroch
To a lawyer's chamber, there most legally
To put him in possession: was this wisdom?
ROM. O yes, their credit in the way of gaming
Is the main thing they stand on; that must be paid
Though the brewer bawl for's money: and this lord
Does she prefer i'th' way of marriage,
Before our choice here, noble Ercole.
LEON. You'll be advis'd, I hope. Know for your sakes
I married, that I might have children;
And for your sakes, if you'll be rul'd by me,
I will never marry again. Here's a gentleman
Is noble, rich, well featur'd, but 'bove all,
He loves you entirely: his intents are aim'd
For an expedition 'gainst the Turk,
Which makes the contract cannot be delay'd.
JOL. Contract! you must do this without my knowledge:
Give me some potion to make me mad,
And happily not knowing what I speak,
I may then consent to't.
ROM. Come, you are mad already;
And I shall never hear you speak good sense,
Till you name him for husband.
ERCO. Lady, I will do
A manly office for you; I will leave you

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To the freedom of your own soul: may it move whither
Heaven and you please!

JOL. Now you express yourself,
Most nobly.

ROM. Stay, sir; what do you mean to do?

LEON. Hear me; if thou dost marry Contarino,
All the misfortune that did ever dwell
In a parent's curse light on thee!

ERCO. O, rise, lady: certainly heaven never
Intended kneeling to this fearful purpose.

JOL. Your imprecation has undone me for ever.

ERCO. Give me your hand.

JOL. No, sir.

ROM. Give't me then:
O what rare workmanship have I seen this
To finish with your needle! what excellent musick
Have these struck upon the viol! Now I'll teach
A piece of art.

JOL. Rather a damnable cunning,
To have me go about to give't away,
Without consent of my soul.

ROM. Kiss her, my lord:
If crying had been regarded, maidenheads
Had ne'er been lost; at least some appearance
Of crying, as an April shower i'th' sunshine—

LEON. She is yours.

ROM. Nay, continue your station, and deal you
In dumb shew; kiss this doggedness out of her.

LEON. To be contracted in tears, is but fashionable.

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ROM. Yet suppose that they were hearty—
LEON. Virgins must seem unwilling.
ROM. O, what else?
And you remember, we observe the like
In greater ceremonies than these contracts;
At the consecration of prelates, they use ever
Twice to say nay, and take it.
JOL. O, brother!
ROM. Keep your possession, you have the door by th' ring,
That's livery and seisin in England:* but, my lord,
Kiss that tear from her lip; you'll find the rose
The sweeter for the dew.
JOL. Bitter as gall.
ROM. Ay, ay, all you women,
Although you be of never so low stature,
Have gall in you most abundant; it exceeds
Your brains by two ounces. I was saying somewhat:
O, do but observe i'th' city, and you'll find
The thriftiest bargains that were ever made,
What a deal of wrangling ere they could be brought
To an upshot!
LEON. Great persons do not ever come together—
ROM. With revelling faces; nor is it necessary
They should; the strangeness and unwillingness

* —— *you have the door by th' ring,*
That's livery and seisin in England] The allusion here is to a ceremony used in the common law, on conveyance of lands, houses, &c. when the ring or latch of the door is delivered to the feoffee: *livery* and *seisin* are delivery and possession.

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Wears the greater state, and gives occasion that
The people may buzz and talk of't, though the bells
Be tongue-tied at the wedding.

LEON. And truly I have heard say,
To be a little strange to one another,
Will keep your longing fresh.

ROM. Ay, and make you beget
More children when y'are married: some doctors
Are of that opinion. You see, my lord, we are merry
At the contract; your sport is to come hereafter.

ERCO. I will leave you, excellent lady, and withal
Leave a heart with you so entirely yours,
That I protest, had I the least of hope
To enjoy you, though I were to wait the time
That scholars do in taking their degree
In the noble arts, 'twere nothing: howsoe'er
He parts from you, that will depart from life,
To do you any service; and so humbly
I take my leave.

JOL. Sir, I will pray for you. [*Exit Ercole.*

ROM. Why, that's well; 'twill make your prayer complete,
To pray for your husband.

JOL. Husband!

LEON. This is
The happiest hour that I ever arriv'd at. [*Exit.*

ROM. Husband, ay, husband: come, you peevish thing,
Smile me a thank for the pains I have ta'en.

JOL. I hate myself for being thus enforc'd:

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You may soon judge then what I think of you,
Which are the cause of it.

Enter WINIFRED.

ROM. You, lady of the laundry, come hither.

WIN. Sir?

ROM. Look, as you love your life, you have an eye
Upon your mistress: I do henceforth bar her
All visitants. I do hear there are bawds abroad,
That bring cut-works, and mantoons,* and convey letters
To such young gentlewomen; and there are others
That deal in corn-cutting, and fortune-telling;
Let none of these come at her on your life;
Nor Deuce-ace, the wafer-woman, that prigs abroad
With musk-melons, and malakatoones;† nor
The Scotchwoman with the cittern, do you mark;
Nor a dancer by any means, though he ride on's foot-cloth;
Nor a hackney-coachman, if he can speak French.

WIN. Why, sir?

* *mantoons*] Qy. if from "*mantone*, a great robe or mantle." Florio's *Ital. Dict.* 1611.

† *malakatoones*] The malakatoone, melicotton, malecotoon, malecotone, or maligatoon, (for, so variously do old writers spell the word,) was a sort of late peach. Gerard in his *Herball*, enumerating different kinds of peaches, mentions "the Blacke Peach; the *Melocotone*; the White," &c. p. 1446. ed. 1633.

"Pine are much after the Figure of a Sceth Thistle, and in my minde taste most like a Peach, or *Maligatoon*." Note on a poem (p. 10) entitled *A Description of the Last Voyage to Bermudas, in the Ship Mary Gold*, by J. H. [ardy]. 1671, 4to.

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ROM. By no means; no more words:
Nor the woman with marrow-bone puddings: I have heard
Strange juggling tricks have been convey'd to a woman
In a pudding: you are apprehensive?
WIN. O, good sir, I have travell'd.
ROM. When you had a bastard, you travail'd indeed:
But, my precious chaperoness,
I trust thee the better for that; for I have heard,
There is no warier keeper of a park,
To prevent stalkers, or your night-walkers,
Than such a man, as in his youth has been
A most notorious deer-stealer.
WIN. Very well, sir,
You may use me at your pleasure.
ROM. By no means, Winifred; that were the way
To make thee travail again. Come, be not angry,
I do but jest; thou knowest, wit and a woman
Are two very frail things; and so I leave you. [*Exit.*
WIN. I could weep with you; but 'tis no matter,
I can do that at any time; I have now
A greater mind to rail a little: plague of these
Unsanctified matches! they make us loath
The most natural desire our grandame Eve ever left us·
Force one to marry against their will! why, 'tis
A more ungodly work, than enclosing the commons.
JOL. Prithee, peace;
This is indeed an argument so common,

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I cannot think of matter new enough,
To express it bad enough.

WIN. Here's one, I hope,
Will put you out of't.

Enter CONTARINO.

CON. How now, sweet mistress?
You have made sorrow look lovely of late;
You have wept.

WIN. She has done nothing else these three days: had you stood behind the arras, to have heard her shed so much salt water as I have done, you would have thought she had been turned fountain.

CON. I would fain know the cause can be worthy This thy sorrow.

JOL. Reach me the caskanet.* I am studying, sir,
To take an inventory of all that's mine.

CON. What to do with it, lady?

JOL. To make you a deed of gift.

CON. That's done already; you are all mine.

WIN. Yes, but the devil would fain put in for's share,
In likeness of a separation.

JOL. O, sir, I am bewitch'd.

CON. Ha!

JOL. Most certain; I am forespoken

* *caskanet*] A word not found in dictionaries. I meet with it in a formidable list of articles necessary for a lady's toilette in *Lingua*; "such stirre with Stickes and Combes, *Cascanets*, Dressings, Purles, Falles, Squares, Buskes, Bodies, Scarffes, Neck-laces, Carcanets," &c. Sig. I. 2, ed. 1607.

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To be married to another: can you ever think
That I shall ever thrive in't? am I not then bewitch'd?
All comfort I can teach myself is this,
There is a time left for me to die nobly,
When I cannot live so.

CON. Give me, in a word, to whom, or by whose means
Are you thus torn from me?

JOL. By lord Ercole, my mother, and my* brother.

CON. I'll make his bravery† fitter for a grave,
Than for a wedding.

JOL. So you will beget
A far more dangerous and strange disease
Out of the cure: you must love him again
For my sake; for the noble Ercole
Had such a true compassion of my sorrow,—
Hark in your ear, I'll shew you his right worthy
Demeanour to me.

WIN. O, you pretty ones!
I have seen this lord many a time and oft
Set her in's lap, and talk to her of love
So feelingly, I do protest it has made me
Run out of myself to think on't.
O sweet breath'd monkey! how they grow together!
Well, 'tis my opinion,
He was no woman's friend that did invent
A punishment for kissing.

* *my*] The old copy "*by*." † *bravery*] i. e. finery.

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CON. If he bear himself so nobly,
The manliest office I can do for him,
Is to afford him my pity, since he's like
To fail of so dear a purchase: for your mother,
Your goodness quits her ill: for your brother,
He that vows friendship to a man, and proves
A traitor, deserves rather to be hang'd,
Than he that counterfeits money; yet for your sake
I must sign his pardon too. Why do you tremble?
Be safe, you are now free from him.

JOL. O but, sir,
The intermission from a fit of an ague
Is grievous; for indeed it doth prepare us
To entertain torment next morning.

CON. Why, he's gone to sea.

JOL. But he may return too soon.

CON. To avoid which, we will instantly be married.

WIN. To avoid which, get you instantly to bed together,
Do, and I think no civil lawyer for his fee
Can give you better counsel.

JOL. Fie upon thee; prithee, leave us.

CON. Be of comfort, sweet mistress.

JOL. On one condition, we may have no quarrel
About this.

CON. Upon my life, none.

JOL. None, upon your honour?

CON. With whom? with Ercole?
You have delivered him guiltless.
With your brother? he's part of yourself.
With your complemental mother?

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I use not fight with women.
To-morrow we'll be married.*
Let those that would oppose this union,
Grow ne'er so subtle, and entangle themselves
In their own work like spiders; while we two
Haste to our noble wishes, and presume,
The hindrance of it will breed more delight,
As black copartiments shew† gold more bright.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter CRISPIANO, *and* SANITONELLA.

CRIS. Am I well habited?

SAN. Exceeding well; any man would take you for a merchant: but pray, sir, resolve me, what should be the reason, that you being one of the most eminent civil lawyers in Spain, and but newly arrived from the East Indies, should take this habit of a merchant upon you?

CRIS. Why, my son lives here in Naples, and in's riot doth far exceed the exhibition I allowed him.

SAN. So then, and in this disguise you mean to trace him.

* So far the rhythm of this speech is imperfect, nor is it to be improved by clipping words from one line and tacking them on to the next. How often in Webster's plays have we to complain of passages of blank verse scarcely metrical!

† *copartiments shew*] The old copy "*copartaments shewes.*"

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CRIS. Partly for that, but there is other business
Of greater consequence.

SAN. Faith, for his expence, 'tis nothing to your estate: what, to Don Crispiano, the famous corregidor of Seville, who by his mere practice of the law, in less time than half a jubilee, hath gotten thirty thousand ducats a-year!

CRIS. Well, I will give him line,
Let him run on in's course of spending.

SAN. Freely?

CRIS. Freely:
For I protest, if that I could conceive
My son would take more pleasure or content,
By any course of riot, in the expence,
Than I took joy, nay soul's felicity,
In the getting of it, should all the wealth I have
Waste to as small an atomy as flies
I'th' sun, I do protest on that condition,
It should not move me.

SAN. How's this? Cannot he take more pleasure in spending it riotously, than you have done by scraping it together? O, ten thousand times more! and I make no question, five hundred young gallants will be of my opinion.
Why, all the time of your collectionship,
Has been a perpetual calendar: begin first
With your melancholy study of the law
Before you come to finger the ruddocks; after that
The tiring importunity of clients,
To rise so early, and sit up so late;

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You made yourself half ready in a dream,*
And never pray'd but in your sleep. Can I think,
That you have half your lungs left with crying out
For judgments, and days of trial? Remember, sir,
How often have I borne you on my shoulder,
Among a shoal or swarm of reeking night-caps,†
When that your worship has bepist yourself,
Either with vehemency of argument,
Or being out from the matter. I am merry.

CRIS. Be so.

SAN. You could eat like a gentleman, at leisure;
But swallow it like flap-dragons,‡ as if you had lived
With chewing the cud after.

CRIS. No pleasure in the world was comparable to't.

SAN. Possible?

CRIS. He shall never taste the like,
Unless he study law.

SAN. What, not in wenching, sir?
'Tis a court game, believe it, as familiar

* *You made yourself half ready in a dream*] To *make* ones-self *ready* is the old expression for *dressing* ones-self.

† *night-caps*] See note * p. 202. vol. I.

‡ *flap-dragons*] Raisins, plums, *candles' ends!* &c. made to float in a dish of ardent spirits, from which, when set on fire, they were to be snatched by the mouth and swallowed. The amorous youths of olden time delighted in drinking off flap-dragons to the health of their mistresses. This nasty sport, still common in Holland, I have seen practised in our own country by boys during Christmas holidays.

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As gleek,* or any other.

CRIS. Wenching! O fie! the disease follows it:
Beside, can the fingering taffatas, or lawns,
Or a painted hand, or a breast, be like the pleasure
In taking clients' fees, and piling them
In several goodly rows before my desk?
And according to the bigness of each heap,
Which I took by a leer, (for lawyers do not tell them,)
I vail'd my cap, and withal gave great hope
The cause should go on their sides.

SAN. What think you then
Of a good cry of hounds? it has been known
Dogs have hunted lordships to a fault.

CRIS. Cry of curs!
The noise of clients at my chamber door,
Was sweeter musick far, in my conceit,
Than all the hunting in Europe.

SAN. Pray, stay, sir;
Say he should spend it in good house-keeping.

CRIS. Ay, marry, sir, to have him keep a good house,
And not sell't away, I'd find no fault with that:
But his kitchen, I'd have no bigger than a saw-pit;
For the smallness of a kitchen, without question,
Makes many noblemen, in France and Spain,
Build the rest of the house the bigger.

* *gleek*] A fashionable game at cards in our author's time. Full instructions how to play at "this noble and delightful Game or Recreation" may be found in *The Compleat Gamester*, p. 67, et seq. ed. 1709.

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SAN. Yes, mock-beggars.
CRIS. Some sevenscore chimnies,
But half of them have no tunnels.
SAN. A pox upon them, kickshaws, that beget
Such monsters without fundaments!
CRIS. Come, come, leave citing other vanities;
For neither wine, nor lust, nor riotous feasts,
Rich clothes, nor all the pleasure that the devil
Has ever practis'd with, to raise a man
To a devil's likeness, e'er brought man that pleasure
I took in getting my wealth: so I conclude.
If he can out-vie me, let it fly to th' devil.
Yon's my son: what company keeps he?
Enter ROMELIO, JULIO, ARIOSTO *and* BAPTISTA.
SAN. The gentleman he talks with, is Romelio,
The merchant.
CRIS. I never saw him till now:
A' has a brave sprightly look. I knew his father,
And sojourn'd in his house two years together
Before this young man's birth. I have news to tell him
Of certain losses happen'd him at sea,
That will not please him.
SAN. What's* that dapper fellow
In the long stocking? I do think 'twas he
Came to your lodging this morning.
CRIS. 'Tis the same:
There he stands but a little piece of flesh,

* *What's*] The old copy "*What.*"

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But he is the very miracle of a lawyer;
One that persuades men to peace, and compounds quarrels
Among his neighbours, without going to law.

SAN. And is he a lawyer?

CRIS. Yes, and will give counsel
In honest causes gratis; never in his life
Took fee, but he came and spake for't; is a man
Of extreme practice; and yet all his longing,
Is to become a judge.

SAN. Indeed that's a rare longing with men of his profession. I think he'll prove the miracle of a lawyer indeed.

ROM. Here's the man brought word your father died i'th' Indies.

JUL. He died in perfect memory, I hope, and made me his heir.

CRIS. Yes, sir.

JUL. He's gone the right way then without question. Friend, in time of mourning we must not use any action, that is but accessary to the making men merry; I do therefore give you nothing for your good tidings.

CRIS. Nor do I look for it, sir.

JUL. Honest fellow, give me thy hand: I do not think but thou hast carried new-year's gifts to th' court in thy days, and learnedest there to be so free of thy pains-taking.

ROM. Here's an old gentleman says he was cham-

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ber-fellow to your father, when they studied the law together at Barcelona.

JUL. Do you know him?

ROM. Not I, he's newly come to Naples.

JUL. And what's his business?

ROM. A' says he's come to read you good counsel.

CRIS. To him, rate him soundly.

[*This is spoke aside.*

JUL. And what's your counsel?

ARI. Why, I would have you leave your whoring.

JUL. He comes hotly upon me at first. Whoring!

ARI. O young quat,* incontinence is plagued
In all the creatures of the world!

JUL. When did you ever hear that a cock-sparrow Had the French pox?

ARI. When did you ever know any of them fat, but in the nest? ask all your cantharide-mongers that question: remember yourself, sir.

JUL. A very fine naturalist! a physician, I take you, by your round slop, for 'tis just of the bigness, and no more, of the case for a urinal; 'tis concluded, you are a physician. What do you mean, sir, you'll take cold.

ARI. 'Tis concluded, you are a fool, a precious

* *O young quat*] *Quat* means originally a pimple: compare Shakespeare;

"I have rubb'd this *young quat* almost to the sense."
Othello, Act V. Sc. I.

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one: you are a mere stick of sugar-candy,* a man may look quite thorough you.

JUL. You are a very bold gamester.

ARI. I can play at chess, and know how to handle a rook.

JUL. Pray preserve your velvet from the dust.

ARI. Keep your hat upon the block, sir, 'twill continue fashion the longer.

JUL. I was never so abused with the hat in the hand in my life.

ARI. I will put on: why, look you,
Those lands that were the client's are now become
The lawyer's; and those tenements that were
The country gentleman's, are now grown
To be his tailor's.

JUL. Tailor's?

ARI. Yes, tailors in France, they grow to great abominable purchase,† and become great officers. How many ducats think you he has spent within a twelvemonth, besides his father's allowance?

JUL. Besides my father's allowance! Why gentlemen, do you think an auditor begat me? Would you have me make even at year's end?

ROM. A hundred ducats a month in breaking Venice glasses.

ARI. He learnt that of an English drunkard, and a knight too, as I take it. This comes of your numerous wardrobe.

* *you are a mere stick of sugar-candy*, &c.] See note * p. 227, vol. I.

† *purchase*] See note * p. 226, vol. I.

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Rom. Ay, and wearing cut-work, a pound a purl.

Ari. Your dainty embroidered stockings, with overblown roses, to hide your gouty ankles.

Rom. And wearing more taffata for a garter, than would serve the galley dung-boat for streamers.

Ari. Your switching up at the horse-race, with the illustrissimi.

Rom. And studying a puzzling arithmetick at the cock-pit.

Ari. Shaking your elbow at the table-board.*

Rom. And resorting to your whore in hired velvet, with a spangled copper fringe at her netherlands.

Ari. Whereas if you had staid at Padua, and fed upon cow-trotters, and fresh beef to supper.

Jul. How I am baited!

Ari. Nay, be not you so forward with him neither, for 'tis thought, you'll prove a main part of his undoing.

Jul. I think this fellow is a witch.

Rom. Who I, sir?

Ari. You have certain rich city chuffs, that when they have no acres of their own, they will go and plough up fools, and turn them into excellent meadow; besides some enclosures for the first cherries in the spring, and apricocks to pleasure a friend

* *table-board*] The old copy "*Taule-boord.*"—Tables (Lat. *Tabularum lusus*, Fr. *Tables*,) is the old name for backgammon: but other games were played with the same board. On the back of the title page of the old play of *Arden of Feversham*, ed. 1633, is a representation of a table-board.

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at court with. You have 'pothecaries deal in selling commodities* to young gallants, will put four or five coxcombs into a sieve, and so drum with them upon their counter, they'll searce them through like Guinea pepper: they cannot endure to find a man like a pair of tarriers, they would undo him in a trice.

ROM. May be there are such.

ARI. O terrible exactors, fellows with six hands and three heads!

JUL. Ay, those are hell-hounds.

ARI. Take heed of them, they'll rent thee like tenterhooks. Hark in your ear, there is intelligence upon you; the report goes, there has been gold conveyed beyond the sea in hollow anchors. Farewell; you shall know me better; I will do thee more good than thou art aware of. [*Exit.*

JUL. He's a mad fellow.

SAN. He would have made an excellent barber, he does so curry it with his tongue. [*Exit.*

CRIS. Sir, I was directed to you.

ROM. From whence?

CRIS. From the East Indies.

ROM. You are very welcome.

CRIS. Please you walk apart,
I shall acquaint you with particulars
Touching your trading i'th' East Indies.

ROM. Willingly: pray walk, sir.

[*Exeunt Crispiano and Romelio.*

* *commodities*] See note * p. 85, vol. I.

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Enter ERCOLE.

ERC. O my right worthy friends, you have stay'd me long:
One health, and then aboard; for all the gallies
Are come about.

Enter CONTARINO.

CON. Signior Ercole,
The wind has stood my friend, sir, to prevent
Your putting to sea.

ERC. Pray why, sir?

CON. Only love, sir,
That I might take my leave, sir, and withal
Entreat from you a private recommends
To a friend in Malta; 'twould be deliver'd
To your bosom, for I had no time to write.

ERC. Pray leave us, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Julio and Baptista.*

Wilt please you sit? [*They sit down.*

CON. Sir, my love to you has proclaim'd you one,
Whose word was still led by a noble thought,
And that thought follow'd by as fair a deed.
Deceive not that opinion: we were students
At Padua together, and have long
To th' world's eye shewn like friends; was it hearty
On your part to me?

ERC. Unfeign'd.

CON. You are false
To the good thought I held of you, and now
Join the worst part of man to you, your malice,
To uphold that falsehood: sacred innocence

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Is fled your bosom. Signior, I must tell you,
To draw the picture of unkindness truly,
Is to express two that have dearly lov'd,
And fallen at variance. 'Tis a wonder to me,
Knowing my interest in the fair Jolenta,
That you should love her.

ERC. Compare her beauty, and my youth together,
And you will find the fair effects of love
No miracle at all.

CON. Yes, it will prove
Prodigious to you: I must stay your voyage.

ERC. Your warrant must be mighty.

CON. 'T has a seal
From heaven to do it, since you would ravish from me
What's there entitled mine: and yet I vow,
By the essential front of spotless virtue,
I have compassion of both our youths;
To approve which, I have not ta'en the way,
Like an Italian, to cut your throat
By practice, that had given you now for dead,
And never frown'd upon you.

ERC. You deal fair, sir.

CON. Quit me of one doubt, pray, sir.

ERC. Move it.

CON. 'Tis this;
Whether her brother were a main instrument
In her design for marriage.

ERC. If I tell truth,
You will not credit me.

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Con. Why?
Erc. I will tell you truth,
Yet shew some reason you have not to believe me.
Her brother had no hand in't: is't not hard
For you to credit this? for you may think,
I count it baseness to engage another
Into my quarrel; and for that take leave
To dissemble the truth. Sir, if you will fight
With any but myself, fight with her mother;
She was the motive.
Con. I have no enemy in the world then, but yourself;
You must fight with me.
Erc. I will, sir.
Con. And instantly.
Erc. I will haste before you, 'point whither.
Con. Why, you speak nobly; and for this fair dealing,
Were the rich jewel which we vary for,
A thing to be divided, by my life,
I would be well content to give you half:
But since 'tis vain to think we can be friends,
'Tis needful one of us be ta'en away,
From being the other's enemy.
Erc. Yet, methinks,
This looks not like a quarrel.
Con. Not a quarrel!
Erc. You have not apparelled your fury well;
It goes too plain, like a scholar.
Con. It is an ornament

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Makes it more terrible, and you shall find it
A weighty injury, and attended on
By discreet valour: because I do not strike you,
Or give you the lie—such foul preparatives
Would show like the stale injury of wine—
I reserve my rage to sit on my sword's point,
Which a great quantity of your best blood
Cannot satisfy.

ERC. You promise well to yourself.
Shall's have no seconds?

CON. None, for fear of prevention.

ERC. The length of our weapons?

CON. We'll fit them by the way:
So whether our time calls us to live or die,
Let us do both like noble gentlemen,
And true Italians.

ERC. For that let me embrace you.

CON. Methinks, being an Italian, I trust you
To come somewhat too near me:
But your jealousy gave that embrace to try
If I were arm'd, did it not.

ERC. No, believe me,
I take your heart to be sufficient proof,
Without a privy coat; and, for my part,
A taffata is all the shirt of mail
I am arm'd with.

CON. You deal equally.* [*Exeunt.*

* Mr. Lamb calls this scene between Contarino and Ercole "the model of a well-managed and gentlemanlike difference." *Spec. of Eng. Dram. Poets*, p. 199.

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Enter JULIO, *and* SERVANT.

JUL. Where are these gallants, the brave Ercole,
And noble Contarino?

SER. They are newly gone, sir,
And bade me tell you, that they will return
Within this half hour.

Enter ROMELIO.

JUL. Met you the Lord Ercole?

ROM. No, but I met the devil in villainous tidings.

JUL. Why, what's the matter?

ROM. O, I am pour'd out
Like water! the greatest rivers i'th' world
Are lost in the sea, and so am I: pray, leave me.
Where's Lord Ercole?

JUL. You were scarce gone hence,
But in came Contarino.

ROM. Contarino!

JUL. And entreated
Some private conference with Ercole,
And on the sudden they have given's the slip.

ROM. One mischief never comes alone: they are gone
To fight.

JUL. To fight!

ROM. And you be gentlemen,
Do not talk, but make haste after them.

JUL. Let's take several ways then;
And if 't be possible, for women's sakes,
For they are proper men, use our endeavours,
That the prick do not spoil them. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

Enter ERCOLE *and* CONTARINO.

CON. You'll not forego your interest in my mistress?
ERC. My sword shall answer that: come, are you ready?
CON. Before you fight, sir, think upon your cause;
It is a wondrous foul one, and I wish
That all your exercise, these four days past,
Had been employ'd in a most fervent prayer,
And the foul sin for which you are to fight
Chiefly remember'd in't.
ERC. I'd as soon take
Your counsel in divinity at this present,
As I would take a kind direction from you
For the managing my weapon; and indeed,
Both would shew much alike. Come, are you ready?
CON. Bethink yourself,
How fair the object is that we contend for.
ERC. O, I cannot forget it. [*They fight.*
CON. You are hurt.
ERC. Did you come hither only to tell me so,
Or to do it? I mean well, but 'twill not thrive.
CON. Your cause, your cause, sir:
Will you yet be a man of conscience, and make
Restitution for your rage upon your death-bed?
ERC. Never, till the grave gather one of us.
[*Fight.*
CON. That was fair, and home, I think.

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ERC. You prate as if you were in a fence-school.
CON. Spare your youth, have compassion on yourself.
ERC. When I am all in pieces! I am now unfit
For any lady's bed; take the rest with you.
[*Contarino wounded, falls upon Ercole.*
CON. I am lost in too much daring. Yield your sword.
ERC. To the pangs of death I shall, but not to thee.
CON. You are now at my repairing, or confusion:
Beg your life.
ERC. O most foolishly demanded!
To bid me beg that which thou can'st not give.
Enter ROMELIO, PROSPERO, BAPTISTA, ARIOSTO, *and* JULIO.
PROS. See both of them are lost; we come too late.
ROM. Take up the body, and convey it
To Saint Sebastian's monastery.
CON. I will not part with his sword, I have won't.
JUL. You shall not.
Take him up gently; so; and bow his body,
For fear of bleeding inward.
Well, these are perfect lovers.
PROS. Why, I pray?
JUL. It has been ever my opinion,
That there are none love perfectly indeed,
But those that hang or drown themselves for love:
Now these have chose a death next to beheading,
They have cut one another's throats, brave valiant lads.

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PROS. Come, you do ill, to set the name of valour
Upon a violent and mad despair.
Hence may all learn, that count such actions well,
The roots of fury shoot themselves to hell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter ROMELIO *and* ARIOSTO.

ARIO. Your losses, I confess, are infinite,
Yet, sir, you must have patience.
ROM. Sir, my losses
I know, but you I do not.
ARIO. 'Tis most true
I am but a stranger to you, but am wish'd
By some of your best friends, to visit you,
And out of my experience in the world,
To instruct you patience.
ROM. Of what profession are you?
ARIO. Sir, I am a lawyer.
ROM. Of all men living,
You lawyers I account the only men
To confirm patience in us; your delays
Would make three parts of this little Christian world
Run out of their wits else. Now I remember
You read lectures to Julio: are you such a leech
For patience?
ARIO. Yes, sir, I have had some crosses.
ROM. You are married then I am certain.
ARIO. That I am, sir.
ROM. And have you studied patience?

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ARIO. You shall find I have.

ROM. Did you ever see your wife make you cuckold?

ARIO. Make me cuckold!

ROM. I ask it seriously: and you have not seen that,

Your patience has not ta'en the right degree
Of wearing scarlet; I should rather take you
For a batchelor in the art, than for a doctor.

ARIO. You are merry.

ROM. No, sir, with leave of your patience,
I am horrible angry.

ARIO. What should move you
Put forth that harsh interrogatory, if these eyes
Ever saw my wife do the thing you wot of?

ROM. Why, I'll tell you;
Most radically to try your patience,
And the mere question shews you but a dunce in't,
It has made you angry; there's another lawyer's beard
In your forehead, you do bristle.

ARIO. You are very conceited.*
But come, this is not the right way to cure you:
I must talk to you like a divine.

ROM. I have heard
Some talk of it very much, and many times
To their auditors' impatience; but, I pray,
What practice do they make of 't in their lives?
They are too full of choler with living honest,

* *conceited*] i. e. disposed to jest, to be merry.

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And some of them not only impatient
Of their own slightest injuries, but stark mad,
At one another's preferment. Now to you, sir;
I have lost three goodly carracks.*

ARIO. So I hear.

ROM. The very spice in them,
Had they been shipwreck'd here upon our coast,
Would have made all our sea a drench.

ARIO. All the sick horses in Italy
Would have been glad of your loss then.

ROM. You are conceited too.

ARIO. Come, come, come,
You gave those ships most strange, most dreadful,
And unfortunate names; I never look'd they'd prosper.

ROM. Is there any ill omen in giving names to ships?

ARIO. Did you not call one, *The storms defiance*,
Another *The scourge of the sea*, and the third,
The great leviathan?

ROM. Very right, sir.

ARIO. Very devilish names
All three of them; and surely I think,
They were curs'd in their very cradles, I do mean,
When they were upon their stocks.

ROM. Come, you are superstitious,
I'll give you my opinion, and 'tis serious:
I am persuaded there came not cuckolds enow
To the first launching of them, and 'twas that made them

* *carracks*] i. e. large ships of burthen.

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Thrive the worse for't. O your cuckold's handsel
Is pray'd for i'th' city!

ARIO. I will hear no more.
Give me thy hand: my intent of coming hither,
Was to persuade you to patience: as I live,
If ever I do visit you again,
It shall be to entreat you to be angry; sure I will,
I'll be as good as my word, believe it.

ROM. So, sir. How now? [*Exit Ariosto.*

Enter LEONORA.

Are the screech-owls abroad already?

LEON. What a dismal noise yon bell makes!
Sure some great person's dead.

ROM. No such matter,
It is the common bell-man goes about,
To publish the sale of goods.

LEON. Why do they ring
Before my gate thus? let them into th' court;
I cannot understand what they say.

Enter Two BELLMEN *and a* CAPUCHIN.

CAP. For pity's sake, you that have tears to shed,
Sigh a soft requiem, and let fall a bead
For two unfortunate nobles, whose sad fate
Leaves them both dead, and excommunicate:
No churchman's prayer to comfort their last groans,
No sacred seed of earth to hide their bones;
But as their fury wrought them out of breath,
The canon speaks them guilty of their own death.

LEON. What noblemen, I pray, sir?

CAP. The Lord Ercole,

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And the noble Contarino, both of them slain
In single combat.

LEON. O, I am lost for ever!

ROM. Denied Christian burial! I pray, what does that,
Or the dead lazy march in the funeral,
Or the flattery in the epitaphs, which shews
More sluttish far than all the spiders' webs
Shall ever grow upon it; what do these
Add to our well being after death?

CAP. Not a scruple.

ROM. Very well then:
I have a certain meditation,
If I can think of't,* somewhat to this purpose;
I'll say it to you, while my mother there
Numbers her beads.
You that dwell near these graves and vaults,
Which oft do hide physicians' faults,
Note what a small room does suffice,
To express men's good: their vanities
Would fill more volume in small hand,
Than all the evidence of church-land.
Funerals hide men in civil wearing,
And are to the drapers a good hearing,
Make the heralds laugh in their black raiment,
And all die worthies, die worth payment
To the altar offerings, though their fame,
And all the charity of their name,

* *of't*] The old copy "*of.*"

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'Tween heaven and this yield no more light,
Than rotten trees, which shine i'th' night.
O, look the last act be the best i'th' play,
And then rest, gentle bones: yet pray,
That when by the precise you are view'd,
A supersedeas be not sued,
To remove you to a place more airy,
That in your stead they may keep chary
Stock fish, or sea-coal, for the abuses
Of sacrilege have turn'd graves to vilder uses.
How then can any monument say,
Here rest these bones, till the last day,
When time swift both of foot and feather,
May bear them the sexton kens not whither?
What care I then,* though my last sleep
Be in the desert or in the deep
No lamp nor taper, day and night,
To give my charnel chargeable light?
I have there like quantity of ground,
And at the last day I shall be found.—
Now I pray leave me.

CAP. I am sorry for your losses.

ROM. Um, sir, the more spacious that the tennis-court is,
The more large is the hazard.

* *What care I then, &c.*] Compare the splendid conclusion of Sir Thomas Brown's *Urn-Burial*; "'Tis all one to lie in St. Innocent's Church-yard as in the sands of Egypt; ready to be any thing in the ectasie of being ever; as content with six foot as the Moles of Adrianus."

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I dare the spiteful fortune do her worst;
I can now fear nothing.

CAP. O, sir, yet consider,
He that is without fear, is without hope,
And sins from presumption: better thoughts attend you. [*Exeunt Capuchin, and Bellmen.*

ROM. Poor Jolenta! should she hear of this,
She would not after the report keep fresh,
So long as flowers in graves.

Enter PROSPERO.

How now, Prospero?

PROS. Contarino has sent you here his will,
Wherein a' has made your sister his sole heir.

ROM. Is he not dead?

PROS. He's yet living.

ROM. Living! the worse luck.

LEON. The worse! I do protest it is the best,
That ever came to disturb my prayers.

ROM. How?

LEON. Yet I would have him live
To satisfy publick justice for the death
Of Ercole. O, go visit him for heaven's sake!
I have within my closet a choice relick,
Preservative 'gainst swooning, and some earth
Brought from the Holy Land, right sovereign
To staunch blood. Has he skilful surgeons, think you?

PROS. The best in Naples.

ROM. How oft has he been drest?

PROS. But once.

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LEON. I have some skill this way:
The second or third dressing will shew clearly,
Whether there be hope of life. I pray, be near him;
If there be any soul can bring me word,
That there is hope of life.

ROM. Do you prize his life so?

LEON. That he may live, I mean,
To come to his trial, to satisfy the law.

ROM. O, is't nothing else?

LEON. I shall be the happiest woman!

[*Exeunt Leonora and Prospero.*

ROM. Here is cruelty apparell'd in kindness!
I am full of thoughts, strange ones, but they're no good ones.
I must visit Contarino, upon that
Depends an engine shall weigh up my losses,
Were they sunk as low as hell: yet let me think,
How I am impair'd in a hour, and the cause of't,
Lost in security; O, how this wicked world bewitches,
Especially made insolent with riches!
So sails with fore-winds stretch'd do soonest break,
And pyramids a'th' top are still most weak. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter CAPUCHIN, *and* ERCOLE, *led between two.*

CAP. Look up, sir:
You are preserved beyond natural reason;
You were brought dead out a'th' field, the surgeons
Ready to have embalm'd you.

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ERC. I do look
On my action with a thought of terror;
To do ill and dwell in't, is unmanly.
CAP. You are divinely inform'd, sir.
ERC. I fought for one, in whom I have no more right,
Than false executors have in orphans' goods,
They cozen them of; yet though my cause were naught,
I rather chose the hazard of my soul,
Than forego the compliment of a cholerick man.
I pray, continue the report of my death, and give out,
'Cause the church denied me christian burial,
The vice-admiral of my gallies took my body,
With purpose to commit it to the earth,
Either in Sicil or Malta.
CAP. What aim you at by this rumour of your death?
ERC. There is hope of life
In Contarino, and he has my prayers,
That he may live to enjoy what is his own,
The fair Jolenta; where,* should it be thought
That I were breathing, happily her friends
Would oppose it still.
CAP. But if you be suppos'd dead,
The law will strictly prosecute his life
For your murder.
ERC. That's prevented thus.
There does belong a noble privilege

* *where*] i. e. whereas.

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To all his family, ever since his father
Bore from the worthy emperor, Charles the fifth,
An answer to the French king's challenge, at such time
The two noble princes were engag'd to fight,
Upon a frontier arm o'th' sea, in a flat-bottom'd boat,
That if any of his family should chance
To kill a man i'th' field, in a noble cause,
He should have his pardon: now, sir, for his cause,
The world may judge if it were not honest.
Pray help me in speech, 'tis very painful to me.

CAP. Sir, I shall.

ERC. The guilt of this lies in Romelio;
And as I hear, to second this good contract,
He has got a nun with child.

CAP. These are crimes
That either must make work for speedy repentance
Or for the devil.

ERC. I have much compassion on him;
For sin and shame are ever tied together
With gordian knots, of such a strong thread spun,
They cannot without violence be undone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Enter ARIOSTO *and* CRISPIANO.

ARI. Well, sir, now I must claim
Your promise, to reveal to me the cause
Why you live thus clouded.

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CRIS. Sir, the king of Spain
Suspects that your Romelio here, the merchant,
Has discover'd some gold-mine to his own use,
In the West Indies, and for that employs me
To discover in what part of Christendom
He vents this treasure: besides, he is inform'd
What mad tricks have* been play'd of late by ladies.

ARI. Most true, and I am glad the king has heard on't:
Why, they use their lords, as if they were their wards;
And as your Dutchwomen in the Low-Countries
Take all and pay all, and do keep their husbands
So silly all their lives of their own estates,
That when they are sick, and come to make their will,
They know not precisely what to give away
From their wives, because they know not what they are worth,
So here should I repeat what factions,
What bat-fowling for offices,
As you must conceive their game is all i'th' night,
What calling in question one another's honesties,
Withal what sway they bear i'th' viceroy's court,
You'd wonder at it:
'Twill do well shortly can we keep them off
From being of our council of war.

CRIS. Well, I have vow'd,
That I will never sit upon the bench more,
Unless it be to curb the insolencies
Of these women.

* *have*] The old copy "*has.*"

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ARI. Well, take it on my word then,
Your place will not long be empty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter ROMELIO *in the habit of a Jew.*

ROM. Excellently well habited! why, methinks
That I could play with mine own shadow now,
And be a rare Italianated Jew;
To have as many several change of faces,
As I have seen carv'd upon one cherry-stone,
To wind about a man like rotten ivy,
Eat into him like quicksilver, poison a friend
With pulling but a loose hair from's beard, or give a drench,
He should linger of't nine years, and ne'er complain
But in the spring and fall, and so the cause
Imputed to the disease natural; for slight villanies,
As to coin money, corrupt ladies' honours,
Betray a town to th' Turk, or make a bonfire
A'th' Christian Navy, I could settle to't,
As if I had eat a politician,
And disgested* him to nothing but pure blood.
But stay, I lose myself: this is the house.
Within there.

Enter TWO SURGEONS.

FIRST SUR. Now, sir?

ROM. You are the men of art, that, as I hear,
Have the lord Contarino under cure.

* *disgested*] By old writers *digest* is frequently used for *digest*.

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SECOND SUR. Yes, sir, we are his surgeons,
But he is past all cure.
ROM. Why, is he dead?
FIRST SUR. He is speechless, sir, and we do find
his wound
So fester'd near the vitals, all our art,
By warm drinks, cannot clear th' imposthumation,
And he's so weak, to make [incision]*
By the orifix were present death to him.
ROM. He has made a will, I hear.
FIRST SUR. Yes, sir.
ROM. And deputed Jolenta his heir.
SECOND SUR. He has, we are witness to't.
ROM. Has not Romelio been with you yet,
To give you thanks, and ample recompence
For the pains you have ta'en?
FIRST SUR. Not yet.
ROM. Listen to me, gentlemen, for I protest,
If you will seriously mind your own good,
I am come about a business shall convey
Large legacies from Contarino's will
To both of you.
SECOND SUR. How, sir? why, Romelio has the will,
And in that he has given us nothing.
ROM. I pray, attend me: I am a physician.
SECOND SUR. A physician! where do you practise?
ROM. In Rome.
FIRST SUR. O, then you have store of patients.
ROM. Store! why, look you, I can kill my twenty
a month

* *incision*] A word has here dropt out from the old copy.

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And work but i'th' forenoons: you will give me leave
To jest and be merry with you. But as I said,
All my study has been physick: I am sent
From a noble Roman that is near akin
To Contarino, and that ought indeed,
By the law of alliance, be his only heir,
To practise his good and yours.

BOTH. How, I pray, sir?

ROM. I can by an extraction which I have,
Though he were speechless, his eyes set in's head,
His pulses without motion, restore to him,
For half an hour's space, the use of sense,
And perhaps a little speech: having done this,
If we can work him, as no doubt we shall,
To make another will, and therein assign
This gentleman his heir, I will assure you,
Fore I depart this house, ten thousand ducats,
And then we'll pull the pillow from his head,
And let him e'en go whither the religion sends him
That he died in.

FIRST SUR. Will you give's ten thousand ducats?

ROM. Upon my Jewism. [*Contarino in a bed.**

SECOND SUR. 'Tis a bargain, sir, we are yours:

* *Contarino in a bed*] Here, perhaps, the actor who played Contarino lay down on a bed behind a traverse or curtain, which was drawn back by the second surgeon when he said, "Here is the subject you must work on:" or, perhaps, the audience of those days was content with seeing a bed, containing Contarino, thrust upon the stage.—In Heywood's *If you know not me, you know nobody*, we find "*Enter Elizabeth in her bed*," Sig. A 4, ed. 1623; and similar stage directions occur in other old plays.

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Here is the subject you must work on.
ROM. Well said, you are honest men,
And go to the business roundly: but, gentlemen,
I must use my art singly.
FIRST SUR. O, sir, you shall have all privacy.
ROM. And the doors lock'd to me.
SECOND SUR. At your best pleasure.
Yet for all this, I will not trust this Jew.
FIRST SUR. Faith, to say truth,
I do not like him neither; he looks like a rogue.
This is a fine toy, fetch a man to life,
To make a new will! there's some trick in't.
I'll be near you, Jew. [*Exeunt Surgeons.*
ROM. Excellent, as I would wish: these credulous fools
Have given me freely what I would have bought
With a great deal of money. Softly, here's breath yet.
Now, Ercole, for part of the revenge,
Which I have vow'd for thy untimely death!
Besides this politick working of my own,
That scorns precedent, why should this great man live,
And not enjoy my sister, as I have vow'd
He never shall? O, he may alter's will
Every new moon if he please; to prevent which,
I must put in a strong caveat. Come forth then
My desperate stiletto, that may be worn
In a woman's hair, and ne'er discover'd,
And either would be taken for a bodkin,
Or a curling iron at most; why, 'tis an engine,
That's only fit to put in execution

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Barmotho pigs,* a most unmanly weapon,
That steals into a man's life he knows not how.
O [that] great Cæsar, he that past the shock
Of so many armed pikes, and poison'd darts,
Swords, slings, and battleaxes, should at length,
Sitting at ease on a cushion, come to die
By such a shoe-maker's awl as this, his soul let forth
At a hole, no bigger than the incision
Made for a wheal! uds foot, I am horribly angry,
That he should die so scurvily: yet wherefore
Do I condemn thee thereof so cruelly,
Yet shake him by the hand? 'tis to express,
That I would never have such weapons us'd,
But in a plot like this, that's treacherous.
Yet this shall prove most merciful to thee,
For it shall preserve thee
From dying on a publick scaffold, and withal
Bring thee an absolute cure, thus. So, tis done:
[*Stabs him.*
And now for my escape.

* *Barmotho pigs*] i. e. pigs of the Bermudas, or (as the word was also written,—see note * p. 243, vol. I.) Bermoothes: "theile send me of a voiage to *the yland of Hogs* and Devil's, *the Barmudas.*" Dekker's *If Jt Be Not Good, the Devil is in it*, 1612, Sig. K 3. "Tis the Land of Peace, where *Hogs* and Tobacco yield fair increase - - - - I am for *the Bermudas.*" Middleton's *Any Thing for a Quiet Life*, 1662, Sig. G 3. In *Odcomb's Complaint* by Taylor, the water-poet, is an "Epitaph in the *Barmoda* tongue, *which must be pronounced with the accent of the grunting of a hogge.*"

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Enter SURGEONS.

FIRST SUR. You rogue mountebank,
I will try whether your inwards can endure
To be wash'd in scalding lead.

ROM. Hold, I turn Christian.

SECOND SUR. Nay prithee, be a Jew still;
I would not have a Christian be guilty
Of such a villanous act as this is.

ROM. I am Romelio, the merchant.

FIRST SUR. Romelio! you have prov'd yourself
A cunning merchant indeed.

ROM. You may read why I came hither.

SECOND SUR. Yes, in a bloody Roman letter.

ROM. I did hate this man; each minute of his breath
Was torture to me.

FIRST SUR. Had you forborne this act, he had not liv'd
This two hours.

ROM. But he had died then,
And my revenge unsatisfied. Here's gold;
Never did wealthy man purchase the silence
Of a terrible scolding wife at a dearer rate
Than I will pay for yours: here's your earnest
In a bag of double ducats.

SECOND SUR. Why look you, sir, as I do weigh this business,
This cannot be counted murder in you by no means.
Why, 'tis no more, than should I go and choke
An Irishman, that were three quarters drown'd,

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With pouring usquebaugh in's throat.

ROM. You will be secret?

FIRST SUR. As your soul.

ROM. The West Indies shall sooner want gold than you then.

SECOND SUR. That protestation has the musick of the mint in't.

ROM. How unfortunately was I surpris'd!
I have made myself a slave perpetually
To these two beggars. [*Exit.*

FIRST SUR. Excellent: by this act he has made his estate ours.

SECOND SUR. I'll presently grow a lazy surgeon, and ride on my foot-cloth. I'll fetch from him every eight days a policy for a hundred double ducats; if he grumble, I'll peach.

FIRST SUR. But let's take heed he do not poison us.

SECOND SUR. O, I will never eat nor drink with him,
Without unicorn's horn in a hollow tooth.

CON. Oh!

FIRST SUR. Did he not groan?

SECOND SUR. Is the wind in that door still?

FIRST SUR. Ha! come hither, note a strange accident:
His steel has lighted in the former wound,
And made free passage for the congeal'd blood;
Observe in what abundance it delivers
The putrefaction.

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SECOND SUR. Methinks he fetches his breath very lively.

FIRST SUR. The hand of heaven is in't,
That his intent to kill him should become
The very direct way to save his life.

SECOND SUR. Why, this is like one I have heard of in England,
Was cured a'th' gout, by being rack'd i'th' Tower.
Well, if we can recover him, here's reward
On both sides: howsoever we must be secret.

FIRST SUR. We are tied to't:
When we cure gentlemen of foul diseases,
They give us so much for the cure, and twice as much,
That we do not blab on't. Come, let's to work roundly;
Heat the lotion, and bring the searing. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A table set forth with two tapers, a death's-head, a book. Jolenta in mourning: Romelio sits by her.

ROM. Why do you grieve thus? take a looking-glass,
And see if this sorrow become you; that pale face
Will make men think you us'd some art before,
Some odious painting: Contarino's dead.

JOL. O, that he should die so soon!

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Rom. Why, I pray, tell me,
Is not the shortest fever the best? and are not bad plays
The worse for their length?
Jol. Add not to th' ill y'ave done
An odious slander: he stuck i'th' eyes a'th' court,
As the most choice jewel there.
Rom. O, be not angry!
Indeed the court to well composed nature
Adds much to perfection; for it is or should be,
As a bright cristal mirror to the world,
To dress itself: but I must tell you, sister,
If th' excellency of the place could have
Wrought salvation, the devil had ne'er fallen
From heaven: he was proud. Leave us, leave us?
Come, take your seat again: I have a plot,
If you will listen to it seriously,
That goes beyond example; it shall breed
Out of the death of these two noblemen
The advancement of our house.
Jol. O take heed!
A grave is a rotten foundation.
Rom. Nay, nay, hear me.
'Tis somewhat indirectly, I confess;
But there is much advancement in the world,
That comes in indirectly. I pray mind me:
You are already made by absolute will
Contarino's heir: now, if it can be prov'd,
That you have issue by Lord Ercole,

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I will make you inherit his land too.
JOL. How's this?
Issue by him, he dead, and I a virgin!
ROM. I know you would wonder how it could be done,
But I have laid the case so radically,
Not all the lawyers in Christendom,
Shall find any the least flaw in't. I have a mistress
Of the order of Saint Clare, a beauteous nun,
Who being cloister'd ere she knew the heat
Her blood would arrive to, had only time enough
To repent, and idleness sufficient
To fall in love with me; and to be short,
I have so much disorder'd the holy order,
I have got this nun with child.
JOL. Excellent work
Made for a dumb mid-wife.
ROM. I am glad you grow thus pleasant.
Now will I have you presently give out,
That you are full two months quicken'd with child
By Ercole; which rumour can beget
No scandal to you, since we will affirm,
The precontract was so exactly done,
By the same words us'd in the form of marriage,
That with a little dispensation,
A money matter, it shall be register'd
Absolute matrimony.
JOL. So then I conceive you,
My conceiv'd child must prove your bastard.
ROM. Right;

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For at such time my mistress falls in labour,
You must feign the like.
JOL. 'Tis a pretty feat this,
But I am not capable of it.
ROM. Not capable!
JOL. No, for the thing you would have me counterfeit,
Is most essentially put in practice, nay, 'tis done;
I am with child already.
ROM. Ha! by whom?
JOL. By Contarino: do not knit the brow,
The precontract shall justify it, it shall;
Nay, I will get some singular fine churchman,
Or though he be a plural one, shall affirm,
He coupled us together.
ROM. O misfortune!
Your child must then be reputed Ercole's.
JOL. Your hopes are dash'd then, since your votary's issue
Must not inherit the land.
ROM. No matter for that,
So I preserve her fame. I am strangely puzzl'd:
Why, suppose that she be brought a-bed before you,
And we conceal her issue till the time
Of your delivery, and then give out,
That you have two at a birth; ha, wer't not excellent?
JOL. And what resemblance think you, would they have
To one another? twins are still alike:
But this is not your aim, you would have your child

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Inherit Ercole's land. O my sad soul!
Have you not made me yet wretched enough,
But after all this frosty age in youth,
Which you have witch'd upon me, you will seek
To poison my fame!

ROM. That's done already

JOL. No, sir, I did but feign it,
To a fatal purpose, as I thought.

ROM. What purpose?

JOL. If you had lov'd or tender'd my dear honour,
You would have lock'd your poniard in my heart,
When I nam'd I was with child; but I must live
To linger out, till the consumption
Of my own sorrow kill me.

ROM. This will not do:
The devil has on the sudden furnish'd me
With a rare charm, yet a most unnatural
Falsehood; no matter, so 'twill take.
Stay, sister, I would utter to you a business,
But I am very loath; a thing indeed
Nature would have compassionately conceal'd,
Till my mother's eyes be clos'd.

JOL. Pray, what's that, sir?

ROM. You did observe,
With what a dear regard our mother tender'd
The Lord Contarino, yet how passionately
She sought to cross the match: why, this was merely
To blind the eye o'th' world; for she did know
That you would marry him, and he was capable.
My mother doated upon him, and it was plotted

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Cunningly between them, after you were married,
Living all three together in one house,—
A thing I cannot whisper without horror:
Why, the malice scarce of devils would suggest
Incontinence 'tween them two.

JOL. I remember since his hurt,
She has been very passionately enquiring,
After his health.

ROM. Upon my soul, this jewel,
With a piece of the holy cross in't, this relick,
Valu'd at many thousand crowns, she would have sent him
Lying upon his death-bed.

JOL. Professing, as you say,
Love to my mother, wherefore did he make
Me his heir?

ROM. His will was made afore he went to fight,
When he was first a suitor to you.

JOL. To fight! O well remember'd:
If he lov'd my mother, wherefore did he lose
His life in my quarrel?

ROM. For the affront sake, a word you understand not,
Because Ercole was pretended rival to him,
To clear your suspicion; I was gull'd in't too:
Should he not have fought upon't,
He had undergone the censure of a coward.

JOL. How came you by this wretched knowledge?

ROM. His surgeon overheard it,
As he did sigh it out to his confessor,

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Some half hour 'fore he died.

JOL. I would have the surgeon hang'd
For abusing confession, and for making me
So wretched by th' report. Can this be truth?

ROM. No, but direct falsehood,
As ever was banish'd the court. Did you ever hear
Of a mother that has kept her daughter's husband
For her own tooth? He fancied you in one kind,
For his lust, and he lov'd
Our mother in another kind, for her money,
The gallant's fashion right. But come, ne'er think on't,
Throw the fowl to the devil that hatch'd it, and let this
Bury all ill that's in't, she is our mother.

JOL. I never did find any thing i'th' world
Turn my blood so much as this: here's such a conflict,
Between apparent presumption, and unbelief,
That I shall die in't.
O, if there be another world i'th' moon,
As some fantastics dream,* I could wish all men,
The whole race of them, for their inconstancy,
Sent thither to people that! Why, I protest,
I now affect the Lord Ercole's memory,
Better than the other's.

ROM. But were Contarino living?

* *O, if there be another world i'th' moon,*
As some fantastics dream] Compare Milton;
"Not in the neighbouring *moon, as some have dream'd.*"
Par. Lost, Book iii. v. 459.

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JOL. I do call any thing to witness,
That the divine law prescribed* us
To strengthen an oath, were he living and in health,
I would never marry with him.
Nay, since I have found the world
So false to me, I'll be as false to it;
I will mother this child for you.

ROM. Ha!

JOL. Most certainly; it will beguile part of my sorrow.

ROM. O, most assuredly; make you smile to think,
How many times i'th' world lordships descend
To divers men, that might, and truth were known,
Be heir, for any thing belongs to th' flesh,
As well to the Turk's richest eunuch.

JOL. But do you not think
I shall have a horrible strong breath now?

ROM. Why?

JOL. O, with keeping your counsel, 'tis so terrible foul.

ROM. Come, come, come, you must leave these bitter flashes.

JOL. Must I dissemble dishonesty? you have divers
Counterfeit honesty; but I hope here's none
Will take exceptions, I now must practise
The art of a great-bellied woman, and go feign

* *prescribed*] Perhaps we should read "*hath* prescribed." In this speech the measure is sadly defective.

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Their qualms and swoonings.

ROM. Eat unripe fruit and oatmeal, to take away
Your colour.

JOL. Dine in my bed some two hours after noon.

ROM. And when you are up,
Make to your petticoat a quilted preface,
To advance your belly.

JOL. I have a strange conceit now.
I have known some women, when they were with child,
Have long'd to beat their husbands: what if I,
To keep decorum, exercise my longing
Upon my tailor that way, and noddle him soundly?
He'll make the larger bill for't.

ROM. I'll get one
Shall be as tractable to't as stockfish.

JOL. O, my phantastical sorrow! cannot I now
Be miserable enough, unless I wear
A pied fool's coat! nay worse, for when our passions
Such giddy and uncertain changes breed,
We are never well, till we are mad indeed. [*Exit.*

ROM. So, nothing in the world could have done this,
But to beget in her a strong distaste
Of the lord Contarino. O jealousy,
How violent, especially in women!
How often has it rais'd the devil up
In form of a law-case! my special care
Must be, to nourish craftily this fiend,
'Tween the mother and the daughter, that the deceit
Be not perceiv'd. My next task, that my sister,
After this suppos'd child-birth, be persuaded

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To enter into religion: 'tis concluded,
She must never marry; so I am left guardian
To her estate. And lastly, that my two surgeons
Be wag'd to the East Indies: let them prate,
When they are beyond the line; the calenture,
Or the scurvy, or the Indian pox, I hope,
Will take order for their coming back.

Enter LEONORA.

O here's my mother. I ha' strange news for you;
My sister is with child.

LEON. I do look now for some great misfortunes
To follow; for indeed mischiefs,
Are like the visits of Franciscan friars,
They never come to prey upon us single.
In what estate left you Contarino?

ROM. Strange, that you can skip
From the former sorrow to such a question!
I'll tell you; in the absence of his surgeon,
My charity did that for him in a trice,
They would have done at leisure and been paid for't;
I have kill'd him.

LEON. I am twenty years elder
Since you last open'd your lips.

ROM. Ha!

LEON. You have given him the wound you speak of,
Quite thorough your mother's heart.

ROM. I will heal it presently, mother; for this sorrow
Belongs to your error: you would have him live,
Because you think he's father of the child;

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But Jolenta vows by all the rights of truth,
'Tis Ercole's. It makes me smile to think,
How cunningly my sister could be drawn
To the contract, and yet how familiarly
To his bed: doves never couple without
A kind of murmur.

LEON. O, I am very sick!

ROM. Your old disease, when you are griev'd,
You are troubled with the mother.

LEON. I am rapt with the mother indeed,
That I ever bore such a son.

ROM. Pray tend my sister;
I am infinitely full of business.

LEON. Stay, you will mourn for Contarino?

ROM. O, by all means; 'tis fit; my sister is his heir. [*Exit.*

LEON. I will make you chief mourner, believe it.
Never was woe like mine. O, that my care,
And absolute study to preserve his life,
Should be his absolute ruin! Is he gone then?
There is no plague i'th' world can be compar'd
To impossible desire, for they are plagu'd
In the desire itself. Never, O never
Shall I behold him living, in whose life
I liv'd far sweetlier than in mine own!
A precise curiosity* has undone me: why did I not
Make my love known directly? 't had not been
Beyond example, for a matron

* *curiosity*] i. e. niceness, scrupulousness.

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To affect i'th' honourable way of marriage,
So youthful a person. O, I shall run mad!
For as we love our youngest children best,
So the last fruit of our affection,
Wherever we bestow it, is most strong,
Most violent, most unresistible,
Since 'tis indeed our latest harvest-home,
Last merriment 'fore winter; and we widows,
As men report of our best picture-makers,
We love the piece we are in hand with better,
Than all the excellent work we have done before.
And my son has depriv'd me of all this! ha, my son!
I'll be a fury to him: like an Amazon lady,
I'd cut off this right pap, that gave him suck,
To shoot him dead: I'll no more tender him,
Than had a wolf stolen to my teat i'th' night,
And robb'd me of my milk; nay, such a creature
I should love better far.—Ha, ha! what say you?
I do talk to somewhat, methinks; it may be
My evil genius. Do not the bells ring?
I have a strange noise in my head: O, fly in pieces!
Come, age, and wither me into the malice
Of those that have been happy; let me have
One property more than the devil of hell,
Let me envy the pleasure of youth heartily,
Let me in this life fear no kind of ill,
That have no good to hope for: let me die
In the distraction of that worthy princess,

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Who loathed food,* and sleep, and ceremony,
For thought of losing that brave gentleman,
She would fain havesav'd, had not a false conveyance
Express'd him stubborn-hearted. Let me sink,
Where neither man, nor memory may ever find me.
[*Falls down.*

Enter CAPUCHIN *and* ERCOLE.

CAP. This is a private way which I command,
As her confessor. I would not have you seen yet,
Till I prepare her. Peace to you, lady.

LEON. Ha!

CAP. You are well employ'd, I hope: the best pillow i'th' world
For this your contemplation, is the earth,
And the best object, heaven.

LEON. I am whispering to a dead friend.

CAP. And I am come
To bring you tidings of a friend was dead,
Restor'd to life again.

LEON. Say, sir.

CAP. One whom
I dare presume, next to your children,
You tender'd above life.

LEON. Heaven will not suffer me

* *In the distraction of that worthy princess,*
Who loathed food, &c.] Here, I think, there is a manifest allusion to the closing scene of Queen Elizabeth's life, and to what Mr. Lodge calls "the well-known, but weakly authenticated tale of the Countess of Nottingham and the ring."

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Utterly to be lost.

CAP. For he should have been
Your son-in-law,—miraculously sav'd,
When surgery gave him o'er.

LEON. O, may you live
To win many souls to heaven, worthy sir,
That your crown may be the greater! Why, my son
Made me believe he stole into his chamber,
And ended that which Ercole began
By a deadly stab in's heart.

ERCO. Alas, she mistakes!
'Tis Contarino she wishes living; but I must fasten
On her last words, for my own safety.

LEON. Where, O where shall I meet this comfort?

ERCO. Here in the vowed comfort of your daughter.

LEON. O, I am dead again! instead of the man,
You present me the grave swallowed him.

ERCO. Collect yourself, good lady.
Would you behold brave Contarino living?
There cannot be a nobler chronicle
Of his good than myself: if you would view him dead,
I will present him to you bleeding fresh,
In my penitency.

LEON. Sir, you do only live
To redeem another ill you have committed,
That my poor innocent daughter perish not,
By your vild sin, whom you have got with child.

ERCO. Here begin all my compassion. O poor soul!
She is with child by Contarino; and he dead,

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By whom should she preserve her fame to th' world,
But by myself that lov'd her 'bove the world?
There never was a way more honourable
To exercise my virtue, than to father it,
And preserve her credit, and to marry her.
I'll suppose her Contarino's widow, bequeath'd to me
Upon his death; for sure she was his wife,
But that the ceremony a'th' church was wanting.
Report this to her, madam, and withal,
That never father did conceive more joy
For the birth of an heir, than I to understand,
She had such confidence in me. I will not now
Press a visit upon her, till you have prepar'd her;
For I do read in your distraction,
Should I be brought a'th' sudden to her presence,
Either the hasty fright, or else the shame
May blast the fruit within her. I will leave you,
To commend as loyal faith and service to her,
As e'er heart harbour'd: by my hope of bliss,
I never liv'd to do good act but this.

CAP. Withal, and you be wise,
Remember what the mother has reveal'd
Of Romelio's treachery.

[*Exeunt Ercole and Capuchin.*

LEON. A most noble fellow! in his loyalty
I read what worthy comforts I have lost
In my dear Contarino, and all adds
To my despair. Within there.

Enter WINIFRED.

Fetch the picture

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Hangs in my inner closet. I remember,

[*Exit Winifred.*

I let a word slip of Romelio's practice
At the surgeon's; no matter I can salve it:
I have deeper vengeance that's preparing for him;
To let him live and kill him, that's revenge
I meditate upon.

Enter WINIFRED *and the Picture.*

So, hang it up.
I was enjoin'd by the party ought that picture,
Forty years since, ever when I was vex'd,
To look upon that: what was his meaning in't,
I know not, but methinks upon the sudden
It has furnish'd me with mischief, such a plot,
As never mother dream'd of. Here begins
My part i'th' play: my son's estate is sunk
By loss at sea, and he has nothing left,
But the land his father left him. 'Tis concluded,
The law shall undo him. Come hither:
I have a weighty secret to impart,
But I would have thee first confirm to me,
How I may trust, that thou canst keep my counsel
Beyond death.

WIN. Why, mistress, 'tis your only way,
To enjoin me first that I reveal to you
The worst act I e'er did in all my life;
So one secret shall bind one another.

LEON. Thou instruct'st me
Most ingenuously, for indeed it is not fit,
Where any act is plotted that is naught;

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Any of counsel to it should be good;
And in a thousand ills have hapt i'th' world,
The intelligence of one another's shame
Have wrought far more effectually than the tie
Of conscience, or religion.

WIN. But think not, mistress,
That any sin which ever I committed,
Did concern you; for proving false in one thing,
You were a fool if ever you would trust me
In the least matter of weight.

LEON. Thou hast liv'd with me
These forty years; we have grown old together,
As many ladies and their women do,
With talking nothing, and with doing less;
We have spent our life in that which least concerns life,
Only in putting on our clothes: and now I think on't
I have been a very courtly mistress to thee,
I have given thee good words, but no deeds; now's the time,
To requite all; my son has six lordships left him.

WIN. 'Tis truth.

LEON. But he cannot live four days to enjoy them.

WIN. Have you poison'd him?

LEON. No, the poison is yet but brewing

WIN. You must minister it to him with all privacy.

LEON. Privacy! It shall be given him
In open court; I'll make him swallow it

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Before the judge's face: if he be master
Of poor ten arpines* of land forty hours longer,
Let the world repute me an honest woman.

WIN. So 'twill, I hope.

LEON. O, thou canst not conceive
My unimitable plot! Let's to my ghostly father;
Where first I will have thee make a promise
To keep my counsel, and then I will employ thee
In such a subtle combination,
Which will require to make the practice fit,
Four devils, five advocates, to one woman's wit.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Enter LEONORA, SANITONELLA *at one door*, WINIFRED, REGISTER: *at the other* ARIOSTO.

SAN. Take her into your office, sir, she has that in her belly, will dry up your ink I can tell you.—
This is the man that is your learned counsel,
A fellow that will trowl it off with tongue:
He never goes without restorative powder
Of the lungs of fox in's pocket, and Malaga raisins,
To make him long-winded. Sir, this gentlewoman
Entreats your counsel in an honest cause,
Which please you, sir, this brief, my own poor labour,
Will give you light of.

* *arpines*] Fr. *arpent*, an acre.

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ARIO. Do you call this a brief?
Here's, as I weigh them, some four score sheets of paper:
What would they weigh, if there were cheese wrapt in them,
Or figdates?

SAN. Joy come to you, you are merry;
We call this but a brief in our office:
The scope of the business lies i'th' margent.

ARIO. Methinks you prate too much:
I never could endure an honest cause
With a long prologue to't.

LEON. You trouble him.

ARIO. What's here? O strange! I have liv'd this sixty years,
Yet in all my practice never did shake hands
With a cause so odious. Sirrah, are you her knave?

SAN. No, sir, I am a clerk.

ARIO. Why, you whoreson fogging rascal,
Are there not whores enow for presentations
Of overseers wrong the will o'th' dead,
Oppressions of widows or young orphans,
Wicked divorces, or your vicious cause
Of *Plus quam satis* to content a woman,
But you must find new stratagems, new pursenets?
O women, as the ballad lives to tell you,
What will you shortly come to!

SAN. Your fee is ready, sir.

ARIO. The devil take such fees,
And all such suits i'th' tail of them! See, the slave

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Has writ false Latin: sirrah ignoramus,
Were you ever at the University?
SAN. Never, sir:
But 'tis well known to divers I have commenc'd
In a pew of our office.
ARIO. Where? in a pew of your office!
SAN. I have been dry-founder'd in't this four years,
Seldom found non-resident from my desk.
ARIO. Non-resident, subsumner!
I'll tear your libel for abusing that word,
By virtue of the clergy.
SAN. What do you mean, sir?
It cost me four nights' labour.
ARIO. Hadst thou been drunk so long,
Th'hadst done our court better service.
LEON. Sir, you do forget your gravity, methinks.
ARIO. Cry ye mercy, do I so?
And as I take it, you do very little remember
Either womanhood, or christianity. Why do ye meddle
With that seducing knave, that's good for nought,
Unless 't be to fill the office full of fleas,
Or a winter itch, wears that spacious ink-horn
All a vacation only to cure tetters,
And his penknife to weed corns from the splay toes
Of the right worshipful of the office?
LEON. You make bold with me, sir.
ARIO. Woman, y'are mad, I'll swear't, and have more need

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Of a physician than a lawyer.
The melancholy humour flows in your face;
Your painting cannot hide it. Such vild suits
Disgrace our courts, and these make honest lawyers
Stop their own ears, whilst they plead; and that's
the reason
Your younger men that have good conscience,
Wear such large night-caps. Go, old woman, go
pray
For lunacy, or else the devil himself
Has ta'en possession of thee. May like cause
In any christian court never find name!
Bad suits, and not the law, bred the law's shame.
[*Exit.*

LEON. Sure the old man's frantick.

SAN. Plague on's gouty fingers!
Were all of his mind, to entertain no suits
But such they thought were honest, sure our lawyers
Would not purchase* half so fast.

Enter CONTILUPO, *a spruce lawyer.*

But here's the man,
Learn'd Signior Contilupo; here's a fellow
Of another piece, believe't: I must make shift
With the foul copy.

CONTIL. Business to me?

SAN. To you, sir, from this lady.

CONTIL. She is welcome.

SAN. 'Tis a foul, copy, sir, you'll hardly read it;

* *purchase*] i. e. acquire wealth: see note * p. 226. vol. I.

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There's twenty double ducats, can you read, sir?

CONTIL. Exceeding well, very, very exceeding well.

SAN. This man will be sav'd, he can read: lord, lord,
To see, what money can do! be the hand never so foul,
Somewhat will be pick'd out on't.

CONTIL. Is not this *vivere honeste?*

SAN. No, that's struck out, sir;
And wherever you find *vivere honeste* in these papers,
Give it a dash, sir.

CONTIL. I shall be mindful of it.
In troth you write a pretty secretary:
Your secretary hand ever takes best
In mine opinion.

SAN. Sir, I have been in France,
And there, believe't, your court-hand generally
Takes beyond thought.

CONTIL. Even as a man is traded in't.

SAN. That I could not think of this virtuous gentleman
Before I went to th' other hog-rubber!*
Why, this was wont to give young clerks half fees,
To help him to clien s. Your opinion in the case, sir?

CONTIL. I am struck with wonder, almost ecstasied,

* *hog-rubber*] not a "dictionary word;" but old Burton uses it; "The very rusticks and *hog-rubbers*, Menalcas and Coridon, &c." *Anat. of Melancholy*, p. 540, ed. 1660.

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With this most goodly suit.
LEO. It is the fruit
Of a most hearty penitence.
CONTIL. 'Tis a case
Shall leave a precedent to all the world,
In our succeeding annals, and deserves
Rather a spacious public theatre,
Then a pent court for audience; it shall teach
All ladies the right path to rectify
Their issue.
SAN. Lo you, here's a man of comfort!
CONTIL. And you shall go unto a peaceful grave,
Discharg'd of such a guilt, as would have lain
Howling for ever at your wounded heart,
And rose with you to judgment.
SAN. O give me such a lawyer, as will think
Of the day of judgment!
LEON. You must urge the business
Against him, as spitefully as may be.
CONTIL. Doubt not. What, is he summon'd?
SAN. Yes, and the court will sit within this half hour:
Peruse your notes, you have very short warning.
CONTIL. Never fear you that.
Follow me, worthy lady, and make account
This suit is ended already. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

Enter OFFICERS, *preparing seats for the judges; to them* ERCOLE *muffled.*

FIRST OFF. You would have a private seat, sir?

ERC. Yes, sir.

SECOND OFF. Here's a closet belongs to th' court
Where you may hear all unseen.

ERC. I thank you: there's money.

SECOND OFFI. I give you your thanks again, sir.

Enter CONTARINO, *and the* SURGEONS, *disguised.*

CON. Is't possible Romelio's persuaded
You are gone to the East Indies?

FIRST SUR. Most confidently.

CON. But do you mean to go?

SECOND SUR. How? go to the East Indies! and so many Hollanders gone to fetch sauce for their pickled herrings! some have been peppered there too lately.* But, I pray, being thus well recovered of your wounds, why do you not reveal yourself?

CON. That my fair Jolenta should be rumour'd
To be with child by noble Ercole,
Makes me expect to what a violent issue

* *some have been peppered there too lately*] Webster alludes to the massacre of the English by the Dutch at Amboyna, in February, 1622. The *True Relation* of the atrocity has been several times reprinted. Dryden wrote an execrable play on the subject.

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These passages will come. I hear her brother
Is marrying the infant she goes with,
'Fore it be born; as, if it be a daughter,
To the Duke of Austria's nephew, if a son,
Into the noble ancient family
Of the Palavafini.* He's a subtle devil;
And I do wonder what strange suit in law,
Has hapt between him and's mother.

FIRST SUR. 'Tis whispered 'mong the lawyers,
'Twill undo him for ever.

Enter SANITONELLA *and* WINIFRED.

SAN. Do you hear officers?
You must take special care, that you let in
No brachygraphy† men, to take notes.

FIRST OFF. No, sir?

SAN. By no means;
We cannot have a cause of any fame,
But you must have scurvy pamphlets, and lewd ballads
Engender'd of it presently.
Have you broke fast yet?

WIN. Not I, sir.

SAN. 'Twas very ill done of you,
For this cause will be long a pleading; but not‡ matter,

* *Palavafini*] Qy. "*Pallavicini.*"

† *brachygraphy men*] i. e. short-hand writers:—no great favourites of our old dramatists, who had sometimes to complain of their plays being printed without their consent, in a mutilated state, from copies taken down by brachygraphy during the representation.

‡ *no*] The old copy "*not.*"

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I have a modicum in my buckram bag,
To stop your stomach.

WIN. What is't? green ginger?

SAN. Green ginger, nor pellitory of Spain
Neither; yet 'twill stop a hollow tooth better
Than either of them.

WIN. Pray what is't?

SAN. Look you,
It is a very lovely pudding-pie,
Which we clerks find great relief in.

WIN. I shall have no stomach.

SAN. No matter and you have not, I may pleasure
Some of our learned counsel with't; I have done it
Many a time and often, when a cause
Has prov'd like an after-game at Irish.*

Enter CRISPIANO *like a judge, with another judge,* CONTILUPO, *and another lawyer at one bar,* ROMELIO, ARIOSTO, *at another,* LEONORA *with a black veil over her, and* JULIO.

CRISP. 'Tis a strange suit. Is Leonora come?

CONTIL. She's here, my lord. Make way there for the lady,

* *an after-game at Irish*] Irish, "a game within the tables," differed very little from back-gammon. "Irish," says *The Compleat Gamester*, "is an ingenious game, and requires a great deal of skill to play it well, *especially the After-game*: ..... for *an After-game* I know not what instructions to give you: you must herein trust to your own judgment and the chance of the dice, and if they run low for some time, it will be so much the better." pp. 111, 112. ed. 1709.

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CRIS. Take off her veil: it seems she is asham'd
To look her cause i'th' face.

CONTIL. She's sick, my lord.

ARIO. She's mad, my lord, and would be kept more dark.
By your favour, sir, I have now occasion
To be at your elbow, and within this half hour
Shall entreat you to be angry, very angry.

CRIS. Is Romelio come?

ROM. I am here, my lord, and call'd, I do protest,
To answer what I know not, for as yet
I am wholly ignorant of what the court
Will charge me with.

CRIS. I assure you, the proceeding
Is most unequal then, for I perceive,
The counsel of the adverse party furnish'd
With full instruction.

ROM. Pray, my lord, who is my accuser?

CRIS. 'Tis your mother.

ROM. She has discover'd Contarino's murder:
If she prove so unnatural, to call
My life in question, I am arm'd to suffer
This to end all my losses.

CRIS. Sir, we will do you
This favour, you shall hear the accusation;
Which being known, we will adjourn the court,
Till a fortnight hence: you may provide your counsel.

ARIO. I advise you, take their proffer,

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Or else the lunacy runs in a blood,
You are more mad than she.

ROM. What are you, sir?

ARIO. An angry fellow that would do thee good,
For goodness' sake itself, I do protest,
Neither for love nor money.

ROM. Prithee stand further, I shall gall your gout else.

ARIO. Come, come, I know you for an East India merchant,
You have a spice of pride in you still.

ROM. My lord,
I am so strengthen'd in my innocence,
For any the least shadow of a crime,
Committed 'gainst my mother, or the world,
That she can charge me with, here do I make it
My humble suit, only this hour and place
May give it as full hearing, and as free,
And unrestrain'd a sentence.

CRIS. Be not too confident,
You have cause to fear.

ROM. Let fear dwell with earthquakes,
Shipwrecks at sea, or prodigies in heaven:
I cannot set myself so many fathom
Beneath the height of my true heart as fear.

ARIO. Very fine words, I assure you, if they were
To any purpose.

CRIS. Well, have your intreaty:
And if your own credulity undo you,

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Blame not the court hereafter. Fall to your plea.

CONTIL. May it please your lordship and the reverend court,
To give me leave to open to you a case,
So rare, so altogether void of precedent,
That I do challenge all the spacious volumes
Of the whole civil law to shew the like.
We are of counsel for this gentlewoman;
We have receiv'd our fee; yet the whole course
Of what we are to speak is quite against her;
Yet we'll deserve our fee too. There stands one,
Romelio the merchant: I will name him to you,
Without either title or addition;
For those false beams of his supposed honour,
As void of true heat, as are all painted fires,
Or glow-worms in the dark, suit him all basely,
As if he had bought his gentry from the herald
With money got by extortion: I will first
Produce this Æsop's crow, as he stands forfeit
For the long use of his gay borrow'd plumes,
And then let him hop naked. I come to th' point.
T'as been a dream in Naples, very near
This eight and thirty years, that this Romelio
Was nobly descended; he has rank'd himself
With the nobility, shamefully usurp'd
Their place, and in a kind of saucy pride,
Which, like to mushrooms, ever grow most rank,
When they do spring from dung-hills, sought to o'ersway,

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The *Fliski*,* the *Grimaldi*, *Dori*,
And all the ancient pillars of our state:
View now what he is come to, this poor thing
Without a name, this cuckoo hatch'd i'th' nest
Of a hedge-sparrow!

ROM. Speaks he all this to me?

ARIO. Only to you, sir.

ROM. I do not ask thee, prithee hold thy prating.

ARIO. Why, very good, you will be presently
As angry as I could wish.

CONTIL. What title shall I set to this base coin?
He has no name, and for's aspect, he seems
A giant in a May-game, that within
Is nothing but a porter. I'll undertake,
He had as good have travell'd all his life
With gipsies: I will sell him to any man
For an hundred cecchins, and he that buys him of me,
Shall lose by th' hand too.

ARIO. Lo, what you are come too,
You that did scorn to trade in any thing,
But gold or spices, or your cochineal!
He rates you now at poor John.

ROM. Out upon thee!
I would thou wert of his side.

ARIO. Would you so?

ROM. The devil and thee together on each hand,

* *Fliski*] Qy. "*Fieschi.*"

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To prompt the lawyer's memory when he founders.
CRIS. Signior Contilupo, the court holds it fit,
You leave this stale declaiming 'gainst the person,
And come to the matter.
CONTIL. Now I shall, my lord.
CRIS. It shows a poor malicious eloquence,
And it is strange, men of your gravity
Will not forego it: verily, I presume,
If you but heard yourself speaking with my ears,
Your phrase would be more modest.
CONTIL. Good, my lord, be assur'd,
I will leave all circumstance, and come to th' purpose:
This Romelio is a bastard.
ROM. How, a bastard!
O mother, now the day begins grow hot
On your side!
CONTIL. Why, she is your accuser.
ROM. I had forgot that: was my father married
To any other woman, at the time
Of my begetting?
CONTIL. That's not the business.
ROM. I turn me then to you that were my mother,
But by what name I am to call you now,
You must instruct me: were you ever married
To my father?
LEON. To my shame I speak it, never.
CRIS. Not to Francisco Romelio?
LEON. May it please your lordships,
To him I was, but he was not his father.

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CONTIL. Good my lord, give us leave in a few words
To expound the riddle, and to make it plain,
Without the least of scruple: for I take it,
There cannot be more lawful proof i'th' world,
Than the oath of the mother.

CRIS. Well then, to your proofs,
And be not tedious.

CONTIL. I'll conclude in a word.
Some nine and thirty years since, which was the time
This woman was married, Francisco Romelio,
This gentleman's putative father, and her husband,
Being not married to her past a fortnight,
Would needs go travel; did so, and continu'd
In France and the Low-Countries eleven months.
Take special note o'th' time, I beseech your lordship,
For it makes much to th' business. In his absence
He left behind to sojourn at his house
A Spanish gentleman, a fine spruce youth
By the lady's confession, and you may be sure
He was no eunuch neither: he was one
Romelio lov'd very dearly, as oft haps
No man alive more welcome to the husband
Than he that makes him cuckold. This gentleman,
I say,
Breaking all laws of hospitality,
Got his friend's wife with child, a full two months
'Fore the husband return'd.

SAN. Good sir, forget not the lamb-skin.

CONTIL. I warrant thee.

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SAN. I will pinch by the buttock, to put you in mind of 't.

CONTIL. Prithee hold thy prating.
What's to be practis'd now, my lord? marry this:
Romelio being a young novice, not acquainted
With this precedence, very innocently
Returning home from travel, finds his wife
Grown an excellent good huswife, for she had set
Her women to spin flax, and to that use,
Had in a study which was built of stone
Stor'd up at least an hundreth weight of flax:
Marry, such a thread as was to be spun from the flax,
I think the like was never heard of.

CRIS. What was that?

CONTIL. You may be certain, she would lose no time,
In bragging that her husband had got up
Her belly: to be short, at seven months' end,
Which was the time of her delivery,
And when she felt herself to fall in travail,
She makes her waiting-woman, as by mischance,
Set fire to the flax; the fright* whereof,
As they pretend, causes this gentlewoman
To fall in pain, and be delivered
Eight weeks afore her reckoning.

SAN. Now, sir, remember the lamb-skin.

CONTIL. The midwife straight howls out, there was no hope

* *fright*] The old copy "*flight*."

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Of th' infant's life; swaddles it in a flay'd lamb's skin,
As a bird hatch'd too early; makes it up
With three quarters of a face, that made it look
Like a changeling; cries out to Romelio,
To have it christen'd, lest it should depart
Without that it came for: and thus are many serv'd,
That take care to get gossips for those children,
To which they might be godfathers themselves,
And yet be no arch-puritans neither.

CRIS. No more.

ARIO. Pray, my lord, give him way, you spoil his oratory else:
Thus would they jest, were they feed to open
Their sisters' cases.

CRIS. You have urg'd enough:
You first affirm, her husband was away from her
Eleven months?

CONTIL. Yes, my lord.

CRIS. And at seven months' end,
After his return, she was deliver'd
Of this Romelio, and had gone her full time?

CONTIL. True, my lord.

CRIS. So by this account this gentleman was begot,
In his suppos'd father's absence?

CONTIL. You have it fully.

CRIS. A most strange suit this: 'tis beyond example,
Either time past, or present, for a woman

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To publish her own dishonour voluntarily,
Without being call'd in question, some forty years
After the sin committed, and her counsel
To enlarge the offence with as much oratory,
As ever I did hear them in my life
Defend a guilty woman; 'tis most strange:
Or why with such a poison'd violence
Should she labour her son's undoing: we observe
Obedience of creatures to the law of nature,
Is the stay of the whole world; here that law is broke,
For though our civil law makes difference
'Tween the base, and the legitimate,
Compassionate nature makes them equal, nay,
She many times prefers them. I pray resolve me, sir,
Have not you and your mother had some suit
In law together lately?

ROM. None, my lord.

CRIS. No! no contention about parting your goods?

ROM. Not any.

CRIS. No flaw, no unkindness?

ROM. None that ever arriv'd at my knowledge.

CRIS. Bethink yourself, this cannot choose but savour
Of a woman's malice deeply; and I fear,
Y' are practised upon most devilishly.
How hapt, gentlewoman, you reveal'd this no sooner?

LEON. While my husband liv'd, my lord, I durst not.

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CRIS. I should rather ask you why you reveal it now?

LEON. Because, my lord, I loath'd that such a sin
Should lie smother'd with me in my grave; my penitence,
Though to my shame, prefers the revealing of it
'Bove worldly reputation.

CRIS. Your penitence!
Might not your penitence have been as hearty,
Though it had never summon'd to the court
Such a conflux of people?

LEON. Indeed I might have confess'd it privately
To th' church, I grant; but you know repentance
Is nothing without satisfaction.

CRIS. Satisfaction! why, your husband's dead;
What satisfaction can you make him?

LEON. The greatest satisfaction in the world, my lord;
To restore the land to th' right heir, and that's
My daughter.

CRIS. O, she's straight begot then.

ARIO. Very well; may it please this honourable court,
If he be a bastard, and must forfeit his land for't,
She has prov'd herself a strumpet, and must lose
Her dower: let them go a begging together.

SAN. Who shall pay us our fees then?

CRIS. Most just.

ARIO. You may see now what an old house

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You are like to pull over your head, dame.

ROM. Could I conceive this publication
Grew from a hearty penitence, I could bear
My undoing the more patiently; but, my lord,
There is no reason, as you said even now,
To satisfy me but this suit of hers
Springs from a devilish malice, and her pretence
Of a griev'd conscience and religion,
Like to the horrid powder-treason in England,
Has a most bloody unnatural revenge
Hid under it. O, the violences of women!
Why, they are creatures made up and compounded
Of all monsters, poisoned minerals,
And sorcerous herbs that grow.*

ARIO. Are you angry yet?

ROM. Would man† express a bad one, let him forsake
All natural example, and compare
One to another: they have no more mercy,
Than ruinous fires in great tempests.

ARIO. Take heed you do not crack your voice, sir.

ROM. Hard-hearted creatures, good for nothing else,
But to wind dead bodies.

ARIO. Yes, to weave seaming lace
With the bones of their husbands that were long since buried,

* *grow*] The old copy "*growes*."
† *man*] The old copy "*men*."

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And curse them when they tangle.

ROM. Yet why do I
Take bastardy so distastefully, when i'th' world
A many things that are essential parts
Of greatness, are but by-slips, and are father'd
On the wrong parties,
Preferment in the world a many times
Basely begotten? nay, I have observ'd
The immaculate justice of a poor man's cause,
In such a court as this, has not known whom
To call father, which way to direct itself
For compassion—but I forget my temper:
Only that I may stop that lawyer's throat,
I do beseech the court, and the whole world,
They will not think the baselier of me,
For the vice of a mother; for that woman's sin,
To which you all dare swear when it was done,
I would not give my consent.

CRIS. Stay, here's an accusation,
But here's no proof. What was the Spaniard's name
You accuse of adultery?

CONTIL. Don Crispiano, my lord.

CRIS. What part of Spain was he born in?

CONTIL. In Castile.

JUL. This may prove my father.

SAN. And my master: my client's spoil'd then.

CRIS. I knew that Spaniard well: if you be a bastard,
Such a man being your father, I dare vouch you
A gentleman; and in that, Signior Contilupo,

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Your oratory went a little too far.
When do we name Don John of Austria,
The emperor's son, but with reverence?
And I have known in divers families,
The bastards the greater spirits: but to th' purpose;
What time was this gentleman begot?
And be sure you lay your time right.

ARIO. Now the metal comes to the touchstone.

CONTIL. In anno seventy-one, my lord.

CRIS. Very well, seventy one;
The battle of Lepanto was fought in't;
A most remarkable time, 'twill lie
For no man's pleasure: and what proof is there,
More than the affirmation of the mother,
Of this corporal dealing?

CONTIL. The deposition of a waiting-woman
Serv'd her the same time.

CRIS. Where is she?

CONTIL. Where is our solicitor with the waiting-woman?

ARIO. Room for the bag and baggage.

SAN. Here, my lord, *ore tenus.*

CRIS. And what can you say, gentlewoman?

WIN. Please your lordship, I was the party that dealt in the business, and brought them together.

CRIS. Well.

WIN. And conveyed letters between them.

CRIS. What needed letters, when 'tis said he lodged in her house?

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WIN. A running ballad now and then to her viol, for he was never well, but when he was fiddling.

CRIS. Speak to the purpose, did you ever know them bed together?

WIN. No, my lord, but I have brought him to the bed side.

CRIS. That was somewhat near to the business. And what, did you help him off with his shoes?

WIN. He wore no shoes, an't please you, my lord.

CRIS. No! what then; pumps?

WIN. Neither.

CRIS. Boots were not fit for his journey.

WIN. He wore tennis-court woollen slippers, for fear of creaking, sir, and making a noise, to wake the rest o'th' house.

CRIS. Well, and what did he there, in his tennis-court woollen slippers?

WIN. Please your lordship, question me in Latin, for the cause is very foul; the examiner o'th' court was fain to get it out of me alone i'th' counting-house, 'cause he would not spoil the youth o'th' office.

ARIO. Here's a latten spoon, and a long one, to feed with the devil!*

* *Here's a latten spoon and a long one, to feed with the devil!*] *Latten* a mixed kind of metal: lexicographers have variously explained its composition, but they seem now agreed that it

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WIN. I'd be loath to be ignorant that way, for I hope to marry a proctor, and take my pleasure abroad at the commencements with him.

ARIO. Come closer to the business.

WIN. I will come as close as modesty will give me leave. Truth is, every morning when he lay with her, I made a caudle for him, by the appoint-

was brass, though old Gower certainly distinguishes it from that metal;

"The craft whiche thylk tyme was
To worken in *laton* & in *bras*,
He lerneth," &c.

Confessio Amantis, Lib. sec. fol. 41. ed. *Caxton*, 1483.

Webster alludes here to the proverb; "he had need of a long spoon, that eats with the devil." The following anecdote, which fathers upon Shakespeare a pun similar to that in the text, has been repeated in several books: I now transcribe it from the MS. volume where it was originally discovered,—a collection of *Merry Passages and Jeasts* by L'Estrange, Sir Roger's nephew, among the Harleian MSS. 6395. Plut. LIX. A. "Shakespeare was godfather to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christning being in a deepe study Jonson came to cheere him up, and askt him why he was so melancholy? no faith Ben (sayes he) not I, but I have been considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my God-child, and I have resolved at last; I pry'the what, sayes he? I faith Ben I'le e'en give him a dozen good *Lattin spoones*, and thou shall translate them." At the end of the vol. the writer gives a list of his authorities, from which we learn, that the story just quoted was told to him by "Dun:"—Qy. Donne?

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ment of my mistress, which he would still refuse, and call for small drink.

CRIS. Small drink?

ARIO. For a julap?

WIN. And said he was wondrous thirsty.

CRIS. What's this to the purpose?

WIN. Most effectual, my lord. I have heard them laugh together extremely, and the curtain-rods fall from the tester of the bed: and he ne'er came from her, but he thrust money in my hand, and once in truth, he would have had some dealing with me, which I took; he thought 'twould be the only way i'th' world to make me keep counsel the better.

SAN. That's a stinger: 'tis a good wench, be not daunted.

CRIS. Did you ever find the print of two in the bed?

WIN. What a question's that to be asked! may it please your lordship, 'tis to be thought he lay nearer to her than so.

CRIS. What age are you of, gentlewoman?

WIN. About six and forty, my lord.

CRIS. Anno seventy-one,
And Romelio is thirty-eight: by that reckoning,
You were a bawd at eight year old; now verily,
You fell to the trade betimes.

SAN. There y'are from the bias.

WIN. I do not know my age directly, sure I am

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elder; I can remember two great frosts, and three great plagues, and the loss of Calais, and the first coming up of the breeches with the great codpiece; and I pray what age do you take me of then?

SAN. Well come off again.

ARIO. An old hunted hare; she has all her doubles.

ROM. For your own gravities,
And the reverence of the court, I do beseech you,
Rip up the cause no further, but proceed
To sentence.

CRIS. One question more, and I have done:
Might not this Crispiano, this Spaniard,
Lie with your mistress at some other time,
Either afore or after, than i'th' absence
Of her husband?

LEON. Never.

CRIS. Are you certain of that?

LEON. On my soul, never.

CRIS. That's well, he never lay with her,
But in anno seventy-one; let that be remember'd.
Stand you aside a while. Mistress, the truth is,
I knew this Crispiano, and liv'd in Naples
At the same time, and lov'd the gentleman
As my bosom friend; and, as I do remember,
The gentleman did leave his picture with you,
If age or neglect have not in so long time
Ruin'd it.

LEON. I preserve it still, my lord.

CRIS. I pray let me see't, let me see the face

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I then lov'd so much to look on.

LEON. Fetch it.

WIN. I shall, my lord.

CRIS. No, no, gentlewoman,
I have other business for you.

[*Exit one for the picture.*

FIRST SUR. Now were the time to cut Romelio's throat,
And accuse him for your murder.

CON. By no means.

SECOND SUR. Will you not let us be men of fashion,
And down with him now he's going?

CON. Peace, let's attend the sequel.

CRIS. I commend you, lady;
There was a main matter of conscience.
How many ills spring from adultery!
First, the supreme law that is violated,
Nobility oft stain'd with bastardy,
Inheritance of land falsely possess'd,
The husband scorn'd, wife sham'd, and babes unblest.

[*The picture is brought in.*

So, hang it up i'th' court. You have heard,
What has been urged 'gainst Romelio:
Now my definitive sentence in this cause,
Is, I will give no sentence at all.

ARIO. No!

CRIS. No, I cannot, for I am made a party.

SAN. How, a party! here are fine cross tricks.
What the devil will he do now?

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CRIS. Signior Ariosto, his majesty of Spain
Confers my place upon you by this patent,
Which till this urgent hour I have kept
From your knowledge: may you thrive in't, noble sir,
And do that which but few in our place do,
Go to their grave uncurs'd!

ARIO. This law-business
Will leave me so small leisure to serve God,
I shall serve the king the worse.

SAN. Is he a judge?
We must then look for all conscience, and no law;
He'll beggar all his followers.

CRIS. Sir,
I am of your counsel, for the cause in hand
Was begun at such a time, 'fore you could speak;
You had need therefore have one speak for you.

ARIO. Stay, I do here first make protestation,
I ne'er took fee of this Romelio,
For being of his counsel, which may free me,
Being now his judge, for the imputation
Of taking a bribe. Now, sir, speak your mind.

CRIS. I do first entreat, that the eyes of all here present,
May be fix'd upon this.

LEON. O, I am confounded! this is Crispiano.

JUL. This is my father: how the judges have bleated him!

WIN. You may see truth will out in spite of the devil.

CRIS. Behold, I am the shadow of this shadow;

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Age has made me so; take from me forty years,
And I was such a summer fruit as this,
At least the painter feign'd so: for indeed,
Painting and epitaphs are both alike,
They flatter us, and say we have been thus.
But I am the party here, that stands accus'd
For adultery with this woman, in the year
Seventy-one: now I call you, my lord, to witness,
Four years before that time I went to th' Indies,
And till this month, did never set my foot since
In Europe; and for any former incontinence,
She has vow'd there was never any: what remains then,
But this is a mere practice 'gainst her son?
And I beseech the court it may be sifted,
And most severely punish'd.

SAN. Uds foot, we are spoil'd;
Why, my client's prov'd an honest woman.

WIN. What do you think will become of me now?

SAN. You'll be made dance *lacrymæ*,* I fear, at a cart's tail.

ARIO. You, mistress, where are you now?

* *dance lacrymæ*] One of the allusions, so frequent in our old dramatists, to a musical work by John Dowland, the famous lutanist, "the rarest musician" according to A. Wood, (*Fasti Oxon.* Part I. p. 242. ed. Bliss,) "that his age did behold:" it is dedicated to Anne, the Queen of James I. and entitled *Lacrimæ, or seaven Teares figured in seaven passionate Pauans, with divers other Pauans, Galiards, and Almands, set forth for the Lute, Viols, or Violons, in fiue parts.*

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Your tennis-court slippers* and your ta'en drink
In a morning for your hot liver? where's the man,
Would have had some dealing with you, that you might
Keep counsel the better?

WIN. May it please the court, I am but a young thing, and was drawn arsy varsy into the business.

ARIO. How young? of five and forty?

WIN. Five and forty! and shall please you, I am not five and twenty: she made me colour my hair with bean-flower, to seem elder than I was; and then my rotten teeth, with eating sweet-meats,—why, should a farrier look in my mouth, he might mistake my age. O mistress, mistress! you are an honest woman; and you may be ashamed on't, to abuse the court thus.

LEON. Whatso'er I have attempted,
'Gainst my own fame, or the reputation
Of that gentleman my son, the Lord Contarino
Was cause of it.

CON. Who, I?

ARIO. He that should have married your daughter!
It was a plot belike then to confer
The land on her that should have been his wife.

LEON. More than I have said already, all the world
Shall ne'er extract from me: I entreat from both
Your equal pardons.

JUL. And I from you, sir.

* *slippers*] The old copy "*slips*:" but see p. 104.

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CRIS. Sirrah, stand you aside,
I will talk with you hereafter.

JUL. I could never away with* after reckonings.

LEON. And now, my lords, I do most voluntarily
Confine myself unto a stricter prison,
And a severer penance, than this court
Can impose; I am enter'd into religion.

CON. I the cause of this practice! this ungodly woman
Has sold herself to falsehood: I will now
Reveal myself.

ERCO. Stay, my lord, here's a window
To let in more light to the court.

CON. Mercy upon me! O, that thou art living,
Is mercy indeed!

FIRST SUR. Stay, keep in your shell a little longer.

ERCO. I am Ercole.

ARIO. A guard upon him for the death of Contarino!

ERCO. I obey the arrest o'th' court.

ROM. O, sir, you are happily restor'd to life,
And to us your friends!

ERCO. Away, thou art the traitor
I only live to challenge: this former suit,
Touch'd but thy fame, this accusation
Reaches to thy fame and life. The brave Contarino
Is generally suppos'd slain by this hand—

CON. How knows he the contrary?

ERCO. But truth is,

* *away with*] i. e. endure.

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Having receiv'd from me some certain wounds,
Which were not mortal, this vild murderer,
Being by will deputed overseer
Of the nobleman's estate to his sister's use,
That he might make him sure from* surviving
To revoke that will, stole to him in's bed
And kill'd him.

ROM. Strange, unheard of! more practice yet!

ARIO. What proof of this?

ERCO. The report of his mother deliver'd to me,
In distraction for Contarino's death.

CON. For my death! I begin to apprehend,
That the violence of this woman's love to me,
Might practise the disinheriting of her son.

ARIO. What say you to this, Leonora?

LEON. Such a thing
I did utter out of my distraction:
But how the court will censure that report,
I leave to their wisdoms.

ARIO. My opinion is,
That this late slander urg'd against her son,
Takes from her all manner of credit: she
That would not stick to deprive him of his living,
Will as little tender his life.

LEON. I beseech the court,
I may retire myself to my place of penance,
I have vow'd myself and my woman.

ARIO. Go when you please. What should move you be [*Exeunt Leonora, and Winifred.*

* *from*] In some of the old copies this word is omitted.

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Thus forward in the accusation?

ERCO. My love to Contarino.

ARIO. O, it bore
Very bitter fruit at your last meeting.

ERCO. 'Tis true, but I begun to love him,
When I had most cause to hate him; when our bloods
Embrac'd each other, then I pitied
That so much valour should be hazarded
On the fortune of a single rapier,
And not spent against the Turk.

ARIO. Stay, sir, be well advis'd;
There is no testimony but your own,
To approve you slew him, therefore no other way
To decide it, but by duel.

CON. Yes, my lord, I dare affirm 'gainst all the world,
This nobleman speaks truth.

ARIO. You will make yourself a party in the duel.

ROM. Let him, I will fight with them both, sixteen of them.

ERCO. Sir, I do not know you.

CON. Yes, but you have forgot me; you and I
Have sweat in the breach together at Malta.

ERCO. Cry you mercy, I have known of your nation
Brave soldiers.

JUL. Now, if my father
Have any true spirit in him, I'll recover
His good opinion. Do you hear? do not swear, sir,
For I dare swear, that you will swear a lie,

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A very filthy, stinking, rotten lie;
And if the lawyers think not this sufficient,
I'll give the lie in the stomach,
That's somewhat deeper than the throat,
Both here, and all France over and over,
From Marseilles, or Bayonne, to Calais' sands,
And there draw my sword upon thee, and new scour it
In the gravel of thy kidneys.

ARIO. You the defendant
Charg'd with the murder, and you second there,
Must be committed to the custody
Of the Knight-Marshal; and the court gives charge,
They be to-morrow ready in the lists
Before the sun be risen.

ROM. I do entreat the court, there be a guard
Plac'd o'er my sister, that she enter not
Into religion: she's rich, my lords,
And the persuasions of friars, to gain
All her possessions to their monasteries,
May do much upon her.

ARIO. We'll take order for her.

CRIS. There's a nun too you have got with child;
How will you dispose of her?

ROM. You question me, as if I were grav'd already:
When I have quench'd this wild-fire
In Ercole's tame blood, I'll tell you. [*Exit.*

ERCO. You have judg'd to day
A most confused practice, that takes end
In as bloody a trial; and we may observe

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By these great persons, and their indirect
Proceedings, shadow'd in a veil of state,
Mountains are deform'd heaps, swell'd up aloft,
Vales wholesomer, though lower and trod on oft.

SAN. Well, I will put up my papers,
And send them to France for a precedent,
That they may not say yet, but for one strange
Law-suit, we come somewhat near them. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Enter JOLENTA, *and* ANGIOLELLA *great bellied.*

JOL. How dost thou, friend? welcome: thou and I
Were play-fellows together, little children,
So small awhile ago, that I presume,
We are neither of us wise yet.

ANGIO. A most sad truth on my part.

JOL. Why do you pluck your veil
Over your face?

ANGIO. If you will believe truth,
There's nought more terrible to a guilty heart,
As the eye of a respected friend.

JOL. Say, friend, are you quick with child?

ANGIO. Too sure.

JOL. How could you know
Of your first child when you quickened?

ANGIO. How could you know, friend!
'Tis reported you are in the same taking.

JOL. Ha, ha, ha! so 'tis given out;

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But Ercole's coming to life again has shrunk,
And made invisible my great belly; yes, faith,
My being with child was merely in supposition,
Not practice.

ANGIO. You are happy: what would I give,
To be a maid again!

JOL. Would you? to what purpose?
I would never give great purchase* for that thing
Is in danger every hour to be lost. Pray thee, laugh:
A boy or a girl for a wager?

ANGIO. What heaven please.

JOL. Nay, nay, will you venture
A chain of pearl with me, whether?

ANGIO. I'll lay nothing;
I have ventur'd too much for't already, my fame.
I make no question, sister, you have heard
Of the intended combat.

JOL. O, what else?
I have a sweetheart in't, against a brother.

ANGIO. And I a dead friend, I fear: what good counsel
Can you minister unto me?

JOL. Faith, only this;
Since there's no means i'th' world to hinder it,
Let thou and I, wench, get as far as we can
From the noise of it.

ANGIO. Whither?

JOL. No matter, any whither.

* *purchase*] See note * vol. I. p. 226.

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ANGIO. Any whither, so you go not by sea:
I cannot abide salt* water.

JOL. Not endure to be tumbled! say no more then,
We'll be land-soldiers for that trick: take heart,
Thy boy shall be born a brave Roman.

ANGIO. O, you mean
To go to Rome then.

JOL. Within there. Bear this letter

Enter a SERVANT.

To the Lord Ercole. Now, wench, I am for thee,
All the world over.

ANGIO. I, like your shade, pursue you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter PROSPERO *and* SANITONELLA.

PROS. Well, I do not think but to see you as pretty a piece of law-flesh!

SAN. In time I may: marry I am resolved to take a new way for't. You have lawyers take their clients' fees, and their backs are no sooner turned, but they call them fools, and laugh at them.

PROS. That's ill done of them.

SAN. There's one thing too that has a vild abuse in't.

PROS. What's that?

SAN. Marry this, that no proctor in the term-time be tolerated to go to the tavern above six times i'th' forenoon.

PROS. Why, man?

* *salt*] Some of the old copies "*rough.*"

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SAN. O, sir, it makes their clients overtaken, and become friends sooner than they would be.

Enter ERCOLE *with a letter, and* CONTARINO *coming in friars' habits, as having been at the Bathanites, a ceremony used afore these combats.*

ERCO. Leave the room gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Sanit. and Pros.*

CON. Wherefore should I with such an obstinacy [*Aside.*

Conceal myself any longer? I am taught,
That all the blood which will be shed to-morrow
Must fall upon my head; one question
Shall fix it or untie it.—Noble brother,
I would fain know how it is possible,
When it appears you love the fair Jolenta
With such a height of fervor you were ready
To father another's child and marry her,
You would so suddenly engage yourself,
To kill her brother, one that ever stood
Your loyal and firm friend?

ERCO. Sir, I'll tell you;
My love, as I have formerly protested,
To Contarino, whose unfortunate end,
The traitor wrought: and here is one thing more,
Deads all good thoughts of him, which I now receiv'd
From Jolenta.

CON. In a letter?

ERCO. Yes, in this letter;
For having sent to her to be resolv'd
Most truly who was father of the child,

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She writes back, that the shame she goes withal
Was begot by her brother.
CON. O most incestuous villain!
ERCO. I protest,
Before I thought 'twas Contarino's issue,
And for that would have veil'd her dishonour.
CON. No more.
Has the armourer brought the weapons?
ERCO. Yes, sir.
CON. I will no more think of her.
ERCO. Of whom?
CON. Of my mother, I was thinking of my mother.
Call the armourer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter SURGEON, *and* WINIFRED.

WIN. You do love me, sir, you say?
SUR. O, most entirely!
WIN. And you will marry me?
SUR. Nay, I'll do more than that:
The fashion of the world is many times
To make a woman naught, and afterwards
To marry her; but I a'th' contrary
Will make you honest first, and afterwards
Proceed to the wedlock.
WIN. Honest! what mean you by that?
SUR. I mean, that your suborning the late law suit,
Has got you a filthy report: now there's no way,
But to do some excellent piece of honesty,

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To recover your good name.

WIN. How, sir?

SUR. You shall straight go, and reveal to your old mistress
For certain truth, Contarino is alive.

WIN. How, living!

SUR. Yes, he is living.

WIN. No, I must not tell her of it.

SUR. No! why?

WIN. For she did bind me yesterday by oath,
Never more to speak of him.

SUR. You shall reveal it then
To Ariosto the judge.

WIN. By no means; he has heard me tell
So many lies i'th' court, he'll ne'er believe me.
What if I told it to the Capuchin?

SUR. You cannot
Think of a better; as for* your young mistress,
Who, as you told me, has persuaded you
To run away with her, let her have her humour.
I have a suit Romelio left i'th' house,
The habit of a Jew, that I'll put on,
And pretending I am robb'd, by break of day,
Procure all passengers to be brought back,
And by the way reveal myself, and discover
The comical event. They say she's a little mad;
This will help to cure her. Go, go presently,
And reveal it to the Capuchin.

WIN. Sir, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

* *as for*] The old copy "*for us.*"

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SCENE IV.

Enter JULIO, PROSPERO, *and* SANITONELLA.

JUL. A pox on't, I have undertaken the challenge very foolishly: what if I do not appear to answer it?

PRO. It would be absolute conviction
Of cowardice, and perjury; and the Dane,
May to your publick shame reverse your arms,
Or have them ignominiously fasten'd
Under his horse-tail.

JUL. I do not like that so well.
I see then I must fight, whether I will or no.

PROS. How does Romelio bear himself? they say,
He has almost brain'd one of our cunning'st fencers,
That practis'd with him.

JUL. Very certain: and now you talk of fencing,
Do not you remember the Welsh gentleman,
That was travelling to Rome upon return?

PROS. No, what of him?

JUL. There was a strange experiment of a fencer.

PROS. What was that?

JUL. The Welshman in's play, do what the fencer could,
Hung still an arse; he could not for's life
Make him come on bravely; till one night at supper,
Observing what a deal of Parma cheese
His scholar devour'd, goes ingeniously
The next morning, and makes a spacious button
For his foil of toasted cheese; and as sure as you live,

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That made him come on the braveliest.

PROS. Possible?

JUL. Marry, it taught him an ill grace in's play,
It made him gape still, gape as he put in for't,
As I have seen some hungry usher.

SAN. The toasting of it belike
Was to make it more supple, had he chanc'd
To have hit him a'th' chaps.

JUL. Not unlikely. Who can tell me,
If we may breathe in the duel?

PROS. By no means.

JUL. Nor drink?

PROS. Neither.

JUL. That's scurvy; anger will make me very dry.

PROS. You mistake sir, 'tis sorrow that is very dry.

SAN. Not always, sir; I have known sorrow very wet.

JUL. In rainy weather?

SAN. No, when a woman has come dropping wet
Out of a cucking-stool.

JUL. Then 'twas wet indeed, sir.

Enter ROMELIO *very melancholy, and the* CAPUCHIN.

CAP. Having from Leonora's waiting-woman
Deliver'd a most strange intelligence
Of Contarino's recovery, I am come
To sound Romelio's penitence; that perform'd,
To end these errors by discovering
What she related to me. Peace to you, sir.
[*To Romelio.*
Pray, gentlemen, let the freedom of this room

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Be mine a little. Nay, sir, you may stay. [*To Julio.*
[*Exeunt Prospero and Sanitonella.*
Will you pray with me?
ROM. No, no, the world and I
Have not made up our accounts yet.
CAP. Shall I pray for you?
ROM. Whether you do or no, I care not.
CAP. O you have a dangerous voyage to take!
ROM. No matter, I will be mine own pilot:
Do not you trouble your head with the business.
CAP. Pray tell me, do not you meditate of death?
ROM. Phew, I took out that lesson,
When I once lay sick of an ague; I do now
Labour for life, for life. Sir, can you tell me,
Whether your Toledo, or your Milan blade
Be best temper'd?
CAP. These things you know,
Are out of my practice.
ROM. But these are things you know,
I must practise with to-morrow.
CAP. Were I in your case,
I should present to myself strange shadows.
ROM. Turn you, were I in your case,
I should laugh at mine own shadow.
Who has hired you to make me coward?
CAP. I would make you a good Christian.
ROM. Withal let me continue
An honest man, which I am very certain
A coward can never be. You take upon you
A physician's place, rather than a divine's:

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You go about to bring my body so low,
I should fight i'th' lists to-morrow like a dormouse,
And be made away in a slumber.

CAP. Did you murder Contarino?

ROM. That's a scurvy question now.

CAP. Why, sir?

ROM. Did you ask it as a confessor, or as a spy?

CAP. As one that fain would justle the devil
Out of your way.

ROM. Um, you are but weakly made for't:
He's a cunning wrestler, I can tell you, and has broke
Many a man's neck.

CAP. But to give him the foil,
Goes not by strength.

ROM. Let it go by what it will,
Get me some good victuals to breakfast, I am hungry.

CAP. Here's food for you. [*Offering him a book.*

ROM. Phew, I am not to commence doctor;
For then the word,* Devour that book, were proper.
I am to fight, to fight, sir, and I'll do't,
As I would feed, with a good stomach.

CAP. Can you feed,
And apprehend death?

ROM. Why, sir, is not death
A hungry companion? say, is not the grave
Said to be a great devourer? Get me some victuals:
I knew a man that was to lose his head,
Feed with an excellent good appetite,
To strengthen his heart, scarce half an hour before;

* *the word*] See note * vol. I. p. 46.

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And if he did it, only was to speak,
What should I, that am to do?

CAP. This confidence,
If it be grounded upon truth, 'tis well.

ROM. You must understand, that resolution
Should ever wait upon a noble death,
As captains bring their soldiers out o'th' field,
And off come last: for, I pray, what is death?
The safest trench i'th' world to keep man free
From fortune's gunshot; to be afraid of that,
Would prove me weaker than a teeming woman,
That does endure a thousand times more pain
In bearing of a child.

CAP. O, I tremble for you!
For I do know you have a storm within you,
More terrible than a sea-fight, and your soul
Being heretofore drown'd in security,
You know not how to live, nor how to die:
But I have an object that shall startle you,
And make you know whither you are going.

ROM. I am arm'd for't.

Enter LEONORA, *with two coffins borne by her servants, and two winding-sheets stuck with flowers; presents one to her son, and the other to Julio.*

'Tis very welcome; this is a decent garment
Will never be out of fashion: I will kiss it.
All the flowers of the spring
Meet to perfume our burying:
These have but their growing prime,
And man does flourish but his time.
Survey our progress from our birth;

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We are set, we grow, we turn to earth.
Courts adieu, and all delights, [*Soft musick.*
All bewitching appetites!
Sweetest breath, and clearest eye,
Like perfumes, go out and die;
And consequently this is done,
As shadows wait upon the sun.
Vain the ambition of kings,
Who seek by trophies and dead things
To leave a living name behind,
And weave but nets to catch the wind.
O, you have wrought a miracle, and melted
A heart of adamant! you have compris'd
In this dumb pageant a right excellent form
Of penitence.

CAP. I am glad you so receive it.

ROM. This object does persuade me to forgive
The wrong she has done me, which I count the way
To be forgiven yonder; and this shrowd
Shews me how rankly we do smell of earth,
When we are in all our glory. Will it please you
[*To Leonora.*
Enter that closet, where I shall confer
'Bout matters of most weighty consequence,
Before the duel? [*Exit Leonora.*

JUL. Now I am right in the bandoleer for th' gallows.
What a scurvy fashion 'tis, to hang one's coffin in a scarf!

CAP. Why, this is well:

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And now that I have made you fit for death,
And brought you even as low as is the grave,
I will raise you up again, speak comforts to you
Beyond your hopes, turn this intended duel
To a triumph.

ROM. More divinity yet!
Good sir, do one thing first: there's in my closet
A prayer-book that is cover'd with gilt vellum;
Fetch it; and pray you, certify my mother,
I'll presently come to her.

[*Romelio locks the Capuchin into the closet.*

So now you are safe.

JUL. What have you done?

ROM. Why, I have lock'd them up
Into a turret of the castle, safe enough
For troubling us this four hours: and he please,
He may open a casement, and whistle out to th' sea,
Like a boatswain; not any creature can hear him.
Was't not thou a weary of his preaching?

JUL. Yes, if he had had an hour-glass by him,
I would have wish'd him he would have jogged it a little.
But your mother, your mother's lock'd in too.

ROM. So much the better;
I am rid of her howling at parting.

JUL. Hark! he knocks to be let out, and he were mad.

ROM. Let him knock till his sandals fly in pieces.

JUL. Ha! what says he? Contarino living!

ROM. Ay, ay,

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He means he would have Contarino's living
Bestow'd upon his monastery; 'tis that
He only fishes for. So, 'tis break of day;
We shall be call'd to the combat presently.

JUL. I'm sorry for one thing.

ROM. What's that?

JUL. That I made not mine own ballad: I do fear
I shall be roguishly abus'd in metre,
If I miscarry. Well, if the young Capuchin
Do not talk a' th' flesh as fast now to your mother,
As he did to us a' th' spirit! If he do,
'Tis not the first time that the prison royal
Has been guilty of close committing.

ROM. Now to th' combat. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter CAPUCHIN *and* LEONORA, *above* at a window.*

LEON. Contarino living!

CAP. Yes, madam, he is living, and Ercole's second.

LEON. Why has he lock'd us up thus?

CAP. Some evil angel
Makes him deaf to his own safety: we are shut
Into a turret, the most desolate prison
Of all the castle; and his obstinacy,
Madness, or secret fate, has thus prevented
The saving of his life.

* *above*] See note *, vol. i., p. 314.

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LEON. O, the saving Contarino's!
His is worth nothing. For heaven's sake call louder.
CAP. To little purpose.
LEON. I will leap these battlements;
And may I be found dead time enough
To hinder the combat!
CAP. O, look upwards rather!
Their deliverance must come thence. To see how heaven
Can invert man's firmest purpose! His intent
Of murdering Contarino was a mean
To work his safety; and my coming hither
To save him, is his ruin: wretches turn
The tide of their good fortune, and being drench'd
In some presumptuous and hidden sins,
While they aspire to do themselves most right,
The devil that rules i' th' air* hangs in their light.
LEON. O, they must not be lost thus! some good Christian
Come within our hearing! Ope the other casement,
That looks into the city.
CAP. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

* *The devil that rules i' th' air*, &c.] See note *, vol. i., p. 205.

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SCENE VI.

The lists set up. Enter the MARSHAL, CRISPIANO, *and* ARIOSTO, *as Judges: they sit.*

MAR. Give the appellant his summons, do the like
To the defendant.

Two tuckets by several trumpets. Enter, at one door, ERCOLE *and* CONTARINO; *at the other,* ROMELIO *and* JULIO.

Can any of you allege aught, why the combat
Should not proceed?

COMBATANTS. Nothing.

ARIO. Have the knights weigh'd,
And measur'd their weapons?

MAR. They have.

ARIO. Proceed, then, to the battle, and may heaven
Determine the right!

HERALD. *Soit la battaile, et victoire à ceux qui ont droit.*

ROM. Stay, I do not well know whither I am going;
'Twere needful therefore, though at the last gasp,
To have some church-man's prayer. Run, I pray thee,
To Castle Novo: this key will release
A Capuchin and my mother, whom I shut
Into a turret; bid them make haste, and pray;

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I may be dead ere he comes. Now, *victoire à ceux qui ont droit!*

ALL THE CHAMP. *Victoire à ceux qui ont droit!*

The combat continued to a good length, when enter LEONORA *and the* CAPUCHIN.

LEON. Hold, hold, for heaven's sake hold!

ARIO. What are these that interrupt the combat? Away to prison with them.

CAP. We have been prisoners too long. O, sir, what mean you? Contarino 's living.

ERCO. Living!

CAP. Behold him living.

ERCO. You were but now my second; now I make you Myself for ever.

LEON. O, here 's one between, Claims to be nearer.

CONT. And to you, dear lady, I have entirely vow'd my life.

ROM. If I do not dream, I am happy too.

ARIO. How insolently Has this high Court of Honour been abus'd!

Enter ANGIOLELLA, *veiled, and* JOLENTA, *her face coloured like a Moor; the two* SURGEONS, *one of them like a Jew.*

ARIO. How now, who are these?

2 SUR. A couple of strange fowl, and I the falconer,

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That have sprung them: this is a white nun,
Of the order of St. Clare; and this a black one;
You 'll take my word for 't. [*Discovers Jolenta.*

ARIO. She 's a black one, indeed.

JOL. Like or dislike me, choose you whether:
The down upon the raven's feather
Is as gentle and as sleek
As the mole on Venus' cheek.
Hence, vain shew! I only care
To preserve my soul most fair;
Never mind the outward skin,
But the jewel that 's within:
And though I want the crimson blood,
Angels boast my sisterhood.
Which of us now judge you whiter?
Her whose credit proves the lighter,
Or this black and ebon hue,
That, unstain'd, keeps fresh and true?
For I proclaim 't without controul,
There's no true beauty but i' th' soul.

ERCO. O, 'tis the fair Jolenta! To what purpose
Are you thus eclips'd?

JOL. Sir, I was running away
From the rumour of this combat; I fled likewise
From the untrue report my brother spread,
To his politic ends, that I was got with child.

LEON. Cease here all further scrutiny; this paper
Shall give unto the court each circumstance
Of all these passages.

ARIO. No more: attend the sentence of the court.

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Rareness and difficulty give estimation
To all things are i' th' world: you have met both
In these several passages: now it does remain,
That these so comical events be blasted
With no severity of sentence. You, Romelio,
Shall first deliver to that gentleman,
Who stood your second, all those obligations
Wherein he stands engag'd to you, receiving
Only the principal.

ROM. I shall, my lord.

JUL. I thank you:
I have an humour now to go to sea
Against the pirates, and my only ambition
Is to have my ship furnish'd with a rare consort*
Of music, and when I am pleas'd to be mad,
They shall play me Orlando.

SAN. You must lay wait for the fiddlers;
They 'll fly away from the press like watermen.

ARIO. Next, you shall marry that nun.

ROM. Most willingly.

ANGIO. O sir, you have been unkind;
But I do only wish, that this my shame
May warn all honest virgins not to seek
The way to heaven, that is so wondrous steep,
Through those vows they are too frail to keep.

ARIO. Contarino, and Romelio, and yourself,
Shall for seven years maintain against the Turk
Six gallies. Leonora, Jolenta,
And Angiolella there, the beauteous nun,

* *consort*] See note on *Northward Ho*, act ii., scene 1.

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For their vows' breach unto the monastery,
Shall build a monastery. Lastly, the two surgeons,
For concealing Contarino's recovery,
Shall exercise their art at their own charge,
For a twelvemonth in the gallies. So we leave you,
Wishing your future life may make good use
Of these events, since that these passages,
Which threaten'd ruin, built on rotten ground,
Are with success beyond our wishes crown'd.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

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APPIUS AND VIRGINIA.

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Appius and Virginia, a Tragedy. By John Webster. Printed in the year 1654. 4to.

The above is the only old edition of this play: it was put forth in 1659, with a new title-page, professing to be *Printed for Humphrey Moseley*. A reprint of it was given in 1816, in the fifth vol. of a Continuation of Dodsley's Old Plays, the editor of which was not remarkable for his acquaintance with our early drama.

From a MS. in the Lord Chamberlain's Office, (see Malone's *Hist. Acc. of the English Stage*, p. 159, ed. Boswell,) entitled on the margin *Cockpitt Playes Appropried*, and dated Aug. 10, 1639, it appears that William Bieston, gent. governor of the King's and Queen's young company of players at the Cockpit in Drury-lane, having represented unto his Majesty, that forty-five plays, of which the names are given, and of which the last mentioned is *Appius and Virginia*, "doe all and every of them properly and of right belong to the sayd house, and consequently that they are all his propriety," his Majesty signified his royal pleasure to the Lord Chamberlain, requiring him to declare to all other companies of actors, "that they are not any ways to intermeddle with or act any of the above-mentioned playes."

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VIRGINIUS.
APPIUS CLAUDIUS.
MINUTIUS.
SPURIUS OPPIUS.
MARCUS CLAUDIUS.
NUMITORIUS.
ICILIUS.
VALERIUS.
HORATIUS.*
SERTORIUS.
TWO COUSINS OF APPIUS.
AN ADVOCATE.
A ROMAN OFFICER.
SENATORS.
CORBULO, the Clown.

VIRGINIA.
JULIA.
CALPHURNIA.
NURSE.

Lictors, Soldiers, Servants, &c.

* *Horatius.*] In the old copy, this personage is always, throughout the play, called "*Horatio.*"

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APPIUS AND VIRGINIA.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Enter MINUTIUS, OPPIUS, *and* LICTORS.

MIN. Is Appius sent for, that we may acquaint him
With the decree o' th' Senate?
LICT. He is, my lord,
And will attend your lordships presently.
OPP. Lictor, did you tell him that our business
Was from the Senate?
LICT. I did, my lord; and here he is at hand.

Enter APPIUS CLAUDIUS, *his two* COUSINS, *and* MARCUS CLAUDIUS.

APP. CLAUD. My lords, your pleasure?
MIN. Appius, the Senate greet you well,
And by us do signify unto you,
That they have chosen you one of the Decemviri.
APP. CLAUD. My lords,
Far be it from the thoughts of so poor a plebeian,
As your unworthy servant Appius,
To soar so high: the dignity of so
Eminent a place would require a person
Of the best parts and blood in Rome. My lords,
He that must steer at th' head of an empire,
Ought to be the mirror of the times,
For wisdom and for policy; and therefore

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I would beseech the Senate to elect
One worthy of the place, and not to think
Of one so unfit as Appius *.

MIN. My lord, my lord, you dally with your wits :
I have seen children † oft eat sweetmeats thus,
As fearful to devour them.
You are wise, and play the modest courtier right,
To make so many bits of your delight.

OPP. But you must know, what we have once concluded,
Cannot, for any private man's affection,
Be slighted. Take your choice, then, with best judgment
Of these two proffers ; either to accept
The place propos'd you, or to be banish'd Rome
Immediately.—Lictors, make way.—We expect
Your speedy resolution.

[*Exeunt Oppius, Minutius, and Lictors.*

1 COUS. Noble cousin,
You wrong yourself extremely to refuse
So eminent a place.

2 COUS. It is a means
To raise your kindred. Who shall dare t' oppose
Himself against our family, when yonder
Shall sit your power and frown ?

* The editor of 1816 reduced this speech to prose: unmetrical it certainly is ; but I cannot believe that Webster, who makes Appius use blank verse throughout all the rest of the play, intended that he should speak prose in this solitary instance.

† *I have seen children*, &c.] See note (*), vol. i. p. 198.

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APP. CLAUD. Or banish'd Rome!
I pray forbear a little.—Marcus.
MAR. CLAUD. Sir.
APP. CLAUD. How dost thou like my cunning?
MAR. CLAUD. I protest
I was be-agued, fearing lest the Senate
Should have accepted at your feign'd refusal.
See, how your kindred and your friends are muster'd
To warm them at your sun-shine. Were you now
In prison, or arraign'd before the Senate
For some suspect of treason, all these swallows
Would fly your stormy winter; not one sing;
Their music is the summer and the spring.
APP. CLAUD. Thou observ'st shrewdly. Well, I'll fit them for 't.
I must be one of the Decemviri,
Or banish'd Rome? banish'd! laugh, my trusty Marcus;
I am enforced to my ambition.
I have heard of cunning footmen that have worn
Shoes made of lead some ten days 'fore a race,
To give them nimble and more active feet:
So great men should, that aspire eminent place,
Load themselves with excuse and faint denial,
That they with more speed may perform the trial.
Mark his humility, says one; how far
His dreams are from ambition, says another;
He would not show his eloquence, lest that
Should draw him into office: and a third
Is meditating on some thrifty suit

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To beg 'fore dinner. Had I as many hands
As had Briareus, I'd extend them all
To catch this office ; 'twas my sleep's disturber,
My diet's ill digestion, my melancholy,
Past physic's cure.

Enter OPPIUS, MINUTIUS, *and* LICTORS.

MAR. CLAUD. The senators return.
MIN. My lord, your answer ?
APP. CLAUD. To obey, my lord, and to know how
to rule,
Do differ much ; to obey, by nature comes,
But to command, by long experience.
Never were great men in so eminent place
Without their shadows. Envy will attend
On greatness till this general frame takes end.
'Twixt these extremes of state and banishment,
My mind hath held long conflict, and at last
I thus return my answer: noble friends,
We now must part; necessity of state
Compels it so;
I must inhabit now a place unknown;
You see 't compels me leave you. Fare you well.
1 COUS. To banishment, my lord ?
APP. CLAUD. I am given up
To a long travel full of fear and danger ;
To waste the day in sweat, and the cold night
In a most desolate contemplation ;
Banish'd from all my kindred and my friends ;
Yea, banish'd from myself ; for I accept

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This honourable calling.

MIN. Worthy Appius,
The gods conduct you hither! Lictors, his robes.

2 COUS. We are made for ever, noble kinsman:
'Twas but to fright us.

APP. CLAUD. But, my loving kinsmen,
Mistake me not; for what I spake was true,
Bear witness all the gods: I told you first,
I was to inhabit in a place unknown:
'Tis very certain, for this reverend seat
Receives me as a pupil; rather gives
Ornament to the person, than our person
The least of grace to it. I show'd you next
I am to travail; 'tis a certain truth:
Look! by how much the labour of the mind
Exceeds the body's, so far am I bound
With pain and industry, beyond the toil
Of those that sweat in war; beyond the toil
Of any artisan: pale cheeks, and sunk eyes,
A head with watching dizzied, and a hair
Turn'd white in youth; all these at a dear rate
We purchase speedily that tend a state.
I told you I must leave you; 'tis most true:
Henceforth the face of a barbarian
And yours shall be all one; henceforth I'll know you
But only by your virtue: brother or father,
In dishonest suit, shall be to me
As is the branded slave. Justice should have
No kindred, friends, nor foes, nor hate, nor love;
As free from passion as the gods above.

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I was your friend and kinsman, now your judge;
And whilst I hold the scales, a downy feather
Shall as soon turn them as a mass of pearl,
Or diamonds.

MAR. CLAUD. (*Aside.*) Excellent, excellent lapwing!
There's other stuff clos'd in that subtle breast:
He sings and beats his wings far from his nest.

APP. CLAUD. So, gentlemen, I take it, here takes end
Your business, my acquaintance: fare you well.

1 COUS. Here's a quick change! who did expect this cloud?
Thus men when they grow great do straight grow proud. [*Exeunt Cousins.*

APP. CLAUD. Now to our present business at the camp.
The army that doth winter 'fore Agidon,
Is much distress'd we hear: Minutius,
You, with the levies and the little corn
This present dearth will yield, are speedily
To hasten thither; so to appease the mind
Of the intemperate soldier.

MIN. I am ready;
The levies do attend me: our lieutenant
Send on our troops.

APP. CLAUD. Farewell, Minutius.
The gods go with you, and be still at hand
To add a triumph to your bold command. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

Enter NUMITORIUS, ICILIUS, *and* VIRGINIA.

NUM. Noble Icilius, welcome; teach yourself
A bolder freedom here; for, by our love,
Your suit to my fair niece doth parallel
Her kindred's wishes. There's not in all Rome
A man that is by honour more approv'd,
Nor worthier, were you poor, to be belov'd.

ICIL. You give me, noble lord, that character
Which I could never yet read in myself:
But from your censure * shall I take much care
To adorn it with the fairest ornaments
Of unambitious virtue. Here I hold
My honourable pattern; one whose mind
Appears more like a ceremonious chapel
Full of sweet music, than a thronging presence.
I am confirm'd, the court doth make some show
Fairer than else they would do; but her port,
Being simple virtue, beautifies the court.

VIRGINIA. It is a flattery, my lord,
You breathe upon me; and it shows much like
The borrow'd painting which some ladies use,
It is not to continue many days;
My wedding garments will outwear this praise.

NUM. Thus ladies still foretell the funeral
Of their lord's kindness.

Enter a SERVANT, *whispers* ICILIUS *in the ear.*
But, my lord, what news?

* *censure.*] *i. e.* opinion.

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ICIL. Virginius, my lord, your noble brother,
Disguis'd in dust and sweat, is new arriv'd
Within the city: troops of artisans
Follow his panting horse, and with a strange
Confused noise, partly with joy to see him,
Partly with fear for what his haste portends,
They show as if a sudden mutiny
O'erspread the city.

NUM. Cousin, take your chamber. [*Exit Virginia.*
What business from the camp?

ICIL. Sure, sir, it bears
The form of some great danger; for his horse,
Bloody with spurring, shows as if he came
From forth a battle: never did you see
'Mongst quails or cocks in fight a bloodier heel,
Than that your brother strikes with. In this form
Of o'erspent horseman, having, as it seems,
With the distracting of his news, forgot
House, friends, or change of raiment, he is gone
To th' Senate house.

NUM. Now the gods bring us safety!
The face of this is cloudy; let us haste
To the Senate house, and there inquire how near
The body moves of this our threaten'd fear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter APPIUS CLAUDIUS *melancholy; after,* MARCUS CLAUDIUS.

MAR. CLAUD. My lord—

APP. CLAUD. Thou troublest me.

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MAR. CLAUD. My hand 's as ready arm'd to work
your peace,
As my tongue bold to inquire your discontents:
Good my lord, hear me.
APP. CLAUD. I am at much variance
Within myself; there's discord in my blood;
My powers are all in combat; I have nothing
Left but sedition in me.
MAR. CLAUD. Trust my bosom
To be the closet of your private griefs;
Believe me, I am uncrannied.
APP. CLAUD. May I trust thee?
MAR. CLAUD. As the firm centre to endure the
burden
Of your light foot: as you would trust the poles
To bear on them this airy canopy,
And not to fear their shrinking. I am strong,
Fix'd and unshaking.
APP. CLAUD. Art thou? then thine ear*:
I love.
MAR. CLAUD. Ha! ha! he!
APP. CLAUD. Can this my ponderous secresy
Be in thine ear so light? seems my disturbance
Worthy such scorn that thou derid'st my griefs?
Believe me, Claudius, I am not a twig
That every gust can shake, but 'tis a tempest
That must be able to use violence
On my grown branches. Wherefore laugh'st thou
then?

* *ear.*] Old copy, "*ever.*"

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MAR. CLAUD. Not that y'are mov'd; it makes me smile in scorn
That wise men cannot understand themselves,
Nor know their own prov'd greatness. Claudius laughs not
To think you love; but that you are so hopeless
Not to presume to enjoy whom you affect.
What's she in Rome your greatness cannot awe,
Or your rich purse purchase? Promises and threats
Are statemen's lictors to arrest such pleasures
As they would bring within their strict commands:
Why should my lord droop, or deject his eye?
Can you command Rome, and not countermand
A woman's weakness? Let your grace bestow
Your purse and power on me: I'll prostrate you.
APP. CLAUD. Ask both, and lavish them to purchase me
The rich fee simple of Virginia's heart.
MAR. CLAUD. Virginia's!
APP. CLAUD. Hers.
MAR. CLAUD. I have already found
An easy path which you may safely tread,
Yet no man trace you.
APP. CLAUD. Thou art my comforter.
MAR. CLAUD. Her father 's busied in our foreign wars,
And there hath chief employment: all their pay
Must your discretion scantle; keep it back;
Restrain it in the common treasury:

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Thus may a statesman 'gainst a soldier stand,
To keep his purse weak, whilst you arm his hand.
Her father thus kept low, gifts and rewards
Will tempt the maid the sooner; nay, haply draw
The father in to plead in your behalf.
But should these fail, then siege her virgin tower
With too * prevailing engines, fear and power.

APP. CLAUD. Go then, and prove a speeding advocate:
Arm thee with all our bounty, oratory,
Variety of promise.

Enter VALERIUS.

VAL. Lord Appius, the Decemvirate entreat
Your voice in this day's senate. Old Virginius
Craves audience from the camp, with earnest suit
For quick dispatch.

APP. CLAUD. We will attend the Senate†.
Claudius, begone.

[*Exeunt Valerius and Marcus Claudius.*

Enter OPPIUS *and* SENATORS.

OPP. We sent to you to assist us in this counsel
Touching the expeditions of our war.

* *too.*] Qy. "*two.*"

† *We will attend the Senate, &c.*] A change of scene seems to be required here: but instead of Appius going to the Senators, it appears that the Senators come to Appius. Perhaps a curtain was drawn, and Oppius and the Senators were discovered seated.

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APP. CLAUD. Ours is a willing presence to the trouble
Of all state cares. Admit him from the camp.

Enter VIRGINIUS.

OPP. Speak the camp's will.

VIRGINIUS. The camp wants money; we have store of knocks,
And wounds God's plenty, but we have no pay:
This three months did we never house our heads,
But in yon great star-chamber; never bedded
But in the cold field-beds; our victual fails us,
Yet meet with no supply; we're fairly promis'd,
But soldiers cannot feed on promises;
All our provant apparel 's torn to rags*,
And our munition fails us. Will you send us
To fight for Rome like beggars? Noble gentlemen,
Are you the high state of Decemviri,
That have those things in manage? Pity us,
For we have need on't. Let not your delays
Be cold to us, whose bloods have oft been heated
To gain you fame and riches. Prove not to us
(Being our friends) worse foes than we fight with:
Let's not be starv'd in kindness. Sleep you now
Upon the bench, when your deaf ears should listen
Unto the wretchless clamours of the poor?

* *All our provant apparel 's torn to rags.*] There can be no doubt that "*provant apparel*" means the clothing provided for the army: the Editor of 1816 made sad work with this passage.

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Then would I had my drums here, they might rattle,
And rouse you to attendance. Most grave fathers,
Show yourselves worthy stewards to our mother,
Fair Rome, to whom we are no bastard sons,
Though we be soldiers. She hath in her store
Food to maintain life in the camp, as well
As surfeit for the city. Do not save
The foe a labour: send us some supply,
Lest ere they kill us, we by famine die.

APP. CLAUD. Shall I, my lords, give answer to this soldier?

OPP. Be you the city's voice.

APP. CLAUD. Virginius, we would have you thus possess'd *:
We sit not here to be prescrib'd and taught,
Nor to have any suitor give us limit,
Whose power admits no curb. Next know, Virginius,
The camp's our servant, and must be dispos'd,
Controll'd, and us'd by us, that have the strength
To knit it, or dissolve it. When we please,
Out of our princely grace and clemency,
To look upon your wants, it may be then
We shall redress them: but till then, it fits not
That any petty fellow wag'd by us
Should have a tongue sound here, before a bench
Of such grave auditors. Further—

* *possessed.*] *i. e.* informed.

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VIRGINIUS. Pray give me leave:
Not here! Pray, Appius, is not this the judgment seat?
Where should a poor man's cause be heard but here?
To you the statists of long-flourishing Rome,
To you I call, if you have charity,
If you be human, and not quite given o'er
To furs and metal; if you be Romans,
If you have any soldier's blood at all
Flow in your veins, help with your able arms
To prop a sinking camp: an infinite
Of fair Rome's sons, cold, weak, hungry, and clotheless,
Would feed upon your surfeit: will you save them,
Or shall they perish?
APP. CLAUD. What we will, we will;
Be that your answer: perhaps at further leisure
We'll help you; not your merit, but our pleasure.
VIRGINIUS. I will not curse thee, Appius; but I wish
Thou wert i' th' camp amongst the mutineers
To tell my answers, not to trouble me.
Make you us dogs, yet not allow us bones?
O, what are soldiers come to! Shall your camp,
The strength of all your peace, and the iron wall
That rings this pomp in from invasive steel,
Shall that decay? Then let the foreign fires
Climb o'er these buildings; let the sword and slaughter

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Chase the gown'd senate through the streets of
Rome,
To double-dye their robes in scarlet: let
The enemy's stripp'd arm have his crimson'd
brawns
Up to the elbows in your traitorous blood;
Let Janus' temple be devolv'd; your treasures
Ripp'd up to pay the common adversaries,
With our due wages. Do you look for less?
The rottenness of this misgovern'd state
Must grow to some disease, incurable
Save with a sack or slaughter.

APP. CLAUD. Y' are too bold.

VIRGINIUS. Know you our extremities?

APP. CLAUD. We do.

VIRGINIUS. And will not help them?

APP. CLAUD. Yes.

VIRGINIUS. When?

APP. CLAUD. Hereafter.

VIRGINIUS. Hereafter! when so many gallant
spirits
That yet may stand betwixt you and destruction,
Are sunk in death? Hereafter! when disorder
Hath swallowed all our forces?

APP. CLAUD. We'll hear no more.

OFF. Peace, fellow, peace! know the Decemviri,
And their authority; we shall commit you else.

VIRGINIUS. Do so, and I shall thank you; be
reliev'd,
And have a strong house o'er me; fear no alarms

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Given in the night by any quick perdue.
Your guilty in the city feeds more dainty
Than doth your general. 'Tis a better office
To be an under keeper than a captain :
The gods of Rome amend it !

APP. CLAUD. Break up the senate.

VIRGINIUS. And shall I have no answer ?

APP. CLAUD. So, farewell.

[*Exeunt all but Virginius.*

VIRGINIUS. What slave would be a soldier, to be censur'd
By such as ne'er saw danger ? to have our pay,
Our worths, and merits, balanc'd in the scale
Of base moth-eaten peace ? I have had wounds
Would have made all this bench faint and look pale,
But to behold them search'd. They lay their heads
On their soft pillows, pore upon their bags,
Grow fat with laziness and resty ease ;
And us that stand betwixt them and disaster,
They will not spare a drachma. O ! my soldiers,
Before you want, I'll sell my small possessions
Even to my skin to help you ; plate and jewels,
All shall be yours. Men that are men indeed,
The earth shall find, the sun and air must feed.

Enter NUMITORIUS, ICILIUS, VALERIUS, *and* VIRGINIA.

NUM. Your daughter, noble brother, hearing late
Of your arrival from the camp, most humbly
Prostrates her filial duty.

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VIRGINIUS. Daughter, rise:
And, brother, I am only rich in her,
And in your love, link'd with the honour'd friendship
Of those fair Roman lords. For you, Icilius,
I hear I must adopt you with the title
Of a new son; you are Virginia's chief;
And I am proud she hath built her fair election
Upon such store of virtues. May you grow,
Although a city's child, to know a soldier,
And rate him to his merit.

ICIL. Noble father,
(For henceforth I shall only use that name)
Our meeting was to urge you to the process
Of our fair contract.

VIRGINIUS. Witness, gentlemen,
Here I give up a father's interest,
But not a father's love; that I will ever
Wear next my heart, for it was born with her,
And grows still with my age.

NUM. Icilius,
Receive her: witness, noble gentlemen.

VAL. With all my heart. I would Icilius could
Do as much for me; but Rome affords not such
Another Virginia.

VIRGINIA. I am my father's daughter, and by him
I must be sway'd in all things.

NUM. Brother, this happy contract asks a feast,
As a thing due to such solemnities:
It shall be at my house, where we this night

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Will sport away some hours.

VIRGINIUS. I must to horse.

NUM. What, ride to-night!

VIRGINIUS. Must see the camp to-night:
'Tis full of trouble and distracted fears,
And may grow mutinous: I am bent to ride.

VAL. To-night!

VIRGINIUS. I am engag'd: short farewells now must serve;
The universal business calls me hence,
That toucheth a whole people. Rome, I fear,
Thou wilt pay use for what thou dost forbear.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter CORBULO, *the Clown, whispering* VIRGINIA*.

VIRGINIA. Sirrah, go tell Calphurnia I am walking
To take the air: entreat her company;
Say I attend her coming.

CORB. Madam, I shall: but if you could walk abroad, and get an heir, it were better; for your father hath a fair revenue, and never a son to inherit.

VIRGINIA. You are, sirrah——

CORB. Yes, I am sirrah; but not the party that is born to do that: though I have no lordships, yet I have so much manners to give my betters place.

* To this stage-direction, the old copy adds, "*after her, Marcus Claudius with presents.*"

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VIRGINIA. Whom mean you by your betters?

CORB. I hope I have learnt to know the three degrees of comparison: for though I be *bonus*, and you *melior* as well as *mulier;* yet my Lord Icilius is *optimus.*

VIRGINIA. I see there's nothing in such private done,
But you must inquire after.

CORB. And can you blame us, madam, to long for the merry day, as you do for the merry night?

VIRGINIA. Will you be gone, sir?

CORB. O yes, to my Lady Calphurnia's; I remember my errand. [*Exit.*

VIRGINIA. My father 's wondrous pensive, and withal
With a suppress'd rage left his house displeas'd,
And so in post is hurried to the camp:
It sads me much; to expel which melancholy,
I have sent for company.

Enter MARCUS CLAUDIUS *and Musicians.*

MAR. CLAUD. This opportunity was subtly waited:
It is the best part of a politician,
When he would compass ought to fame his industry,
Wisely to wait the advantage of the hours;
His happy minutes are not always present.
Express your greatest art; Virginia hears you.
[*Song.*

VIRGINIA. O, I conceive the occasion of this harmony:

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Icilius sent it; I must thank his kindness.

MAR. CLAUD. Let not Virginia rate* her contemplation
So high, to call this visit an intrusion;
For when she understands I took my message
From one that did compose it with affection,
I know she will not only extend pardon,
But grace it with her favour.

VIRGINIA. You mediate excuse for courtesies,
As if I were so barren of civility,
Not to esteem it worthy of my thanks;
Assure yourself I could be longer patient
To hear my ears so feasted.

MAR. CLAUD. Join all your voices till you make the air
Proud to usurp your notes, and to please her
With a sweet echo; serve Virginia's pleasure.

[*Song.*

As you have been so full of gentleness
To hear with patience what was brought to serve you,
So hearken with your usual clemency
To the relation of a lover's sufferings:
Your figure still does revel in his dreams,
He banquets on your memory, yet finds
Not thoughts enough to satisfy his wishes;
As if Virginia had compos'd his heart,
And fills it with her beauty.

* *rate.*] So the Editor of 1816. The old copy, "*wate.*" Qy. if a misprint for "*waie,*" i. e. weigh.

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VIRGINIA. I see he is a miser in his wishes,
And thinks he never has enough of that
Which only he possesses: but, to give
His wishes satisfaction, let him know
His heart and mine do dwell so near together,
That hourly they converse and guard each other.

MAR. CLAUD. Is fair Virginia confident she knows
Her favour dwells with the same man I plead for?

VIRGINIA. Unto Icilius.

MAR. CLAUD. Worthy fair one,
I would not wrong your worth so to employ
My language for a man so much beneath
The merit of your beauty: he I plead for
Has power to make your beauty populous;*
Your frown shall awe the world; and in your smile
Great Rome shall build her happiness;
Honour and wealth shall not be styl'd companions,
But servants to your pleasure:
Then shall Icilius (but a refin'd citizen)

* *populous.*] "*Populous*," says the Editor of 1816, "must be used here in the same sense as *popular*. Should we not substitute it?" The following quotations may be adduced to shew that the text requires no alteration:—

"It should have bene some fine confection,
That might have given the broth some daintie taste;
This powder was to grosse and *populos*."
The Tragedie of Arden of Feversham, 1592, Sig. B4.

The edition of *Arden*, 1633, has "*populous*."

"You wronge my health in thinking I love them,
Do not I know their *populous* imperfections,
Why, they cannot live till Easter," &c.
Middleton's *Your Five Gallants*, Sig. C 3. n. d.

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Boast your affection, when Lord Appius loves you?

VIRGINIA. Bless his great lordship! I was much mistaken.

Let thy lord know, thou advocate of lust,
All the intentions of that youth are honourable,
Whilst his are fill'd with sensuality:
And for a final resolution know,
Our hearts in love, like twins, alike shall grow.

[*Exit.*

MAR. CLAUD. Had I a wife or daughter that could please him,
I wouldde vote her to him; but I must
Shadow this scorn, and soothe him still in lust.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter SIX SOLDIERS.

FIRST SOLDIER. What news yet of Virginius' return?

SECOND SOLDIER. Not any.

1 SOLD. O, the misery of soldiers!
They doubly starve us with fair promises.
We spread the earth like hail, or new-reap'd corn
In this fierce famine; and yet patiently
Make our obedience the confined jail
That starves us.

3 SOLD. Soldiers, let us draw our swords
While we have strength to use them.

1 SOLD. 'Tis a motion
Which nature and necessity commands.

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Enter MINUTIUS.

MIN. Y'are of Virginius's regiment?

OMNES. We are.

MIN. Why do you swarm in troops thus? To your quarter!
Is our command grown idle? To your trench!
Come, I'll divide you: this your conference
Is not without suspect of mutiny.

1 SOLD. Soldiers, shall I relate the grievances
Of the whole regiment?

OMNES. Boldly.

1 SOLD. Then thus, my lord——

MIN. Come, I will not hear thee.

1 SOLD. Sir, you shall.
Sound all the drums and trumpets in the camp,
To drown my utterance, yet above them all
I'll rear our just complaint. Stir not, my lord:
I vow you are not safe, if you but move
A sinew till you hear us.

MIN. Well, sir, command us; you are the general.

1 SOLD. No, my lord, not I;
I am almost starv'd; I wake in the wet trench,
Loaded with more cold iron than a jail
Would give a murderer, while the general
Sleeps in a field-bed, and to mock our hunger
Feeds us with scent of the most curious fare
That makes his tables crack; our pay detain'd
By those that are our leaders; and at once

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We in this sad, and unprepared plight,
With the enemy and famine daily fight.
MIN. Do you threaten us?
OMNES. Sir, you shall hear him out.
1 SOLD. You send us whips, and iron manacles,
And shackles plenty, but the devil a coin.
Would you would teach us that cannibal trick, my lord,
Which some rich men i' th' city oft do use;
Shall's one devour another?
MIN. Will you hear me?
1 SOLD. O Rome, th' art grown a most unnatural mother,
To those have held thee by the golden locks
From sinking into ruin! Romulus
Was fed by a she-wolf, but now our wolves
Instead of feeding us devour our flesh,
Carouse our blood, yet are not drunk with it,
For three parts of 't is water.
MIN. Your captain,
Noble Virginius, is sent [to] Rome
For ease of all your grievances.
1 SOLD. 'Tis false.
OMNES. Ay, 'tis false.
1 SOLD. He's stoln away from 's, never to return:
And now his age will suffer him no more
Deal on the enemy, belike he'll turn
An usurer, and in the city air
Cut poor men's throats at home, sitting in's chair.
MIN. You wrong one of the honourablest commanders.

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OMNES. Honourable commander!

1 SOLD. Commander! ay, my lord, there goes the thrift:
In victories, the general and commanders
Share all the honour, as they share the spoil;
But in our overthrows, where lies the blame?
The common soldier's fault; ours is the shame.
What is the reason, that being so far distant
From the affrighted enemy, we lie
I' th' open field, subject to the sick humours
Of heaven and earth, unless you could bestow
Two summers of us? Shall I tell you truth,
You account the expence of engines, and of swords,
Of horses and of armour dearer far,
Than soldiers' lives.

OMNES. Now, by the gods, you do.

1 SOLD. Observe you not the ravens and the crows
Have left the city surfeit, and with us
They make full banquets. Come, you birds of death,
And fill your greedy crops with human flesh;
Then to the city fly, disgorge it there
Before the senate, and from thence arise
A plague to choke all Rome!

OMNES. And all the suburbs!

MIN. Upon a soldier's word, bold gentlemen,
I expect every hour Virginius
To bring fresh comfort.

OMNES. Whom? Virginius?

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1 SOLD. Now, by the gods, if ever he return,
We'll drag him to the slaughter by his locks,
Turn'd white with riot and incontinence,
And leave a precedent to all the world,
How captains use their soldiers!

Enter VIRGINIUS.

MIN. See, he's returned.
Virginius, you are not safe; retire,
Your troops are mutinous; we are begirt
With enemies more daring, and more fierce,
Than is the common foe.

VIRGINIUS. My troops, my lord!

MIN. Your life is threaten'd by these desperate men;
Betake you to your horse.

VIRGINIUS. My noble lord,
I never yet professed to teach the art
Of flying. Ha! our troops grown mutinous!
He dares not look on me with half a face
That spread this wildfire. Where is our lieutenant?

Enter VALERIUS.

VAL. My lord.

VIRGINIUS. Sirrah, order our companies.

MIN. What do you mean, my lord?

VIRGINIUS. Take air a little, they have heated me.
Sirrah, is't you will mutiny?

3 SOLD. Not I, sir.

VIRGINIUS. Is your gall burst, you traitor?

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4 Sold. The gods defend, sir!

Virginius. Or is your stomach sea-sick? doth it rise?
I'll make a passage for it.

5 Sold. Noble captain, I'll die beneath your foot.

Virginius. You rough porcupine, ha!
Do you bristle, do you shoot your quills, you rogue?

1 Sold. They have no points to hurt you, noble captain.

Virginius. Was't you, my nimble shaver, that would whet
Your sword 'gainst your commander's throat, you sirrah?

6 Sold. My lord, I never dream'd on't.

Virginius. Slaves and cowards,
What, are you choleric now? By the gods,
The way to purge it were to let you blood!
I am i' th' centre of you, and I'll make
The proudest of you teach the aspen leaf
To tremble, when I breathe.

Min. A strange conversion.

Virginius. Advance your pikes! the word!

Omnes. Advance your pikes!

Virginius. See, noble lord, these are no mutineers,
These are obedient soldiers, civil men:
You shall command these, if your lordship please,
To fill a ditch up with their slaughter'd bodies,
That with more ease you may assault some town.
So, now lay down your arms! Villains and traitors,

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I here cashier you: hence! from me, my poison!
Not worthy of our discipline: go beg,
Go beg, you mutinous rogues! brag of the service
You ne'er durst look on: it were charity
To hang you, for my mind gives y'are reserv'd
To rob poor market women.

MIN. O, Virginius!

VIRGINIUS. I do beseech you to confirm my sentence,
As you respect me. I will stand myself
For the whole regiment; and safer far
In mine own single valour, than begirt
With cowards and with traitors.

MIN. O, my lord! you are too severe.

VIRGINIUS. Now, by the gods, my lord,
You know no discipline, to pity them.
Precious devils! no sooner my back turn'd,
But presently to mutiny.

OMNES. Dear captain.

VIRGINIUS. Refuse me*! if such traitorous rogues
Would not confound an army. When do you march?
When do you march, gentlemen?

1 SOLD. My lord, we'll starve first;
We'll hang first; by the gods, do any thing,
Ere we'll forsake you.

MIN. Good Virginius,
Limit your passion.

* *Refuse me.*] See note †, vol. i. p. 17.

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VIRGINIUS. Sir, you may take my place,
Not my just anger from me. These are they
Have bred a dearth i' th' camp: I'll wish our foes
No greater plague than to have their company:
Show but among them all so many scars
As stick upon this flesh, I'll pardon them.

MIN. How now, my lord, breathless?

VIRGINIUS. By your favour. I ha' said—
Mischiefs confound me! if I could not wish
My youth renew'd again, with all her follies,
Only t' have breath enough to rail against
These——'tis too short.

MIN. See, gentlemen, what strange distraction
Your falling off from duty hath begot
In this most noble soldier: you may live,
The meanest of you, to command a troop,
And then in others you'll correct those faults,
Which in yourselves you cherish'd: every captain
Bears in his private government that form,
Which kings should o'er their subjects, and to them
Should be the like obedient. We confess
You have been distress'd; but can you justly challenge
Any commander that hath surfeited,
While that your food was limited? You cannot.

VIRGINIUS. My lord, I have shar'd with them an equal fortune,
Hunger and cold, march'd thorough watery fens,
Borne as great burdens as the pioneer,
When scarce the ground would bear me.

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MIN. Good my lord, give us leave to proceed.
The punishment your captain hath inflicted
Is not sufficient; for it cannot bring
Any example to succeeding times
Of penance worth your faulting: happily
It may in you beget a certain shame;
But it will in others a strong hope
Of the like lenity. Yet, gentlemen,
You have in one thing given me such a taste
Of your obedience, when the fire was rais'd
Of fierce sedition, and the cheek was swoll'n
To sound the fatal trumpet, then the sight
Of this your worthy captain did disperse
All those unfruitful humours, and even then
Convert you from fierce tigers to staid men:
We therefore pardon you, and do restore
Your captain to you, you unto your captain.

OMNES. The gods requite you! noble general.

MIN. My lord, my lord!

OMNES. Your pardon, noble captain.

VIRGINIUS. Well, you are the general, and the fault is quit:
A soldier's tears, an elder brother's wit,
Have little salt in them, nor do they season
Things worth observing, for their want of reason.
Take up your arms and use them, do, I pray,
Ere long, you'll take your legs to run away.

MIN. And what supply from Rome?

VIRGINIUS. Good store of corn.

MIN. What entertainment there?

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VIRGINIUS. Most honourable,
Especially by the Lord Appius.
There is great hope that Appius will grow
The soldier's patron: with what vehemency
He urg'd our wants, and with what expedition
He hasted the supplies, it is almost
Incredible. There's promis'd to the soldier,
Besides their corn, a bounteous donative;
[*A shout.*
But 'tis not certain yet when 't shall be paid.
MIN. How for your own particular?
VIRGINIUS. My lord,
I was not enter'd fully two pikes' length
Into the senate, but they all stood bare,
And each man offer'd me his seat. The business
For which I went dispatch'd, what gifts, what favours,
Were done me, your good lordship shall not hear,
For you would wonder at them; only this,
'Twould make a man fight up to th' neck in blood,
To think how nobly he shall be receiv'd
When he returns to th' city.
MIN. 'Tis well;
Give order the provision be divided,
And sent to every quarter.
VIRGINIUS. Sir, it shall.
Thus men must slight their wrongs, or else conceal them,
When general safety wills us not reveal them.
[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III.

Enter Two Petitioners *at one Door; at the other,* Marcus Claudius.

1 Pet. Pray, is your lord at leisure?

Mar. Claud. What is your suit?

1 Pet. To accept this poor petition, which makes known
My many wrongs, in which I crave his justice,
And upright sentence to support my cause,
Which else is trod down by oppression.

Mar. Claud. My lord's hand is the prop of innocence,
And if your cause be worthy his supportance,
It cannot fall.

1 Pet. The gods of Rome protect him!

Mar. Claud. What is your paper, too, petitionary?

2 Pet. It leans upon the justice of the judge,
Your noble lord, the very stay of Rome.

Mar. Claud. And surer basis, for a poor man's cause,
She cannot yield. Your papers I'll deliver,
And when my lord ascends the judgment-seat,
You shall find gracious comfort.

Enter Icilius *troubled.*

Icil. Where 's your lord?

Mar. Claud. Icilius! fair Virginia's late betroth'd.

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ICIL. Your ears, I hope, you have not forfeited,
That you return no answer: where's your lord?

MAR. CLAUD. At 's study.

ICIL. I desire admittance to him.

MAR. CLAUD. Please you attend, I'll know his lordship's pleasure.—
Icilius! I pray heaven she have not blabb'd.

[*Exit*

ICIL. *Attend!* A petty lawyer t'other day,
Glad of a fee, but call'd to eminent place,
Even to his betters now the word 's *attend*:
This gowned office, what a breadth it bears!
How many tempests wait upon his frown!

Enter MARCUS CLAUDIUS.

MAR. CLAUD. All the petitioners withdraw.

[*Exeunt Petitioners.*

Lord Appius
Must have this place more private, as a favour
Reserv'd for you, Icilius. Here 's my lord.

Enter APPIUS CLAUDIUS *with* LICTORS *afore him.*

APP. CLAUD. Begone; this place is only spar'd for us; [*Exeunt Lictors.*
And you, Icilius: now your business.

ICIL. May I speak it freely?

APP. CLAUD. We have suffering ears,
A heart the softest down may penetrate:
Proceed.

ICIL. My lord——

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APP. CLAUD. We are private; pray your courtesy.

ICIL. My duty——

APP. CLAUD. Leave that to th' public eye
Of Rome, and of Rome's people. Claudius, there!

MAR. CLAUD. My lord.

APP. CLAUD. Place me a second chair; that done,
Remove yourself. So, now your absence, Claudius.
[*Exit Claudius.*
Icilius, sit; this grace we make not common
Unto the noblest Roman, but to you
Our love affords it freely. Now your suit?

ICIL. It is, you would be kind unto the camp.

APP. CLAUD. Wherein, Icilius, doth the camp touch thee?

ICIL. Thus: old Virginius, now my father-in-law,
Kept from the public pay, consumes himself,
Sells his revenues, turns his plate to coin,
To wage his soldiers, and supply the camp;
Wasting that useful substance which indeed
Should rise to me, as my Virginia's dowry.

APP. CLAUD. We meet that opposition thus, Icilius:
The camp's supplies doth not consist in us,
But those that keep the common Treasury;
Speak or entreat we may, but not command.
But, sir, I wonder you, so brave a youth,
Son to a thrifty Roman, should ally you,
And knit your strong arms to such falling branches;
Which rather in their ruin will bear down

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Your strength, than you support their rottenness.
Be sway'd by me; fly from that ruinous house,
Whose fall may crush you, and contract with mine,
Whose bases are of marble, deeply fix'd
To maugre* all gusts and impending storms.
Cast off that beggar's daughter, poor Virginia,
Whose dowry and beauty I'll see trebled both,
In one allied to me. Smile you, Icilius?

ICIL. My lord, my lord, think you I can imagine
Your close and sparing hand can be profuse
To give that man a palace, whom you late
Denied a cottage? Will you from your own coffers
Grant me a treble dowry, yet interpose me
A poor third from the common Treasury?
You must move me by possibilities,
For I have brains: give first your hand and seal,
That old Virginius shall receive his pay,
Both for himself and soldiers, and that done,
I shall perhaps be soon induc'd to think
That you, who with such willingness did that—

APP. CLAUD. Is my love mispriz'd?

ICIL. Not to Virginia.

APP. CLAUD. Virginia!

ICIL. Yes, Virginia, lustful lord.
I did but trace your cunning all this while:
You would bestow me on some Appian trull,
And for that dross to cheat me of my gold:

* *maugre.*] i. e. defy. I know no other instance of this word being used as a verb: as an adverb, with the sense *in spite of*, it frequently occurs.

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For this the camp pines, and thecity smarts:
All Rome fares worse for thy incontinence.

APP. CLAUD. Mine, boy!

ICIL. Thine, judge. This hand hath intercepted
Thy letters, and perus'd thy tempting gifts*;
These ears have heard thy amorous passions, wretch!
These eyes beheld thy treacherous name subscrib'd.
A judge? a devil!

APP. CLAUD. Come, I'll hear no more.

ICIL. Sit still, or by the powerful gods of Rome
I'll nail thee to the chair: but suffer me,
I'll offend nothing but thine ears.

APP. CLAUD. Our secretary!

ICIL. Tempt not a lover's fury; if thou dost,
Now by my vow, insculpt in heaven, I'll send thee——

APP. CLAUD. You see I am patient.

ICIL. But withal revengeless.

APP. CLAUD. So, say on.

ICIL. Hope not of any grace, or the least favour:
I am so covetous of Virginia's love,
I cannot spare thee the least look, glance, touch:
Divide one bare imaginary thought
Into a thousand, thousand parts, and that
I'll not afford thee.

APP. CLAUD. Thou shalt not.

* *gifts.*] The old copy "*guests*": compare what Appius says a little after (p. 177):

"And for those letters,
Tokens, and *presents*, we acknowledge none."

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ICIL. Nay, I will not:
Hadst thou a judge's place above those judges
That judge all souls, having power to sentence me,
I would not bribe thee, no not with one hair
From her fair temples.

APP. CLAUD. Thou should'st not.

ICIL. Nay, I would not.
Think not her beauty shall have leave to crown
Thy lustful hopes with the least spark of bliss,
Or have thine ears charm'd with the ravishing sound
Even of her harshest phrase.

APP. CLAUD. I will not.

ICIL. Nay, thou shalt not.
She's mine, my soul is crown'd in her desire,
To her I'd travel through a land of fire.

APP. CLAUD. Now have you done?

ICIL. I have spoke my thoughts.

APP. CLAUD. Then will thy fury give me leave to speak?

ICIL. I pray, say on.

APP. CLAUD. Icilius, I must chide you, and withal
Tell you your rashness hath made forfeiture
Even of your precious life, which we esteem
Too dear to call in question. If I wish'd you
Of my alliance, graft into my blood,
Condemn you me for that? O, see the rashness
And blind misprision of distemper'd youth!
As for the maid Virginia, we are far
Even in least thought from her; and for those letters,
Tokens, and presents, we acknowledge none.

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Alas! though great in place, we are not gods:
If any false impostor hath usurp'd
Our hand or greatness in his own behoof,
Can we help that? Icilius, there's our hand,
Your rashness we remit; let's have hereafter
Your love and best opinion. For your suit,
Repair to us at both our better leisures,
We'll breathe in it new life.

ICIL. I crave your pardon.

APP. CLAUD. Granted ere crav'd, my good Icilius.

ICIL. Morrow.

APP. CLAUD. It is no more indeed. Morrow, Icilius.
If any of our servants wait without,
Command them in.

ICIL. I shall.

APP. CLAUD. Our secretary;
We have use for him; Icilius, send him hither:
Again, good-morrow. [*Exit Icilius.*
Go to thy death, thy life is doom'd and cast.
Appius, be circumspect, and be not rash
In blood, as th' art in lust: be murderous still;
But when thou strik'st, with unseen weapons kill.

Enter MARCUS CLAUDIUS.

MAR. CLAUD. My honourable lord.

APP. CLAUD. Deride me, dog?

MAR. CLAUD. Who hath stirr'd up this tempest in your brow?

APP. CLAUD. Not you? fie! you.

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MAR. CLAUD. All you Panthean gods
Confound me, if my soul be accessary
To your distractions!
APP. CLAUD. To send a ruffian hither,
Even to my closet; first, to brave my greatness,
Play with my beard, revile me, taunt me, hiss me;
Nay, after all these deep disparagements,
Threat me with steel, and menace me unarm'd,
To nail me to my seat if I but mov'd:
All these are slight, slight toys.
MAR. CLAUD. Icilius do this?
APP. CLAUD. Ruffian Icilius: he that in the front
Of a smooth citizen, bears the rugged soul
Of a most base banditto.
MAR. CLAUD. He shall die for't.
APP. CLAUD. Be not too rash.
MAR. CLAUD. Were there no more men to support great Rome,
Even falling Rome should perish ere he stand:
I'll after him, and kill him.
APP. CLAUD. Stay, I charge thee.
Lend me a patient ear: to right our wrongs,
We must not menace with a public hand;
We stand in the world's eye, and shall be tax'd
Of the least violence, where we revenge:
We should smile smoothest where our hate's most deep,
And when our spleen's broad waking, seem to sleep.

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Let the young man play still upon the bit,
Till we have brought and train'd him to our lure;
Great men should strike but once, and then strike sure.

MAR. CLAUD. Love you Virginia still?

APP. CLAUD. Do I still live?

MAR. CLAUD. Then she's your own. Virginius is, you say,
Still in the camp?

APP. CLAUD. True.

MAR. CLAUD. Now in his absence will I claim Virginia
To be the daughter of a bondwoman,
And slave to me; to prove which, I'll produce
Firm proofs, notes probable, sound witnesses:
Then, having with your Lictors summon'd her,
I'll bring the cause before your judgment-seat;
Where, upon my infallid evidence,
You may pronounce the sentence on my side,
And she become your strumpet, not your bride.

APP. CLAUD. Thou hast a copious brain: but how in this
Shall we dispose Icilius?

MAR. CLAUD. If he spurn,
Clap him up close; there's ways to charm his spleen.
By this no scandal can redound to you;
The cause is mine; you but the sentencer
Upon that evidence which I shall bring.
The business is, t' have warrants by arrest,

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To answer such things at the judgment-bar
As can be laid against her: ere her friends
Can be assembled, ere herself can study
Her answer, or scarce know her cause of summons
To descant on the matter, Appius may
Examine, try, and doom Virginia.
But all this must be sudden.

APP. CLAUD. Thou art born
To mount me high above Icilius' scorn.
I'll leave it to thy manage. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Enter NURSE *and* CORBULO.

CORB. What was that you said, Nurse?

NURSE. Why, I did say thou must bestir thyself.

CORB. I warrant you, I can bestir my stumps as soon as another, if fit occasion be offered: but why do you come upon me in such haste? is it because, Nurse, I should come over you at leisure?

NURSE. Come over me, thou knave! what dost thou mean by that?

CORB. Only this; if you will come off, I will come on.

NURSE. My lord hath strangers to-night: you must make ready the parlour, a table and lights: nay, when *, I say?

* *when.*] See note *, vol. i. p. 279.

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CORB. Methinks you should rather wish for a bed than for a board, for darkness than for lights; yet I must confess you have been a light woman in your time: but now—

NURSE. But now! what now, you knave?

CORB. But now I'll go fetch the table and some lights presently.

Enter NUMITORIUS, HORATIUS, VALERIUS, *and* ICILIUS.

NUM. Some lights to usher in these gentlemen. Clear all the rooms without there. Sit, pray, sit. None interrupt our conference.

Enter VIRGINIA.

Ha, who's that?

NURSE. My most [dear*] child, if it please you.

NUM. Fair Virginia, you are welcome.
The rest forbear us till we call. (*Exeunt Nurse and Corb.*) Sweet cousin,
Our business and the cause of our discourse
Admits you to this council: take your place.
Icilius, we are private; now proceed.

ICIL. Then thus: Lord Appius doth intend me wrong;

* *My most* [*dear*] *child.*] The old copy, "*My most* —— *child,*" the printer most probably having been unable to decipher the word or syllable which he has marked by a break. I suspect Webster wrote "My *foster* child."

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And under his smooth calmness clokes a tempest,
That will ere long break out in violence
On me and on my fortunes.
NUM. My good cousin,
You are young, and youth breeds rashness. Can I think
Lord Appius will do wrong, who is all justice;
The most austere and upright censurer
That ever sat upon the awful bench?
VAL. Icilius, you are near to me in blood,
And I esteem your safety as mine own:
If you will needs wage * eminence and state,
Choose out a weaker opposite, not one
That, in his arm, bears all the strength of Rome.
NUM. Besides, Icilius,
Know you the danger what it is to scandal
One of his place and sway?
ICIL. I know it, kinsmen; yet this popular greatness
Can be no bugbear to affright mine innocence.
No, his smooth crest hath cast a palped † film
Over Rome's eyes. He juggles, a plain juggler;
Lord Appius is no less.

* *wage.*] "Webster," says Nares in his Glossary, "has used the singular expression of *waging* 'eminence and state,' meaning to contend in those points:" but does not our poet rather mean 'wage war with, contend with, eminence and state'?

† *palped.*] So Heywood;
"And bring a *palped* darknesse ore the earth."
Brazen Age, 1613, Sig. F.

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NUM. Nay, then, cousin,
You are too harsh, and I must hear no more.
It ill becomes my place and gravity,
To lend a face to such reproachful terms
'Gainst one of his high presence.
ICIL. Sit, pray sit,
To see me draw his picture 'fore your eyes,
To make this man seem monstrous, and this god
Rome so adores, a devil, a plain devil.
This lord, this judge, this Appius, that professeth
To all the world a vestal chastity,
Is an incontinent, loose lecher grown.
NUM. Fie, cousin.
ICIL. Nay, 'tis true. Daily and hourly
He tempts this blushing virgin with large promises,
With melting words, and presents of high rate,
To be the stale to his unchaste desires.
OMNES. Is't possible?
ICIL. Possible!
'Tis actual truth; I pray but ask your niece.
VIRGINIA. Most true, I am extremely tir'd and wearied
With messages and tokens of his love;
No answer, no repulse will satisfy
The tediousness of his importunate suit.
And whilst I could with modesty and honour,
Without the danger of reproach and shame,
I kept it secret from Icilius;
But when I saw their boldness found no limit,

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And they from fair entreaty grew to threats,
I told him all.

ICIL. True: understanding which
To him I went.

VAL. To Appius?

ICIL. To that giant,
The high Colossus that bestrides us all*;
I went to him.

HOR. How did you bear yourself?

ICIL. Like Appius, at the first, dissemblingly;
But when I saw the coast clear, all withdrawn,
And none but we two in the lobby, then
I drew my poniard, took him by the throat,
And when he would have clamour'd, threaten'd death,
Unless he would with patience hear me out.

NUM. Did he, Icilius?

ICIL. I made him that he durst not squeak,
Not move an eye, not draw a breath too loud,
Nor stir a finger.

HOR. What succeeded then?

NUM. Keep fast the door there! Sweet coz, not too loud.
What then succeeded?

ICIL. Why, I told him all;
Gave him his due, call'd him lascivious judge,

* *The high Colossus that bestrides us all.*] From Shakespeare;—

"he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus."— *Julius Cæsar*, Act i. Sc. ii.

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(A thousand things which I have now forgot)
Shew'd him his hand a witness 'gainst himself,
And every thing with such known circumstance,
That he might well excuse, but not deny.

NUM. How parted you ?

ICIL. Why, friends in outward show:
But I perceiv'd his heart: that hypocrite
Was born to gull Rome, and deceive us all.
He swore to me quite to abjure her love;
Yet ere myself could reach Virginia's chamber,
One was before me with regreets * from him;
I know his hand. Th' intent of this our meeting
Was to entreat your counsel and advice:
The good old man, her father, is from home;
I think it good that she now in his absence
Should lodge in secret with some private friend,
Where Appius nor his Lictors, those bloodhounds,
Can hunt her out. You are her uncle, sir,
I pray, counsel the best.

NUM. To oppose ourselves,
Now in this heat, against so great a man,
Might, in my judgment, to ourselves bring danger,
And to my niece no safety. If we fall,
She cannot stand; let's then preserve ourselves
Until her father be discharg'd the camp.

VAL. And, good Icilius, for your private ends,
And the dear safety of your friends and kindred,
Against that statist, spare to use your spleen.

* *regreets.*] *i. e.* fresh greetings.

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ICIL. I will be sway'd by you. My lords, 'tis late,
And time to break up conference. Noble uncle,
I am your growing debtor.

NUM. Lights without there!

ICIL. I will conduct Virginia to her lodging.
Good night to all at once.

NUM. The gods of Rome protect you all! and then
We need not fear the envious rage of men.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter MARCUS CLAUDIUS, *with Four* LICTORS.

MAR. CLAUD. Lictors, bestow yourselves in some close shops,
About the Forum, till you have the sight
Of fair Virginia; for I understand
This present morning she'll come forth to buy
Some necessaries at the sempsters' shops:
Howe'er accompanied, be it your care
To seize her at our action. Good, my friends,
Disperse yourselves, and keep a careful watch.

[*Exit.*

1 LICT. 'Tis strange that ladies will not pay their debts.

2 LICT. It were strange, indeed, if that our Roman knights would give them good example and pay theirs.

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1 Lict. The calendar that we Lictors go by is all dog days.

2 Lict. Right; our common hunt is still to dog unthrifts.

1 Lict. And what's your book of common prayer?

2 Lict. Faith, only for the increase of riotous young gentlemen i' th' country, and banquerouts i' th' city.

1 Lict. I know no man more valiant than we are, for we back knights and gentlemen daily.

2 Lict. Right, we have them by the back hourly: your French fly applied to the nape of the neck for the French rheum, is not so sore a drawer as a Lictor.

1 Lict. Some say that if a little-timbered fellow would justle a great loggerhead, let him be sure to lay him i' th' kennel; but when we shoulder a knight, or a knight's fellow, we make him more sure, for we kennel him i' th' counter.

2 Lict. Come, let's about our business.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Virginia, Nurse, *and* Corbulo.

Virginia. You are grown wondrous amorous of late,
Why do you look back so often?

Corb. Madam, I go as a Frenchman rides, all upon one buttock.

Virginia. And what's the reason?

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Corb. Your ladyship never saw a monkey in all your lifetime have a clog at's tail, but he's still looking back to see what the devil 'tis that follows him.

Nurse. Very good; we are your clogs then.

Virginia. Your crest is grown regardant *.
Here's the beauty
That makes your eyes forgetful of their way.

Corb. Beauty! O, the gods! madam, I cannot endure her complexion.

Nurse. Why, sir, what's my complexion?

Corb. Thy complexion is just between a Moor and a French-woman.

Virginia. But she hath a matchless eye, sir.

Corb. True, her eyes are not right matches; besides, she is a widow.

Nurse. What then, I pray you?

Corb. Of all waters I would not have my beef powdered with a widow's tears.

Virginia. Why, I beseech you?

Corb. O, they are too fresh, madam; assure yourself they will not last for the death of fourteen husbands above a day and a quarter: besides, if a man come a wooing to a widow, and invite her to a banquet, contrary to the old rule, she will sooner fill her eye than her belly. Besides that, if he look into her estate, first—look you, here are four fingers—first the charge of her husband's funeral,

* *Regardant.*] A term in heraldry, and signifies *looking behind.*—Editor of 1816.

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next debts and legacies, and lastly the reversion; now take away debts and legacies, and what remains for her second husband?

NURSE. I would some of the tribe heard you!

CORB. There 's a certain fish, that as the learned divulge, is called a shark: now this fish can never feed while he swims upon 's belly; marry, when he lies upon his back, O, he takes it at pleasure.

VIRGINIA. Well, sir, about your business; make provision
Of those things I directed.

CORB. Sweet lady, these eyes shall be the clerks of the kitchen for your belly; but I can assure you, woodcocks will be hard to be spoke with, for there's great feast towards.

VIRGINIA. You are very pleasant.

CORB. And fresh cod is taken down thick and threefold; women without great bellies go together by the ears for 't; and such a number of sweet-toothed caters in the market, not a calf's head to be got for love or money; mutton 's mutton now.

VIRGINIA. Why, was it not so ever?

CORB. No, madam, the sinners i' th' suburbs had almost ta'en the name * quite away from 't, 'twas so cheap and common: but now 'tis at a sweet reckoning; the term time is the mutton-monger in the whole calendar.

* *the name.*] *Mutton* was a very common cant term for a prostitute.

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NURSE. Do your lawyers eat any salads with their mutton?

CORB. Yes, the younger revellers use capers to their mutton so long, till with their shuffling and cutting some of them be out at heels again. A bountiful mind and a full purse ever attend your ladyship.

VIRGINIA. O, I thank you.

Enter MARCUS CLAUDIUS *and four* LICTORS.

MAR. CLAUD. See, yon 's the lady.

CORB. I will buy up for your ladyship all the young cuckoos in the market.

VIRGINIA. What to do?

CORB. O, 'tis the most delicatest dish, I'll assure you, and newest in fashion: not a great feast in all Rome without a cuckoo.

MAR. CLAUD. Virginia.

VIRGINIA. Sir.

MAR. CLAUD. Mistress, you do not know me,
Yet we must be acquainted: follow me.

VIRGINIA. You do salute me strangely. Follow you!

CORB. Do you hear, sir? methinks you have followers enough. Many gentlemen that I know would not have so many tall followers as you have for the price of ten hunting geldings, I'll assure you.

MAR. CLAUD. Come, will you go?

VIRGINIA. Whither? By what command?

MAR. CLAUD. By warrant of these men, and privilege

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I hold even on thy life. Come, ye proud dame,
You are not what you seem.

VIRGINIA. Uncivil sir,
What makes you thus familiar and thus bold?
Unhand me, villain!

MAR. CLAUD. What, mistress, to your lord?
He that can set the razor to your throat,
And punish you as freely as the gods,
No man to ask the cause? Thou art my slave,
And here I seize what 's mine.

VIRGINIA. Ignoble villain!
I am as free as the best king or consul
Since Romulus. What dost thou mean? Unhand me!—
Give notice to my uncle and Icilius,
What violence is offer'd me.

MAR. CLAUD. Do, do.

CORB. Do you press women for soldiers, or do you beg women, instead of other commodities, to keep your hands in ure?* By this light, if thou hast any ears on thy head, as it is a question, I'll make my lord pull you out by th' ears, though you take a castle. [*Exit.*

MAR. CLAUD. Come, will you go along?

NURSE. Whither should she go, sir? Here 's pulling and haling a poor gentlewoman!

MAR. CLAUD. Hold you your prating reverence, the whip
Shall seize on you for your smooth cozenage.

* *ure.*] *i. e.* use.

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VIRGINIA. Are not you servant to Lord Appius?
MAR. CLAUD. Howe'er I am your lord, and will approve it
'Fore all the senate.
VIRGINIA. Thou wilt prove thyself
The cursed pander for another's lust;
And this your plot shall burst about your ears
Like thunderbolts.
MAR. CLAUD. Hold you that confidence:
First I will seize you by the course of law,
And then I'll talk with you.

Enter ICILIUS *and* NUMITORIUS.

NUM. How now, fair cousin?
ICIL. How now, gentlemen?
What 's the offence of fair Virginia,
You bend your weapons on us?
LICT. Sir, stand back, we fear a rescue.
ICIL. There 's no need of fear,
Where there 's no cause of rescue. What's the matter?
VIRGINIA. O, my Icilius, your incredulity
Hath quite undone me! I am now no more
Virginius's daughter, so this villain urges,
But publish'd for his bondwoman.
NUM. How's this?
MAR. CLAUD. 'Tis true, my lord,
And I will take my right by course of law.
ICIL. Villains, set her free,
Or by the power of all our Roman gods,

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I'll give that just revenge unto my rage
Which should be given to justice! Bondwoman!
MAR. CLAUD. Sir, we do not come to fight, we 'll deal
Enter APPIUS CLAUDIUS.
By course of law. My lord, we fear a rescue.
APP. CLAUD. A rescue! never fear 't; here 's none in presence
But civil men. My lord, I am glad to see you.
Noble Icilius, we shall ever love you.
Now, gentlemen, reach your petitions.
ICIL. My lord, my lord——
APP. CLAUD. Worthy Icilius,
If you have any business defer 't
Until to-morrow, or the afternoon:
I shall be proud to pleasure you.
ICIL. The fox
Is earth'd, my lord, you cannot wind him yet.
APP. CLAUD. Stools for my noble friends.—I pray you sit.
MAR. CLAUD. May it please your lordship——
APP. CLAUD. Why, uncivil sir,
Have I not begg'd forbearance of my best
And dearest friends, and must you trouble me?
MAR. CLAUD. My lord, I must be heard, and will be heard:
Were all the gods in parliament, I'd burst
Their silence with my importunity,
But they should hear me.
APP. CLAUD. The fellow 's mad!
We have no leisure now to hear you, sir.

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MAR. CLAUD. Hast now no leisure to hear just complaints?
Resign thy place, O Appius, that some other
May do me justice, then!
APP. CLAUD. We'll hear 't to-morrow.
MAR. CLAUD. O, my lord,
Deny me justice absolutely, rather
Than feed me with delays.
ICIL. Good my lord, hear him:
And wonder when you hear him, that a case
So full of vile imposture should desire
To be unfolded.
MAR. CLAUD. Aye, my lord, 'tis true;
The imposture is on their parts.
APP. CLAUD. Hold your prating:
Away with him to prison, clamorous fellow!
Suspect you our uprightness?
MAR. CLAUD. No, my lord:
But I have mighty enemies, my lord,
Will overflow my cause. See, here I hold
My bondwoman, that brags herself to be
Descended of a noble family.
My purse is too scant to wage law with them:
I am enforc'd be mine own advocate,
Not one will plead for me. Now if your lordship
Will do me justice, so; if not, then know
High hills are safe, when seas poor dales o'erflow.
APP. CLAUD. Sirrah, I think it fit to let you know,
Ere you proceed in this your subtle suit,
What penalty and danger you accrue,

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If you be found to double. Here 's a virgin
Famous by birth, by education noble;
And she, forsooth, haply but to draw
Some piece of money from her worthy father,
Must needs be challeng'd for a bondwoman.
Sirrah, take heed, and well bethink yourself;
I'll make you a precedent to all the world,
If I but find you tripping.

MAR. CLAUD. Do it freely:
And view on that condition these just proofs.

[*Gives papers, which* APPIUS CLAUDIUS *reads.*

APP. CLAUD. Is that the virgin's nurse?

NURSE. Her milch nurse, my lord: I had a sore hand with her for a year and a quarter: I have had somewhat to do with her since, too, for the poor gentlewoman hath been so troubled with the green sickness.

ICIL. I pray thee, nurse, entreat Sertorius
To come and speak with me. [*Exit Nurse.*

APP. CLAUD. Here is strange circumstance; view it, my lord:
If he should prove this, it would make Virginius
Think he were wrong'd.

ICIL. There is a devilish cunning
Express'd in this black forgery.

APP. CLAUD. Icilius and Virginia, pray come near;
Compound with this base fellow. You were better
Disburse some trifle, than to undergo
The question of her freedom.

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ICIL. O my lord,
She were not worth a handful of a bribe,
If she did need a bribe!
APP. CLAUD. Nay, take your course,
I only give you my opinion,
I ask no fee for 't. Do you know this fellow?
VIRGINIA. Yes, my lord; he 's your servant.
APP. CLAUD. You 're i' th' right:
But will you truly know his character?
He was at first a petty notary;
A fellow that, being trusted with large sums
Of honest citizens, to be employ'd
I' th' trade of usury; this gentleman,
Couching his credit like a tilting-staff,
Most cunningly it brake, and at one course
He ran away with thirty thousand pound:
Returning to the city seven year after,
Having compounded with his creditors
For the third moiety, he buys an office
Belonging to our place, depends on us;
In which the oppression and vile injuries
He hath done poor suitors, they have cause to rue,
And I to pity: he hath sold his smiles
For silver, but his promises for gold;
His delays have undone men.
The plague that in some folded cloud remains,
The bright sun soon disperseth; but observe,
When black infection in some dunghill lies,
There's work for bells and graves, if it do rise.
NUM. He was an ill prop to your house, my lord.

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APP. CLAUD. 'Tis true, my lord; but we that have such servants,
Are like to cuckolds that have riotous wives;
We are the last that know it: this is it
Makes noblemen suspected to have done ill,
When the oppression lies in their proud followers.
MAR. CLAUD. My lord, it was some soothing sycophant,
Some base detracting rascal, that hath spread
This falsehood in your ears.
APP. CLAUD. Peace, impudence!
Did I not yesterday, no longer since,
Surprise thee in thy study counterfeiting
Our hand?
MAR. CLAUD. 'Tis true, my lord.
APP. CLAUD. Being subscrib'd
Unto a letter fill'd with amorous stuff
Unto this lady?
MAR. CLAUD. I have ask'd your pardon,
And gave you reason why I was so bold
To use that forgery.
APP. CLAUD. Did you receive it?
VIRGINIA. I did, my lord, and I can show your lordship
A packet of such letters.
APP. CLAUD. Now, by the Gods,
I'll make you rue it! I beseech you, sir,
Show them the reason mov'd you counterfeit
Our letter.

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Enter SERTORIUS.*

MAR. CLAUD. Sir, I had no other colour
To come to speak with her.
APP. CLAUD. A goodly reason!
Did you until this hour acquaint the lady
With your intended suit?
MAR. CLAUD. At several times,
And would have drawn her by some private course
To have compounded for her liberty.
VIRGINIA. Now, by a virgin's honour and true birth,
'Tis false, my lord! I never had a dream
So terrible as is this monstrous devil.
APP. CLAUD. Well, sir, referring my particular wrong
To a particular censure, I would know
What is your suit?
MAR. CLAUD. My lord, a speedy trial.
APP. CLAUD. You shall obtain 't with all severity:
I will not give you longer time to dream
Upon new sleights to cloke your forgery.
Observe you this camelion, my lords,
I'll make him change his colour presently.
NUM. My lord, although th' uprightness of our cause
Needs no delays, yet for the satisfaction
Of old Virginius, let him be present

* *Enter Sertorius.*] The old copy, "*Enter Valerius*"; but *Sertorius*, as the Editor of 1816 rightly observes, was the person sent for by Icilius.

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When we shall crave a trial.

APP. CLAUD. Sir, it needs not:
Who stands for father of the innocent,
If not the judge? I'll save the poor old man
That needless travel.

VIRGINIA. With your favour, sir,
We must entreat some respite in a business
So needful of his presence.

APP. CLAUD. I do protest
You wrong yourselves thus to importune it.
Well, let it be to-morrow; I'll not sleep
Till I have made this thicket a smooth plain,
And given you your true honour back again.

ICIL. My lord, the distance 'twixt the camp and us
Cannot be measur'd in so short a time:
Let us have four days' respite.

APP. CLAUD. You are unwise;
Rumour by that time will have fully spread
The scandal, which being ended in one hour
Will turn to air: to-morrow is the trial;
In the meantime let all contented thoughts
Attend you.

MAR. CLAUD. My lord, you deal unjustly
Thus to dismiss her; this is that they seek for:
Before to-morrow they 'll convey her hence,
Where my claim shall not seize her.

APP. CLAUD. Cunning knave!
You would have bond for her appearance? say?

MAR. CLAUD. I think the motion 's honest.

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APP. CLAUD. Very good.
Icilius shall engage his honour'd word
For her appearance.
MAR. CLAUD. As you please, my lord;
But it were fitting her old uncle there
Were jointly bound with him.
APP. CLAUD. Well, sir, your pleasure
Shall have satiety. You 'll take our word
For her appearance; will you not, sir, I pray?
MAR. CLAUD. Most willingly, my lord.
APP. CLAUD. Then, sir, you have it:
And i' th' meantime I 'll take the honour'd lady
Into my guardianship; and, by my life,
I 'll use her in all kindness as my wife.
ICIL. Now, by the gods, you shall not!
APP. CLAUD. Shall not, what?
ICIL. Not use her as your wife, sir.
APP. CLAUD. O, my lord, I spake it from my heart.
ICIL. Ay, very likely.
She is a virgin, sir, and must not lie
Under a man's forthcoming; do you mark?
Not under your forthcoming, lecherous Appius.
APP. CLAUD. Mistake me not, my lord. Our secretary,
Take bonds for the appearance of this lady.
And now to you, sir; you that were my servant,
I here cashier you; never shalt thou shroud
Thy villanies under our noble roof,
Nor 'scape the whip, or the fell hangman's hook,

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By warrant of our favour.

MAR. CLAUD. So, my lord,
I am more free to serve the gods, I hope,
Now I have lost your service.

APP. CLAUD. Hark you, sirrah,
Who shall give bonds for your appearance, ha!
To justify your claim?

MAR. CLAUD. I have none, my lord.

APP. CLAUD. Away! commit him prisoner to his chamber:
I 'll keep you safe from starting.

MAR. CLAUD. Why, my lord—

APP. CLAUD. Away, I will not hear you;
A judge's heart here in the midst must stand,
And move not a hair's breadth to either hand.

[*Exeunt Appius Claudius, Marcus Claudius, and Lictors.*

NUM. O, were thy heart but of the self-same piece
Thy tongue is, Appius, how bless'd were Rome!

ICIL. Post to the camp, Sertorius; thou hast heard
Th' effect of all, relate it to Virginius.
I pray thee use thy ablest horsemanship,
For it concerns us near.

SERT. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

ICIL. Sure all this is damn'd cunning.

VIRGINIA. O, my lord,
Seamen in tempests shun the flattering shore;
To bear full sails upon 't were danger more:

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So men o'erborne with greatness still hold dread
False seeming friends that on their bosoms spread:
For this is a safe truth which never varies,
He that strikes all his sails seldom miscarries.
ICIL. Must we be slaves both to a tyrant's will,
And confounding ignorance at once?
Where are we, in a mist, or is this hell?
I have seen as great as the proud judge have fell:
The bending willow yielding to each wind,
Shall keep his rooting firm, when the proud oak,
Braving the storm, presuming on his root,
Shall have his body rent from head to foot:
Let us expect the worst that may befal,
And with a noble confidence bear all. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter APPIUS CLAUDIUS, MARCUS CLAUDIUS, *and a* SERVANT.

APP. CLAUD. Here, bear this packet to Minutius,
And privately deliver 't: make as much speed
As if thy father were deceas'd i' th' camp,
And that thou went'st to take th' administration
Of what he left thee. Fly!
SERV. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*
APP. CLAUD. O, my trusty Claudius!
MAR. CLAUD. My dear lord,
Let me adore your divine policy.

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You have poison'd them with sweetmeats; you have, my lord.
But what contain those letters?
APP. CLAUD. Much importance.
Minutius is commanded by that packet
To hold Virginius prisoner in the camp
On some suspect of treason.
MAR. CLAUD. But, my lord,
How will you answer this?
APP. CLAUD. Tush, any fault
Or shadow of a crime will be sufficient
For his committing: thus, when he is absent,
We shall in a more calm and friendly sea
Sail to our purpose.
MAR. CLAUD. Mercury himself
Could not direct more safely.
APP. CLAUD. O, my Claudius,
Observe this rule, one ill must cure another;
As aconitum*, a strong poison, brings
A present cure against all serpent's stings.
In high attempts the soul hath infinite eyes,
And 'tis necessity makes men most wise.
Should I miscarry in this desperate plot,

* *As aconitum, &c.*] Compare Ben Jonson, who follows Plin. *Nat. Hist.* xxvii. 2;

"I have heard that aconite,
Being timely taken, hath a healing might
Against the scorpion's stroke; the proof we 'll give,
That, while two poisons wrestle, we may live."
Sejanus, act iii. sc. 3.

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This of my fate in aftertimes be spoken,
I 'll break that with my weight on which I am
broken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Two SERVINGMEN *at one Door, at the other* CORBULO, *the Clown, melancholy.*

1 SERV. Why, how now, Corbulo? thou wast not wont to be of this sad temper. What 's the matter now?

CORB. Times change, and seasons alter,
Some men are born to the bench, and some to the
hal: r.
What do you think now that I am?

1 SERV. I think thee to be Virginia's man, and Corbulo.

CORB. No, no such matter: guess again: tell me but what I am, or what manner of fellow you imagine me to be.

1 SERV. I take thee to be an honest good fellow.

CORB. Wide of the bow-hand * still: Corbulo is no such man.

2 SERV. What art thou then?

CORB. Listen, and I 'll describe myself to you: I am something better than a knave, and yet come short of being an honest man; and though I can

* *wide of the bow-hand.*] *i. e.* considerably to the left of the mark; a metaphor taken from archery.

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sing a treble, yet am accounted but as one of the base, being indeed, and as the case stands with me at this present, inferior to a rogue, and three degrees worse than a rascal.

1 SERV. How comes this to pass?

CORB. Only by my service's success. Take heed whom you serve, O, you serving creatures! for this is all I have got by serving my lady Virginia.

2 SERV. Why, what of her?

CORB. She is not the woman you take her to be; for though she have borrowed no money, yet she is entered into bonds; and though you may think her a woman not sufficient, yet 'tis very like her bond will be taken. The truth is, she is challenged to be a bondwoman; now if she be a bondwoman and a slave, and I her servant and vassal, what did you take me to be? I am an ant, a gnat, a worm; a woodcock amongst birds; a hodmondod amongst flies; amongst curs a trindle tale, and amongst fishes a poor iper; but amongst serving-men worse, worse than the man's man to the under yeomen-fewterer*.

1 SERV. But is it possible thy Lady is challenged to be a slave? What witness have they?

CORB. Witness these fountains, these flood-gates, these well-springs: the poor gentlewoman was arrested in the open market; I offered, I offered to

* *yeomen-fewterer.*] Was the person immediately under the huntsman, who led out and let loose the dogs in the chase. *Fewterer* is from the French *vautrier* or *vaultrier*.

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bail her; but (though she was) I could not be taken. The grief hath gone so near my heart, that until I be made free, I shall never be mine own man. The Lord Appius hath committed her to ward, and it is thought she shall neither lie on the knight side, nor in the twopenny* ward; for if he may have his will of her, he means to put her in the hole. His warrant hath been out for her; but how the case stands with him, or how matters will be taken up with her, 'tis yet uncertain.

2 Serv. When shall the trial be?

Corb. I take it to be as soon as the morning is brought a-bed of a new son and heir.

2 Serv. And when is that?

Corb. Why, to-morrow; for every morning, you know, brings forth a new sun; but they are all short-lived, for every night she drowns them in the western sea. But to leave these enigmas, as too high for your dull apprehensions, shall I see you at the trial to-morrow?

1 Serv. By Jove's help, I'll be there.

2 Serv. And I, if I live.

Corb. And I, if I die for 't: here 's my hand, I'll meet you. It is thought that my old master will be there at the bar; for though all the timber of his house yet stand, yet my Lord Numitorius hath sent one of his posts to the camp to bid him spur,

* *twopenny ward.*] Old copy, "*troping ward.*" The Knight's Ward, the Master's Ward, the *Twopenny Ward*, and the Hole, were the four prison divisions, or sides. See a curious description of them in Fenner's *Compter's Commonwealth*, 1617.

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cut, and come to the sentence. O, we have a house at home as heavy as if it were covered with lead! But you will remember to be there.

1 Serv. And not to fail.

Corb. If I chance to meet you there, and that the case go against us, I will give you a quart, not of wine, but of tears; for instead of a new roll, I purpose to break my fast with sops of sorrow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Enter Virginius, *like a slave;* Numitorius, Icilius, Valerius, Horatius, Virginia, *like a slave;* Julia, Calphurnia, *and* Nurse.

Virginius. Thanks to my noble friends: it now appears
That you have rather lov'd me than my fortune,
For that 's near shipwreck'd: chance, you see, still ranges,
And this short dance of life is full of changes.
Appius—how hollow that name sounds, how dreadful!
It is a question whether the proud lecher
Will view us to our merit; for they say,
His memory to virtue and good men
Is still carousing Lethe. O the gods!
Not with more terror do the souls in hell

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Appear before the seat of Rhadamant,
Than the poor client yonder.
[*Pointing to the tribunal.*
NUM. O, Virginius;
Why do you wear this habit? it ill fits
Your noble person, or this reverend place.
VIRGINIUS. That's true, old man; but it well fits the case
That 's now in question. If with form and show
They prove her slav'd, all freedom I'll forego.
ICIL. Noble Virginius,
Put out a bold and confident defence;
Search the imposture, like a cunning trier;
False metals bear the touch, but brook not fire,
Their brittleness betrays them: let your breath
Discover as much shame in them, as death
Did ever draw from offenders: let your truth
Nobly supported, void of fear or art,
Welcome whatever comes with a great heart.
VIRGINIUS. Now, by the gods, I thank thee, noble youth!
I never fear'd in a besieged town
Mines or great engines like yon lawyer's gown.
VIRGINIA. O, my dear lord and father! once you gave me
A noble freedom, do not see it lost
Without a forfeit; take the life you gave me,
And sacrifice it rather to the gods
Than to a villain's lust. Happy the wretch
Who, born in bondage, lives and dies a slave,

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And sees no lustful projects bent upon her,
And neither knows the life nor death of honour.
ICIL. We have neither justice, no nor violence,
Which should reform corruption sufficient
To cross their black premeditated doom.
Appius will seize her ; all the fire in hell
Is leap'd into his bosom.
VIRGINIUS. O, you gods,
Extinguish it with your compassionate tears,
Although you make a second deluge spread,
And swell more high than Teneriff's high head!
Have not the wars heap'd snow sufficient
Upon this aged head, but they will still
Pile winter upon winter ?

Enter APPIUS CLAUDIUS, OPPIUS, MARCUS CLAUDIUS, *Six* SENATORS, ADVOCATE, *and* LICTORS.

APP. CLAUD. Is he come ! say ?
Now, by my life, I'll quit the general.
NUM. Your reverence to the judge, good brother.
VIRGINIUS. Yes, sir, I have learnt my compliment thus :
Bless'd mean estates who stand in fear of many,
And great are curs'd for that they fear not any.
APP. CLAUD. What, is Virginius come ?
VIRGINIUS. I am here, my lord.
APP. CLAUD. Where is your daughter ?
NUM. Here, my reverend lord.
(*To Virginia.*) Your habit shews you strangely.

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VIRGINIA. O, 'tis fit;
It suits both time and cause. Pray pardon it.
APP. CLAUD. Where is your advocate?
VIRGINIUS. I have none, my lord;
Truth needs no advocate: the unjust cause
Buys up the tongues that travel with applause
In these your thronged courts: I want not any,
And count him the most wretched that needs many.
ADV. May it please your reverend lordships—
APP. CLAUD. What are you, sir?
ADV. Of counsel with my client, Marcus Claudius.
VIRGINIUS. My lord, I undertake a desperate combat
To cope with this most eloquent lawyer:
I have no skill i' th' weapon, good my lord:
I mean I am not travell'd in your laws:
My suit is therefore, by your special goodness,
They be not wrested against me.
APP. CLAUD. O, Virginius, the gods defend they should!
VIRGINIUS. Your humble servant shall ever pray for you.
Thus shall your glory be above your place,
Or those high titles which you hold in court;
For they die bless'd that die in good report.
Now, sir, I stand you.
ADV. Then have at you, sir.
May it please your lordships, here is such a case,
So full of subtlety, and, as it were,

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So far benighted in an ignorant mist,
That though my reading be sufficient,
My practice more, I never was entangled
In the like pursenet. Here is one that claims
This woman for his daughter: here's another
Affirms she is his bond-slave: now the question
(With favour of the bench) I shall make plain
In two words only without circumstance.

APP. CLAUD. Fall to your proofs.

ADV. Where are our papers?

MAR. CLAUD. Here, sir.

ADV. Where, sir? I vow y' are the most tedious client.——

Now we come to 't, my lord. Thus stands the case,
The law is clear on our sides. (*To Marcus Claudius.*)
Hold your prating.
That honourable Lord Virginius,
Having been married about fifteen year,
And issueless, this virgin's politick mother,
Seeing the land was likely to descend
To Numitorius—I pray, sir, listen;
You, my Lord Numitorius, attend;
We are on your side—old Virginius
Employ'd in foreign wars, she sends him word
She was with child; observe it, I beseech you,
And note the trick of a deceitful woman:
She in the meantime feigns the passions
Of a great-bellied woman; counterfeits
Their passions and their qualms; and verily
All Rome held this for no imposturous stuff:

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What's to be done now? Here 's a rumour spread
Of a young heir, gods bless it! and belly
Bumbasted with a cushion: but there wants,
(What wants there?) nothing but a pretty babe,
Bought with some piece of money, where it skills not,
To furnish this supposed lying-in.

NURSE. I protest, my lord, the fellow i' th' night-cap
Hath not spoke one true word yet.

APP. CLAUD. Hold you your prating, woman, till you are call'd.

ADV. 'Tis purchased. Where? From this man's bondwoman.
The money paid. (*To Marcus Claudius.*) What was the sum of money?

MAR. CLAUD. A thousand drachmas.

ADV. Good; a thousand drachmas.

APP. CLAUD. Where is that bondwoman?

MAR. CLAUD. She 's dead, my lord.

APP. CLAUD. O, dead; that makes your cause suspicious.

ADV. But here 's her deposition on her death bed,
With other testimony to confirm
What we have said is true. Will 't please your lordship
Take pains to view these writings? Here, my lord,
We shall not need to hold your lordships long,
We 'll make short work on 't.

VIRGINIUS. My lord——

APP. CLAUD. By your favour.—

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If that your claim be just, how happens it
That you have discontinued it the space
Of fourteen years?

ADV. I shall resolve your lordship.

ICIL. I vow this is a practis'd dialogue:
Comes it not rarely off?

VIRGINIA. Peace; give them leave.

ADV. 'Tis very true: this gentleman at first
Thought to conceal this accident, and did so;
Only reveal'd his knowledge to the mother
Of this fair bondwoman, who bought his silence,
During her lifetime, with great sums of coin.

APP. CLAUD. Where are your proofs of that?

ADV. Here, my good lord, with depositions likewise.

APP. CLAUD. Well, go on.

ADV. For your question
Of discontinuance: put case my slave
Run away from me, dwell in some near city
The space of twenty years, and there grow rich,
It is in my discretion, by your favour,
To seize him when I please.

APP. CLAUD. That 's very true.

VIRGINIUS. Cast not your nobler beams, you reverend judges,
On such a putrified dunghill.

APP. CLAUD. By your favour: you shall be heard anon.

VIRGINIUS. My lords, believe not this spruce orator:

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Had I but feed him first, he would have told
As smooth a tale on our side.

APP. CLAUD. Give us leave.

VIRGINIUS. He deals in formal glosses, cunning shows,
And cares not greatly which way the case goes.
Examine, I beseech you, this old woman,
Who is the truest witness of her birth.

APP. CLAUD. Soft you; is she your only witness?

VIRGINIUS. She is, my lord.

APP. CLAUD. Why, is it possible
Such a great lady, in her time of child-birth,
Should have no other witness but a nurse?

VIRGINIUS. For aught I know the rest are dead, my lord.

APP. CLAUD. Dead? no, my lord, belike they were of counsel
With your deceased lady, and so sham'd
Twice to give colour to so vile an act.
Thou, nurse, observe me; thy offence already
Doth merit punishment beyond our censure;
Pull not more whips upon thee.

NURSE. I defy your whips, my lord.

APP. CLAUD. Command her silence, Lictors.

VIRGINIUS. O, injustice! you frown away my witness:
Is this law? is this uprightness?

APP. CLAUD. Have you view'd the writings?
This is a trick to make our slaves our heirs
Beyond prevention.

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VIRGINIUS. Appius, wilt thou hear me?
You have slander'd a sweet lady that now sleeps
In a most noble monument. Observe me,
I would have ta'en her simple word to gage
Before his soul or thine.

APP. CLAUD. That makes thee wretched.
Old man, I am sorry for thee that thy love
By custom is grown natural, which by nature
Should be an absolute loathing: note the sparrow,
That having hatch'd a cuckoo, when it sees
Her brood a monster to her proper kind,
Forsakes it, and with more fear shuns the nest,
Than she had care i' th' spring to have it dress'd.
Cast thy affection then behind thy back,
And think——

ADV. Be wise; take counsel of your friends.
You have many soldiers in their time of service
Father strange children.

VIRGINIUS. True; and pleaders too,
When they are sent to visit provinces.
You, my most neat and cunning orator,
Whose tongue is quicksilver, pray thee, good Janus,
Look not so many several ways at once,
But go to th' point.

ADV. I will, and keep you out
At point's end, though I am no soldier.

APP. CLAUD. First the oath of the deceased bondwoman.

ADV. A very virtuous matron.

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APP. CLAUD. Join'd with the testimony of Claudius.

ADV. A most approved honest gentleman.

APP. CLAUD. Besides six other honest gentlemen.

ADV. All knights, and there 's no question but their oaths
Will go for current.

APP. CLAUD. See, my reverend lords,
And wonder at a case so evident.

VIRGINIUS. My lord, I knew it.

ADV. Observe, my lord, how their own policy
Confounds them. Had your lordship yesterday
Proceeded, as 'twas fit, to a just sentence,
The apparel and the jewels that she wore,
More worth than all her tribe, had then been due
Unto our client: now, to cozen him
Of such a forfeit, see they bring the maid
In her most proper habit, bondslave like,
And they will save by th' hand too. Please your lordships,
I crave a sentence.

VIRGINIUS. Appius.

VIRGINIA. My lord.

ICIL. Lord Appius.

VIRGINIUS. Now, by the gods, here 's juggling!

NUM. Who cannot counterfeit a dead man's hand?

VIRGINIUS. Or hire some villains to swear forgeries?

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Icil. Claudius was brought up in your house, my lord,
And that 's suspicious.
Num. How is 't probable,
That our wife being present at the child-birth,
Whom this did nearest concern, should ne'er reveal it?
Virginius. Or if ours dealt thus cunningly, how haps it
Her policy, as you term it, did not rather
Provide an issue male to cheer the father?
Adv. I 'll answer each particular.
App. Claud. It needs not;
Here 's witness, most sufficient witness.
Think you, my lord, our laws are writ in snow,
And that your breath can melt them?
Virginius. No, my lord,
We have not such hot livers*: mark you that.
Virginia. Remember yet the gods, O Appius,
Who have no part in this! Thy violent lust
Shall, like the biting of the envenom'd aspic,
Steal thee to hell. So subtle are thy evils,
In life they 'll seem good angels, in death devils.
App. Claud. Observe you not this scandal?
Icil. Sir, 'tis none.
I 'll show thy letters full of violent lust
Sent to this lady.

* In allusion to the lustful motive by which Appius was influenced: the liver being then supposed the seat of the amorous passions.—Editor of 1816.

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APP. CLAUD. Wilt thou breathe a lie
'Fore such a reverend audience?

ICIL. That place
Is sanctuary to thee. Lie! see here they are.

APP. CLAUD. My lords, these are but dilatory shifts.
Sirrah, I know you to the very heart,
And I 'll observe you.

ICIL. Do, but do it with justice.
Clear thyself first, O Appius, ere thou judge
Our imperfections rashly; for we wot
The office of a justice is perverted quite,
When one thief hangs another*.

1 SEN. You are too bold.

APP. CLAUD. Lictors, take charge of him.
[*They seize Icilius.*

ICIL. 'Tis very good.
Will no man view these papers? What, not one?
Jove, thou hast found a rival upon earth,
His nod strikes all men dumb. My duty to you.
The ass that carried Isis on his back,
Thought that the superstitious people kneel'd
To give his dulness humble reverence:
If thou think'st so, proud judge, I let thee see
I bend low to thy gown, but not to thee.

* *The office of a justice is perverted quite,*
When one thief hangs another.] Occurs in *The Dutchess of Malfi*, vol. i. p. 281.

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VIRGINIUS. There 's one in hold already. Noble youth,
Fetters grace one being worn for speaking truth:
I 'll lie with thee, I swear, though in a dungeon.
(*To App.*) The injuries you do us we shall pardon,
But it is just the wrongs which we forgive,
The gods are charg'd therewith to see reveng'd.

APP. CLAUD. Come, y' are a proud Plebeian.

VIRGINIUS. True, my lord:
Proud in the glory of my ancestors,
Who have continued these eight hundred years:
The heralds have not known you these eight months.

APP. CLAUD. Your madness wrongs you; by my soul, I love you.

VIRGINIUS. Thy soul!
O, thy opinion, old Pythagoras!
Whither, O whither should thy black soul fly?
Into what ravenous bird, or beast most vile?
Only into a weeping crocodile.
Love me! Thou lov'st me, Appius, as the earth loves rain,
Thou fain wouldst swallow me.

APP. CLAUD. Know you the place you speak in?

VIRGINIUS. I 'll speak freely.
Good men too much trusting their innocence
Do not betake them to that just defence
Which gods and nature gave them; but even wink
In the black tempest, and so fondly sink.

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APP. CLAUD. Let us proceed to sentence.
VIRGINIUS. Ere you speak,
One parting farewell let me borrow of you
To take of my Virginia.
APP. CLAUD. Now, my lords,
We shall have fair confession of the truth.
Pray take your course.
VIRGINIUS. Farewell, my sweet Virginia; never, never
Shall I taste fruit of the most blessed hope
I had in thee. Let me forget the thought
Of thy most pretty infancy: when first
Returning from the wars, I took delight
To rock thee in my target; when my girl
Would kiss her father in his burganet
Of glittering steel hung 'bout his armed neck;
And, viewing the bright metal, smile to see
Another fair Virginia smile on thee:
When I first taught thee how to go, to speak:
And when my wounds have smarted, I have sung
With an unskilful, yet a willing voice,
To bring my girl asleep. O, my Virginia,
When we begun to be, begun our woes,
Increasing still, as dying life still grows!
APP. CLAUD. This tediousness doth much offend the court.
Silence! attend her sentence.
VIRGINIUS. Hold! without sentence I'll resign her freely,
Since you will prove her to be none of mine.

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APP. CLAUD. See, see, how evidently truth appears.
Receive her, Claudius.
VIRGINIUS. Thus I surrender her into the court
Of all the gods. And see, proud Appius, see,
Although not justly, I have made her free.
And if thy lust with this act be not fed,
Bury her in thy bowels now she 's dead. [*Kills her.*
OMNES. O, horrid act!
APP. CLAUD. Lay hand upon the murderer!
VIRGINIUS. O for a ring of pikes to circle me!
What! have I stood the brunt of thousand enemies
Here to be slain by hangmen? No; I'll fly
To safety in the camp. [*Exit.*
APP. CLAUD. Some pursue the villain,
Others take up the body. Madness and rage
Are still th' attendants of old doating age. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter two SOLDIERS.

1 SOLD. Is our hut swept clean?
2 SOLD. As I can make it.
1 SOLD. 'Tis betwixt us two;
But how many, think'st thou, bred of Roman blood,
Did lodge with us last night?
2 SOLD. More, I think, than the camp hath enemies;

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They are not to be number'd.

1 SOLD. Comrague*, I fear
Appius will doom us to Acteon's death,
To be worried by the cattle that we feed.
How goes the day?

2 SOLD. My stomach has struck twelve.

1 SOLD. Come, see what provant our knapsack yields.
This is our store, our garner.

2 SOLD. A small pittance.

1 SOLD. Feeds Appius thus? Is this a city feast?
This crust doth taste like date stones, and this thing,
If I knew what to call it——

2 SOLD. I can tell you; cheese struck in years.

1 SOLD. I do not think but this same crust was bak'd,
And this cheese frighted out of milk and whey,
Before we two were soldiers: though it be old,

* *Comrague.*] The Editor of 1816, and Nares (Gloss. in v. *comrogue*), incline to think this word a misprint, neither of them having met with it, except in the present passage. I had, however, noted down more than one example of its use, but have mislaid them all except the following:—

"Nay, rest by me,
Good Morglay, my *comrague* and bed-fellow."
Heywood and Brome's *Lancashire Witches*, 1634, Sig. K.

Comrague has the same sense as, and perhaps is a corruption of, *comrade*, which used to be accented on the last syllable,—

"And his *comrádes*, that daff'd the world aside."
Shakespeare's *First Part of Henry IV.*, act IV. sc. I.

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I see 't can crawl: what living things be these
That walk so freely 'tween the rind and pith?
For here's no sap left.

2 Sold. They call them gentles.

1 Sold. Therefore 'tis thought fit,
That soldiers, by profession gentlemen,
Should thus be fed with gentles. I am stomach sick;
I must have some strong water.

2 Sold. Where will you have 't?

1 Sold. In yon green ditch, a place which none can pass
But he must stop his nose; thou know'st it well:
There where the two dead dogs lie.

2 Sold. Yes, I know 't.

1 Sold. And see the cat that lies a distance off
Be flay'd for supper: though we dine to-day
As Dutchmen feed their soldiers, we will sup
Bravely, like Roman leaguerers.

2 Sold. Sir, the general.

1 Sold. We 'll give him place:
But tell none of our dainties, lest we have
Too many guests to supper. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Minutius, *reading a letter, with* Officers *and* Soldiers.

Min. Most sure 'tis so, it cannot otherwise be:
Either Virginius is degenerate
From the ancient virtues he was wont to boast,
Or in some strange displeasure with the senate;

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Why should these letters else from Appius
Confine him a close prisoner to the camp?
And, which confirms his guilt, why should he fly?
Needs then must I incur some high displeasure
For negligence, to let him thus escape;
Which to excuse, and that it may appear
I have no hand with him, but am of faction
Oppos'd in all things to the least misdeed,
I will cashier him, and his tribuneship
Bestow upon some noble gentleman
Belonging to the camp. Soldiers and friends,
You that beneath Virginius' colours march'd,
By strict command from the Decemvirate,
We take you from the charge of him late fled,
And his authority, command, and honour
We give this worthy Roman. Know his colours,
And prove his faithful soldiers.

ROMAN. Warlike general,
My courage and my forwardness in battle
Shall plead how well I can deserve the title,
To be a Roman tribune.

Enter a SOLDIER *in haste.*

MIN. Now, the news?

SOLD. Virginius, in a strange shape of distraction,
Enters the camp, and at his heels a legion
Of all estates, growths, ages, and degrees,
With breathless paces dog his frighted steps.
It seems half Rome's unpeopled with a train,

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That either for some mischief done, pursue him,
Or to attend some uncouth novelty.

MIN. Some wonder our fear promises. Worthy soldiers,
Marshal yourselves, and entertain this novel
Within a ring of steel. Wall in this portent
With men and harness*, be it ne'er so dreadful.
He 's entered, by the clamour of the camp,
That entertains him with these echoing shouts.
Affection that in soldiers' hearts is bred,
Survives the wounded, and outlives the dead.

Enter VIRGINIUS, *with his knife, that and his arms stripped up to the elbows, all bloody; coming into the midst of the soldiers, he makes a stand.*

VIRGINIUS. Have I in all this populous assembly
Of soldiers, that have prov'd Virginius' valour,
One friend? Let him come thrill† his partisan
Against this breast, that through a large wide wound
My mighty soul might rush out of this prison,
To fly more freely to yon crystal palace,

* *harness.*] *i. e.* armour.

† *Thrill.*] *i. e.*, hurl,—an unusual sense of the word: so Heywood;

"I'd *thrill* my javelin at the Grecian moysture,
And spare the Trojan blood."
Iron Age, Part First, 1632, Sig. F.

"All which their javelins *thrild* against thy brest."
Id., Sig. H.

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Where honour sits enthronis'd. What! no friend?
Can this great multitude, then, yield an enemy
That hates my life? Here let him seize it freely.
What! no man strike? Am I so well belov'd?
Minutius, then to thee: if in this camp
There lives one man so just to punish sin,
So charitable to redeem from torments
A wretched soldier, at his worthy hand
I beg a death.

MIN. What means Virginius?

VIRGINIUS. Or if the general's heart be so obdure
To an old begging soldier, have I here
No honest legionary of mine own troop,
At whose bold hand and sword, if not entreat,
I may command a death?

1 SOLD. Alas! good captain.

MIN. Virginius, you have no command at all!
Your companies are elsewhere now bestow'd.
Besides, we have a charge to stay you here,
And make you the camp's prisoner.

VIRGINIUS. General, thanks:
For thou hast done as much with one harsh word
As I begg'd from their weapons; thou hast kill'd me,
But with a living death.

MIN. Besides, I charge you
To speak what means this ugly face of blood,
You put on your distractions? What 's the reason
All Rome pursues you, covering those high hills,

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As if they dogg'd you for some damned act?
What have you done?

VIRGINIUS. I have play'd the parricide;
Kill'd mine own child.

MIN. Virginia!

VIRGINIUS. Yes, even she.
These rude hands ripp'd her, and her innocent blood
Flow'd above my elbows.

MIN. Kill'd her willingly!

VIRGINIUS. Willingly, with advice, premeditation,
And settled purpose; and see still I wear
Her crimson colours, and these wither'd arms
Are dy'd in her heart blood.

MIN. Most wretched villain!

VIRGINIUS. But how? I lov'd her life. Lend me amongst you
One speaking organ to discourse her death,
It is too harsh an imposition
To lay upon a father. O, my Virginia!

MIN. How agrees this? Love her, and murder her!

VIRGINIUS. Yes: give me but a little leave to drain
A few red tears, for soldiers should weep blood,
And I'll agree them well. Attend me all.
Alas! might I have kept her chaste and free,
This life, so oft engag'd for ingrateful Rome,
Lay in her bosom: but when I saw her pull'd
By Appius' lictors to be claim'd a slave,
And dragg'd into a public sessions-house,
Divorced from her fore-spousals with Icilius,

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A noble youth, and made a bondwoman,
Enforc'd by violence from her father's arms
To be a prostitute and paramour
To the rude twinings of a lecherous judge;
Then, then, O loving soldiers, (I'll not deny it,
For 'twas mine honour, my paternal pity,
And the sole act, for which I love my life;)
Then lustful Appius, he that sways the land,
Slew poor Virginia by this father's hand.

1 Sold. O, villain Appius!

2 Sold. O, noble Virginius!

Virginius. To you I appeal, you are my sentencers:
Did Appius right, or poor Virginius wrong?
Sentence my fact with a free general tongue.

1 Sold. Appius is the parricide.

2 Sold. Virginius guiltless of his daughter's death.

Min. If this be true, Virginius (as the moan
Of all the Roman fry that follows you
Confirms at large), this cause is to be pitied,
And should not die revengeless.

Virginius. Noble Minutius,
Thou hast a daughter, thou hast a wife too;
So most of you have, soldiers; why might not this
Have happen'd you? Which of you all, dear friends,
But now, even now, may have your wives deflower'd,
Your daughters slav'd, and made a lictor's prey?
Think them not safe in Rome, for mine liv'd there.

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ROMAN.* It is a common cause.

1 SOLD. Appius shall die for't.

2 SOLD. Let's make Virginius general.

OMNES. A general! a general! let's make Virginius general!

MIN. It shall be so. Virginius, take my charge:
The wrongs are thine, so violent and so weighty,
That none but he that lost so fair a child,
Knows how to punish. By the gods of Rome,
Virginius shall succeed my full command.

VIRGINIUS. What's honour unto me? a weak old man,
Weary of life, and covetous of a grave:
I am a dead man now Virginia lives not.
The self-same hand that dar'd to save from shame
A child, dares in the father act the same.

[*Offers to kill himself.*

1 SOLD. Stay, noble general.

MIN. You much forget revenge, Virginius.
Who, if you die, will take your cause in hand,
And proscribe Appius, should you perish thus?

VIRGINIUS. Thou ought'st, Minutius: soldiers, so ought you:
I 'm out of fear; my noble wife 's expir'd;
My daughter, of bless'd memory, the object

* *Roman.*] i. e., the officer who was to succeed Virginius in his command. (See p. 225.) Occasionally, our old dramatists neglect, awkwardly enough, to give names to inferior speakers: so, in Shakespeare's *Richard the Second*, act IV. sc. I. Aumerle is defied to combat by Fitzwalter, Percy, and *a Lord*.

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Of Appius' lust, lives 'mongst th' Elysian Vestals;
My house yields none fit for his lictors' spoil.
You that have wives lodg'd in yon prison, Rome,
Have lands unrifled, houses yet unseiz'd,
Your freeborn daughters yet unstrumpeted,
Prevent these mischiefs yet while you have time.

1 SOLD. We will by you, our noble general.

2 SOLD. He that was destin'd to preserve great Rome.

VIRGINIUS. I accept your choice, in hope to guard you all
From my inhuman sufferings. Be 't my pride
That I have bred a daughter, whose chaste blood
Was spilt for you, and for Rome's lasting good.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Enter OPPIUS, *a* SENATOR, *and the* ADVOCATE.

OPP. Is Appius, then, committed?

SEN. So 'tis rumour'd.

OPP. How will you bear you in this turbulent state?
You are a member of that wretched faction:
I wonder how you 'scape imprisonment.

ADV. Let me alone; I have learnt with the wise hedgehog,
To stop my cave that way the tempest drives.

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Never did bear-whelp tumbling down a hill,
With more art shrink his head betwixt his claws,
Than I will work my safety. Appius
Is in the sand already up to th' chin,
And shall I hazard landing on that shelf?
He 's a wise friend that first befriends himself.

OPP. What is your course of safety?

ADV. Marry, this:
Virginius, with his troops, is entering Rome,
And it is like that in the market-place
My Lord Icilius and himself shall meet:
Now to encounter these, two such great armies,
Where lies my court of guard?

SEN. Why, in your heels:
There are strange dogs uncoupled.

ADV. You are deceiv'd:
I have studied a most eloquent oration,
That shall applaud their fortune, and distaste
The cruelty of Appius.

SEN. Very good, sir:
It seems, then, you will rail upon your lord,
Your late good benefactor?

ADV. By the way, sir.

SEN. Protest Virginia was no bondwoman,
And read her noble pedigree?

ADV. By the way, sir.

OPP. Could you not, by the way too, find occasion
To beg Lord Appius' lands?

ADV. And by the way

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Perchance I will; for I will gull them all
Most palpably.

OPP. Indeed you have the art
Of flattery.

ADV. Of rhetoric, you would say:
And I'll begin my smooth oration thus:
Most learned captains——

SEN. Fie, fie, that 's horrible! most of your captains
Are utterly unlearned.

ADV. Yet, I assure you,
Most of them know arithmetic so well,
That in a muster, to preserve dead pays,*
They 'll make twelve stand for twenty.

OPP. Very good.

ADV. Then I proceed;
I do applaud your fortunes, and commend
In this your observation, noble shake-rags:
The helmet shall no more harbour the spider,
But it shall serve to carouse sack and cider.
The rest within I'll study. [*Exit.*

OPP. Farewell, Proteus,
And I shall wish thy eloquent bravado
May shield thee from the whip and bastinado.
Now in this furious tempest let us glide,
With folded sails, at pleasure of the tide. [*Exeunt.*

* *dead pays.*] i. e. pay continued to soldiers who were really dead, which officers of Webster's days scrupled not sometimes to take for themselves.

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SCENE II.

Enter ICILIUS, HORATIUS, VALERIUS, NUMITORIUS, *at one door, with* SOLDIERS; VIRGINIUS, MINUTIUS, *and others, at the other door.*

ICIL. Stand!

VIRGINIUS. Make a stand!

ICIL. A parley with Virginius.

MIN. We will not trust our general 'twixt the armies,
But upon terms of hostage.

NUM. Well advis'd:
Nor we our general. Who for the leaguer?

MIN. Ourself.

VIRGINIUS. Who for the city?

ICIL. Numitorius.

[*Minutius and Numitorius meet, embrace, salute the generals.*

NUM. How is it with your sorrow, noble brother?

VIRGINIUS. I am forsaken of the gods, old man.

NUM. Preach not that wretched doctrine to yourself,
It will beget despair.

VIRGINIUS. What do you call
A burning fever? Is not that a devil?
It shakes me like an earthquake. Wilt a, wilt a
Give me some wine?

NUM. O, it is hurtful for you.

VIRGINIUS. Why so are all things that the appetite

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Of man doth covet in his perfect'st health,
Whatever art or nature have invented,
To make the boundless wish of man contented,
Are all his poison. Give me the wine there:
when?*
Do you grudge me a poor cup of drink? Say, say.
Now by the gods, I'll leave enough behind me
To pay my debts; and for the rest, no matter
Who scrambles for 't.

NUM. Here, my noble brother.
Alas! your hand shakes: I will guide it to you.

VIRGINIUS. 'Tis true, it trembles. Welcome,
thou just palsy!
'Twere pity this should do me longer service,
Now it hath slain my daughter. So, I thank you:
Now I have lost all comforts in the world,
It seems I must a little longer live,
Be 't but to serve my belly.

MIN. O, my lord,
This violent fever took him late last night:
Since when, the cruelty of the disease
Hath drawn him into sundry passions,
Beyond his wonted temper.

ICIL. 'Tis the gods
Have pour'd their justice on him.

VIRGINIUS. You are sadly met, my lord.

ICIL. Would we had met
In a cold grave together two months since!

* *when.*] See note *, vol. i. p. 279.

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I should not then have curs'd you.

VIRGINIUS. Ha! What's that?

ICIL. Old man, thou hast shew'd thyself a noble Roman,
But an unnatural father: thou hast turn'd
My bridal to a funeral. What devil
Did arm thy fury with the lion's paw,
The dragon's tail, with the bull's double horn,
The cormorant's beak, the cockatrice's eyes,
The scorpion's teeth, and all these by a father
To be employed upon his innocent child?

VIRGINIUS. Young man, I love thy true description:
I am happy now, that one beside myself
Doth teach me for this act. Yet were I pleas'd,
I could approve the deed most just and noble;
And sure posterity, which truly renders
To each man his desert, shall praise me for 't.

ICIL. Come, 'twas unnatural and damnable.

VIRGINIUS. You need not interrupt me: here's a fury
Will do it for you! You are a Roman knight:
What was your oath when you receiv'd your knighthood?
A parcel of it is, as I remember,
Rather to die with honour, than to live
In servitude. Had my poor girl been ravish'd,
In her dishonour, and in my sad grief,
Your love, and pity, quickly had ta'en end:

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Great men's misfortunes thus have ever stood,
They touch none nearly, but their nearest blood.
What do you mean to do? It seems, my lord,
Now you have caught the sword within your hand,
Like a madman you'll draw it to offend
Those that best love you; and perhaps the counsel
Of some loose unthrifts, and vile malcontents
Hearten you to it: go to! take your course.
My faction shall not give the least advantage
To murderers, to banquerouts, or thieves,
To fleece the commonwealth.

ICIL. Do you term us so?
Shall I reprove your rage, or is't your malice?
He that would tame a lion, doth not use
The goad or wier'd whip, but a sweet voice,
A fearful stroking, and with food in hand
Must ply his wanton hunger.

VIRGINIUS. Want of sleep
Will do it better than all these, my lord.
I would not have you wake for others' ruin,
Lest you turn mad with watching.

ICIL. O, you gods!
You are now a general; learn to know your place,
And use your noble calling modestly.
Better had Appius been an upright judge,
And yet an evil man, than honest man,
And yet a dissolute judge; for all disgrace
Lights less upon the person than the place.
You are i' th' city now, where if you raise
But the least uproar, even your father's house

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Shall not be free from ransack. Piteous fires
That chance in towers of stone are not so fear'd
As those that light in flax-shops; for there 's food
For eminent ruin.

MIN. O, my noble lord!
Let not your passion bring a fatal end
To such a good beginning. All the world
Shall honour that deed in him, which first
Grew to a reconcilement.

ICIL. Come, my lord,
I love your friendship; yes, in sooth, I do;
But will not seal it with that bloody hand.
Join we our armies. No fantastic copy,
Or borrowed precedent will I assume
In my revenge. There 's hope yet you may live
To outwear this sorrow.

VIRGINIUS. O, impossible!
A minute's joy to me would quite cross nature,
As those that long have dwelt in noisome rooms,
Swoon presently if they but scent perfumes.

ICIL. To th' senate! Come, no more of this sad tale;
For such a tell-tale may we term our grief,
And doth as 'twere so listen to her own words,
Envious of others' sleep, because she wakes.
I ever would converse with a griev'd person
In a long journey to beguile the day,
Or winter evening to pass time away.
March on, and let proud Appius in our view,
Like a tree rotted, fall that way he grew. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III.

Enter APPIUS CLAUDIUS *and* MARCUS CLAUDIUS *in prison, fettered and gyved.*

APP. CLAUD. The world is chang'd now. All damnations
Seize on the hydra-headed multitude,
That only gape for innovation.
O, who would trust a people!
MAR. CLAUD. Nay, who would not,
Rather than one rear'd on a popular suffrage,
Whose station 's built on avees and applause?
There 's no firm structure on these airy bases.
O, fie upon such greatness!
APP. CLAUD. The same hands
That yesterday to hear me conscionate,
And oratorize, rung shrill plaudits forth
In sign of grace, now in contempt and scorn
Hurry me to this place of darkness.
MAR. CLAUD. Could not their poisons rather spend themselves
On th' judge's folly, but must it needs stretch
To me his servant, and sweep me along?
Curse on the inconstant rabble!
APP. CLAUD. Grieves it thee
To impart my sad disaster?
MAR. CLAUD. Marry doth it.

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App. Claud. Thou shared'st a fortune with me
in my greatness;
I hal'd thee after when I climb'd* my state;
And shrink'st thou at my ruin?
Mar. Claud. I lov'd your greatness,
And would have trac'd you in the golden path
Of sweet promotion; but this your decline
Sours all these hoped sweets.
App. Claud. 'Tis the world right:
Such gratitude a great man still shall have
That trusts unto a temporizing slave.
Mar. Claud. Slave! good. Which of us too
In our dejection is basest? I am most sure
Your loathsome dungeon is as dark as mine;
Your conscience for a thousand sentences
Wrongly denounc'd, much more oppress'd than
mine;
Then which is the most slave?
App. Claud. O, double baseness,
To hear a drudge thus with his lord compare!
Great men disgrac'd, slaves to their servants are.

Enter Virginius, Icilius, Minutius, Numitorius, Horatius, Valerius, Oppius, *with* Soldiers.

Virginius. Soldiers, keep a strong guard whilst
we survey
Our sentenc'd prisoners: and from this deep dun-
geon

* *climb'd.*] The old copy "*climb.*"

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Keep off that great concourse, whose violent hands
Would ruin this stone building, and drag hence
This impious judge, piecemeal to tear his limbs,
Before the law convince* him.

Icil. See these monsters,
Whose fronts the fair Virginia's innocent blood
Hath vizarded with such black ugliness,
That they are loathsome to all good mens' souls.
Speak, damned judge! how canst thou purge thyself
From lust and blood?

App. Claud. I do confess myself
Guilty of both: yet hear me, noble Romans.
Virginius, thou dost but supply my place,
I thine: fortune hath lift thee to my chair,
And thrown me headlong to thy pleading bar.
If in mine eminence I was stern to thee,
Shunning my rigour, likewise shun my fall;
And being mild where I shew'd cruelty,
Establish still thy greatness. Make some use
Of this my bondage. With indifference
Survey me, and compare my yesterday
With this sad hour, my height with my decline,
And give them equal balance.

Virginius. Uncertain fate! but yesterday his breath
Aw'd Rome, and his least torved† frown was death:

* *convince.*] *i. e.* convict.
† "*Torved,*" *i. e.* stern, severe.

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I cannot choose but pity and lament,
So high a rise should have such low descent.

ICIL. He 's ready to forget his injury:
O, too relenting age!—Thinks not Virginius,
If he should pardon Appius this black deed,
And set him once more in the ivory chair,
He would be wary to avoid the like,
Become a new man, a more upright judge,
And deserve better of the common weal?

VIRGINIUS. 'Tis like he would.

ICIL. Nay, if you thus begin,
I 'll fetch that shall anatomize his sin. [*Exit.*

NUM. Virginius, you are too remiss to punish
Deeds of this nature: you must fashion now
Your actions to your place, not to your passion:
Severity to such acts is as necessary
As pity to the tears of innocence.

MIN. He speaks but law and justice.
Make good the streets with your best men at arms.
[*A shout.*
Valerius and Horatius, know the reason
Of this loud uproar, and confused noise.
[*Exeunt Val. and Hor.*
Although my heart be melting at the fall
Of men in place and office, we 'll be just
To punish murd'rous acts, and censure lust.

Enter VALERIUS *and* HORATIUS.

VAL. Icilius, worthy lord, bears through the street

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The body of Virginia towards this prison;
Which when it was discover'd to the people,
Mov'd such a mournful clamour, that their cries
Pierc'd heaven, and forc'd tears from their sorrowing eyes.

HOR. Here comes Icilius.

Enter ICILIUS *with the body of* VIRGINIA.

ICIL. Where was thy pity when thou slewest this maid,
Thou would'st extend to Appius? Pity! See
Her wounds still bleeding at the horrid presence
Of yon stern murderer*, till she find revenge;
Nor will these drops stanch, or these springs be dry
Till theirs be set a bleeding. Shall her soul,
(Whose essence some suppose lives in the blood,)
Still labour without rest? Will old Virginius
Murder her once again in this delay?

VIRGINIUS. Pause there, Icilius.
This sight hath stiffen'd all my operant powers,
Ic'd all my blood, benumb'd my motion quite.
I 'll pour my soul into my daughter's belly,
And with a soldier's tears embalm her wounds.
My only dear Virginia!

APP. CLAUD. Leave this passion;
Proceed to your just sentence.

* *Her wounds still bleeding at the horrid presence*
Of yon stern murderer.] According to the belief of the time when this play was written.

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VIRGINIUS. We will. Give me two swords.
Appius, grasp this;
You, Claudius, that: you shall be your own hangmen;
Do justice on yourselves. You made Virginius
Sluice his own blood, lodg'd in his daughter's breast,
Which your own hands shall act upon yourselves.
If you be Romans, and retain their spirits,
Redeem a base life with a noble death,
And through your lust-burnt veins confine * your breath.

APP. CLAUD. Virginius is a noble justicer:

* *confine.*] *i. e.* drive out, banish. I subjoin several passages where the word is used in the same sense: it is somewhat remarkable that they are all from Heywood:

"Lycaon's once more fled, we by the helpe
Of these his people have *confined* him hence."
The Golden Age, 1611, Sig. D.

"Thy sensuall eyes are fixt upon that wall
Thou nere shall enter, Rome *confines* you all."
The Rape of Lucrece, ed. 1630, Sig. I 2.

"*King.* Accept what we most precious hold, thy Life.
Marshall. Which as your gift I'le keepe, till Heaven and Nature
Confine it hence."
The Royall King, and the Loyall Subject, 1637, Sig. K 2.

"Instead of *confin'd*, had his doome beene to have been coffin'd, there had beene some comfort, he might have still kept his country, but in plaine Porteuguise and Spanish, both banisht."
A Challenge for Beautie, 1636, Sig. B 2.

"All that 's good and honest I *confine*."
The Brazen Age, 1613, Sig. E 2.

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Had I my crooked paths levell'd by thine,
I had not sway'd the balance. Think not, lords,
But he that had the spirit to oppose the gods,
Dares likewise suffer what their powers inflict.
I have not dreaded famine, fire, nor strage*,
Their common vengeance; poison in my cup,
Nor dagger in my bosom, the revenge
Of private men for private injuries;
Nay, more than these, not fear'd to commit evil,
And shall I tremble at the punishment?
Now with as much resolved constancy,
As I offended, will I pay the mulct,
And this black stain laid on my family,
(Than which a nobler hath not place in Rome)
Wash with my blood away. Learn of me, Claudius;
I 'll teach thee what thou never studied'st yet,
That 's bravely how to die. Judges are term'd
The gods on earth; and such as are corrupt
Read me in this my ruin. Those that succeed me
That so offend, thus punish. This the sum of all,
Appius that sinn'd, by Appius' hand shall fall.

[*Kills himself.*

VIRGINIUS. He died as boldly as he basely err'd,
And so should every true-bred Roman do.
And he whose life was odious, thus expiring,
In his death forceth pity. Claudius, thou
Wast follower of his fortunes in his being,
Therefore in his not being imitate
His fair example.

* *strage.*] *i. e.* slaughter.

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MAR. CLAUD. Death is terrible
Unto a conscience that 's oppress'd with guilt.
They say there is Elysium and hell;
The first I have forfeited, the latter fear:
My skin is not sword-proof.
ICIL. Why dost thou pause?
MAR. CLAUD. For mercy, mercy, I entreat you all.
Is 't not sufficient for Virginius slain
That Appius suffer'd? one of noble blood,
And eminence in place, for a plebeian?
Besides, he was my lord, and might command me:
If I did aught 'twas by compulsion, lords;
And therefore I crave mercy.
ICIL. Shall I doom him?
VIRGINIUS. Do, good Icilius.
ICIL. Then I sentence thus:
Thou hadst a mercy, most unmeriting slave,
Of which thy base birth was not capable,
Which we take off by taking thence thy sword.
And note the difference 'twixt a noble strain,
And one bred from the rabble: both alike
Dar'd to transgress, but see their odds in death:
Appius died like a Roman gentleman,
And a man both ways knowing; but this slave
Is only sensible of vicious living,
Not apprehensive of a noble death:
Therefore as a base malefactor we
And timorous slave give him, as he deserves,
Unto the common hangman.

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MAR. CLAUD. What, no mercy!
ICIL. Stop 's mouth:
Away with him! The life of the Decemviri
Expires in them. Rome, thou at length art free,
Restor'd unto thine ancient liberty!
MIN. Of consuls; which bold Junius Brutus first
Begun in Tarquin's fall. Virginius, you
And young Icilius shall his place succeed,
So by the people's suffrage 'tis decreed.
VIRGINIUS. We marshal then our soldiers in that name
Of consuls, honour'd with these golden bays.
Two fair, but ladies most infortunate,
Have in their ruins rais'd declining Rome,
Lucretia and Virginia, both renown'd
For chastity. Soldiers and noble Romans,
To grace her death, whose life hath freed great Rome,
March with her corse to her sad funeral tomb.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

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THE FAMOUS HISTORY

OF

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

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The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyat. With the Coronation of Queen Mary, and the coming in of King Philip. As it was plaied by the Queens Maiesties Servants. Written by Thomas Dickers and John Webster. London. Printed by E. A. for Thomas Archer, and are to be solde at his shop in the Pope's-head Pallace, nere the Royall Exchange. 1607. 4to.

Of this rare play, I have seen three printed copies, all with the above date,—one in the King's Library, (now added to the British Museum,) one in Malone's collection at Oxford, and one in the possession of the Rev. J. Mitford*. But in Malone's collection, is a transcript of *Sir Thomas Wyatt*, with the date 1612, on a fly-leaf of which it is remarked in a note, that the date of "1612 appears to be an error:" of that I am by no means convinced, for the said transcript is written with great care; and in the sale catalogue of Dr. Farmer's Library, is "Sir Thomas Wyatt, 1612." I am therefore inclined to believe that this play (like *Appius and Virginia*, and several other old dramas) had more than one title-page.

About one-third of *Sir Thomas Wyatt*, I imagine, is wanting: the portion which has come down to us is sadly mutilated, and occasionally presents passages in which there is but a slight glimmering of sense. Most probably the following notices by Henslowe (Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. iii. p. 327) allude to the present play:—

"Nov. 1602. Lady Jane, by Henry Chettle, Thomas Dekker, Thomas Heywood, Wentworth Smith, and John Webster.
The Second Part of Lady Jane, by Thomas Heywood, John Webster, Henry Chettle, and Thomas Dekker."

* The copy in the King's Library differs in its readings, in three places, from the two other copies: I had not seen it, when I made some remarks concerning the variations found in different copies of old plays, though of the same edition, vol. i. p. iii.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
GUILDFORD DUDLEY } *his sons.*
AMBROSE DUDLEY }
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
EARL OF ARUNDEL.
EARL OF PEMBROKE.
EARL OF HUNTINGDON.
BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.
LORD TREASURER.
SIR THOMAS WYATT.
SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD.
SIR GEORGE HARPER.
SIR HENRY ISELY.
SIR ROBERT RODSTON.
CAPTAIN BRETT.
NORRY.
PREACHER.
DOCTOR.
COUNT EGMOND.
ROOSE.
HOMES.
PORTER.
CLOWN.
HEADSMAN, SHERIFF, HERALDS, OFFICERS, &c.

QUEEN MARY.
LADY JANE DUDLEY.
COUNTRY MAID.
LADIES.

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THE FAMOUS HISTORY

OF

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND *and* SUFFOLK.

SUFF. How fares the king, my lord? speaks he cheerly?

NORTH. Even as a dying man, whose life 's* like to
Quick lightning,
Which is no sooner seen but is extinct.

SUFF. Is the king's will confirm'd?

NORTH. Ay, that's the point that we level at:
But O, the confirmation of that will,
'Tis all!—'tis all!

SUFF. That will confirm my daughter queen.

NORTH. Right; and my son is married to your daughter.
My lord, in an even plain way I will
Derive the crown unto your daughter's head.
What though the king hath left behind
Two sisters, lawful and immediate heirs,
To succeed him in his throne? lies it not
In our powers to contradict it?
Have we not the king and council's hands unto it?

* *life's.*] The old copy, "*life.*"

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Tut, we stand high
In man's opinion and the world's broad eye.

Enter WYATT.

SUFF. Here comes Sir Thomas Wyatt.
NORTH. Sir Thomas,
Booted and spurr'd! whither away so fast?
WYATT. It boots me not to stay,
When in this land rebellion bears such sway.
God's will, a court! 'tis chang'd
Since noble Henry's days. You have set your hands
Unto a will; a will you well may call it:
So wills Northumberland, so wills great Suffolk,
Against God's will, to wrong those princely maids.
NORTH. Will you not subscribe
Your hand with other of the lords? Not with me,
That in my hands surprise the sovereignty?
WYATT. I'll damn * my soul for no man, no, for no man.
Who at doomsday must answer for my sin?
Not you, nor you, my lords.
Who nam'd Queen Jane, in noble Henry's days,
Which of you all durst once displace his issue?
My lords, my lords, you whet your knives so sharp
To carve your meat, that they will cut your fingers:
The strength is weakness that you build upon.
The king is sick,—God mend him, ay, God mend him!—

* *damn.*] The old copy, "*damb'd.*"

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But were his soul from his pale body free,
Adieu, my lords, the court no court for me. [*Exit.*

NORTH. Farewell, I fear thee not.
The fly is angry, but he wants a sting.
And * all the council, only this perverse
And peevish lord hath only denied his hand
To the investing of your princely daughter.
He 's idle, and wants power:
Our ocean shall these petty brooks devour.
Here comes his Highness' doctor.

Enter DOCTOR.

SUFF. How fares his Highness?

DOCT. His body is past help:
We have left our practice to the divines,
That they may cure his soul.

SUFF.† Past physic's help! why then past hope of life.
Here comes his Highness' preacher:
Life, reverent man—

Enter PREACHER.

PREACH. Life, life, though death his body do dissever;
Our king lives with the King of Heaven for ever!

NORTH. Dead! Send for heralds, call me pursuivants;

* *And.*] Qy. "*'Mid.*"

† To this speech, in the old copy, "*Aru.*" is prefixed, but Arundel is not on the stage.

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Where 's the king-at-arms? In every market-town
Proclaim Queen Jane.

SUFF. Best to take the opinion of the council.

NORTH. You are too timorous: we in ourselves
Are power sufficient: the king being dead,
This hand shall place the crown on Queen Jane's head.
Trumpets and drums, with your notes resound
Her royal name, that must in state be crown'd!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter GUILDFORD *and* JANE.

GUILD. Our cousin king is dead.

JANE. Alas, how small an urn contains a king!
He that rul'd all even with his princely breath,
Is forc'd to stoop now to the stroke of death.
Heard you not the proclamation?

GUILD. I hear of it, and I give credit to it:
What great men fear to be, their fears grow greater.
Our fathers grow ambitious,
And would force us sail in mighty tempests,
And are not lords of what they do possess.
Are not thy thoughts as great?

JANE. I have no thoughts so rank, so grown to head,
As are our fathers' pride.
Troth, I do enjoy a kingdom having thee,
And so my pain be prosperous in that,
What care I though a sheep-cote be my palace,
Or fairest roof of honour?

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GUILD. See how thy blood
Keeps course with mine: thou must be a queen, aye me,
A queen! The flattering bells, that shrilly sound
At the king's funeral, with hollow hearts,
Will cowardly call thee sovereign; for indeed
Thou wouldst prove but an usurper.

JANE. Who would wear fetters,
Though they were all of gold, or to be sick,
Though his faint brows for a wearing nightcap
Wore a crown? Thou must assume a title
That goes on many feet; but 'tis an office
Wherein the hearts of scholars and of soldiers
Will depend upon thy hearse. Were this rightly scann'd,
We scarce should find a king in any land.

Enter ARUNDEL.

ARUN. Honour and happy reign
Attend the new Majesty of England!

JANE. To whom, my lord, bends this your ave?

ARUN. To your grace, dread sovereign;
You are, by the king's will and the consent
Of all the lords, chosen for our queen.

JANE. O God! methinks you sing my death in parts
Of music's loudness: 'tis not my turn to rise.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, SUFFOLK, *with the purse and the mace, with others.*

NORTH. The voice of the whole land speaks in my tongue:

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It is concluded your majesty must ride
From hence unto the Tower, there to stay
Until your coronation.

JANE. O God!

SUFF. Why sighs your majesty?

JANE. My lord and father,
I pray tell me, was your father's father
E'er a king?

SUFF. Never, and it like your grace.

JANE. Would I might still continue of his line,
Not travel in the clouds! It is often seen
The heated blood that covets to be royal
Leaves off ere it be noble.
My learned, careful king, what, must we go?

GUILD. We must.

JANE. Then it must be so.

NORTH. Set forward, then.

[*A dead march, and pass round the stage, and Guildford speaks.*

GUILD. The Tower will be a place of ample state:
Some lodgings in it will, like dead men's sculls,
Remember us of frailty.

JANE.* We are led
With pomp to prison. O, prophetic soul!
Lo, we ascend into our chairs of state,
Like funeral coffins in some funeral pomp

* *Jane.*] The old copy, "*Gui.*", a mistake, as Guildford speaks the preceding speech.

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Descending to their graves! But we must on.
How can we fare well to keep our court
Where prisoners keep their cave?

[*A flourish. Exeunt.*

Enter QUEEN MARY, *with a prayer-book in her hand, like a nun.*

MARY. Thus like a nun, not like a princess born,
Descended from the royal Henry's loins,
Live I environ'd in a house of stone.
My brother Edward lives in pomp and state;
I in a mansion here all ruinate.
Their rich attire, delicious banquetting,
Their several pleasures, all their pride and honour,
I have forsaken for a rich prayer-book.
The golden mines of wealthy India
Is all as dross compared to thy sweetness:
Thou art the joy and comfort of the poor;
The everlasting bliss in thee we find.
This little volume, enclosed in this hand,
Is richer than the empire of this land.

Enter SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD.

BEDING. Pardon me, madam, that so boldly I press
Into your chamber: I salute your Highness
With the high style of queen.

MARY. Queen! may it be?
Or jest you at my lowering misery?

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BEDING. Your brother king is dead,
And you the Catholic queen must now succeed.
MARY. I see my God at length hath heard my prayer.
You, Sir Harry, for your glad tidings,
Shall be held in honour and due regard.

Enter WYATT.

WYATT. Health to the Lady Mary!
MARY. And why not Queen, Sir Thomas?
WYATT. Ask that of Suffolk duke, and great Northumberland,
Who in your stead hath crown'd another.
MARY. Another queen, Sir Thomas, we alive,
The true immediate heiress of our dread father!
WYATT. Nothing more true than that,
Nothing more true than you are the true heir.
Come, leave this cloister, and be seen abroad;
Your very sight will stir the people's hearts,
And make them cheerly for Queen Mary cry.
One comfort I can tell you: the tenants
Of the dukes Northumberland and Suffolk
Denied their aid in these unlawful arms;
To all the council I denied my hand,
And for King Henry's issue still will stand.
MARY. Your counsel, good Sir Thomas, is so pithy,
That I am won to like it.

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WYATT. Come, let us straight
From hence, from Framlingham. Cheer your spirits.
I'll to the dukes at Cambridge, and discharge
Them all: prosper me, God, in these affairs!
I lov'd the father well, I lov'd the son,
And for the daughter I through death will run.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, SUFFOLK, ARUNDEL, BRETT, *and* SOLDIERS.

NORTH. Where 's Captain Brett?
BRETT. Here, my lord.
SUFF. Are all our numbers full?
BRETT. They are, my lord.
SUFF. See them arraign'd:* I will set forward straight.
NORTH. Honourable friends, and native peers,
That have chosen me to be the leader
Of these martial troops, to march against
The sister of our late dead sovereign;
Bear witness of my much unwillingness
In furthering these attempts. I rather joy
To think upon our ancient victories
Against the French and Spaniard, whose high pride
We levell'd with the waves of British shore,
Dying the haven of Britain† with guilty blood,

* *arraign'd.*] i. e. arranged: Shakespeare, Spenser, and other old writers, have *darraign*, in the same sense.

† *Britain.*] The old copy "*Brit.*" The text here is very corrupt.

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Till all the harbour seem'd a sanguine pool.
Or we desire these arms were now to war
'Gainst the perfidious northern enemy,
Who, trembling at our first shock, voice, and sight,
Like cowards turn'd their backs with shameful flight.
But those rich spoils are past: we are now to go,
Being native friends, against a native foe.
In your hands we leave the queen elected:
She hath seizure of the Tower. If you
Be confident, as you have sworn yourselves,
True liegemen to her highness, she no doubt
With royal favour will remunerate
The least of your deserts.
Farewell; my tears into your bosoms fall;
With one embrace I do include you all.

ARUN. My lord, most lov'd, with what a mourning heart
I take your farewell, let the after signs
Of my employment witness. I protest,
Did not the sacred person of my queen,
Whose weal I tender as my soul's chief bliss,
Urge my abode, I would not think it shame
To trail a pike where you were general.
But wishes are in vain; I am bound to stay,
And urgent business calls your grace away:
See on my knees I humbly take my leave,
And steep my words with tears.

NORTH. Kind Arundel,
I bind thee to my love: once more farewell.

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ARUN. Heavens give your grace success!
Commend us to the queen and to your son:
Within one week I hope war will be done.
BRETT. Come, my lords, shall us march?
NORTH. Ay, ay, for God's sake on:
'Tis more than time, my friends, that we were gone.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter TREASURER *and* PORTER.

TREAS. What ho, porter! open the gate.
PORTER. I beseech your honour to pardon me,
The council hath given strict command not any
Shall pass this way.
TREAS. Why, you idle fellow,
Am I not sent upon the Queen's affairs,
Commanded by the lords? and know you not
That I am treasurer? Come, open the gate:
You do you know not what.
PORTER. Well, my lord, I do adventure, on your word,
The duke's displeasure; all the council-board
Besides may be my heavy enemies;
But go a God's name; I the worst will prove,
And if I die, I die for him I love.
TREAS. I thank thee, and will warrant thee from death.
Is my horse ready?
PORTER. It is, my lord.
TREAS. Then will I fly this fearful council-board.
[*Exit.*

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PORTER. My heart misgives me, I have done amiss;
Yet being a councillor, one of the number,
Nothing can prove amiss. Now shall I know
The worst; here comes my lord of Arundel.

Enter ARUNDEL.

ARUN. Porter, did the lord treasurer pass this way?
PORTER. But now, my gracious lord.
ARUN. Ungracious villain, follow, bring him back again;
If not by fair means, bring him back by force.
And hear you, sirrah, as you go, will* the lord mayor,
And some aldermen of his brethren,
And some especial citizens of note,
To attend our further pleasures presently.
The treasurer fled; the duke is but newly arrested;
Some purpose on my life to cross their plots:
We'll set strong watches, see gates and walls well mann'd.
'Tis ten to one but princely innocence
Is these strange turmoils' wisest violence. [*Exeunt.*

† *Enter* WINCHESTER, ARUNDEL, *and other* LORDS; *the* LORD TREASURER *kneeling at the council-table.*

ARUN. Though your attempt, lord treasurer, be such,

* *will.*] *i. e.* desire.

† Between this scene and the preceding, I think part of the play is wanting.

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That hath no colour in these troublous times
But an apparent purpose of revolt
From the deceas'd king's will and our decree,
Yet, for you are a councillor of note,
One of our number, and of high degree,
Before we any way presume to judge,
We give you leave to speak in your behalf.

TREAS. My lord, the business of these troublous times,
Binding us all still to respect the good
Of commonweal, yet doth it not debar
Private regard of us and of our own.
The general weal is treasur'd in your breast,
And all my ablest powers have been employ'd
To stir them there ; yet have I borne a part,
Laying the commons' troubles next my heart.
My oversight in parting without leave
Was no contempt, but only for an hour,
To order home affairs, that none of mine
In these nice times should unto faction climb.

ARUN. Nay, my good lord, be plain with us, I pray ;
Are you not griev'd that we have given consent
To Lady Jane's election?

TREAS. My lords, I am not.

ARUN. Speak like a gentleman ; upon your word
Are you not discontent?

TREAS. Troth, to be plain,
I am not pleas'd that two such princely maids,
Lineally descended from our royal king,

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And by his testimony confirmed heir,
If that their brother dying issueless,*
And one that never dream'd it, never desir'd
The rule of sovereignty,
But with virgin's tears hath oft bewail'd her misery,
Should politicly by us be nam'd a queen.

ARUN. You have said nobly; sit, and take your place.

Enter PORTER.

PORTER. My lords, Sir Thomas Wyatt craves access
Unto your honours.

ARUN. Let him come near.

Enter WYATT.

PORTER. Room for Sir Thomas Wyatt.

WYATT. A divine spirit teach your honours truth,
Open your eyes of judgment to behold
The true legitimate Mary, your undoubted sovereign!

ARUN. Arise, Sir Thomas, sit and take your place.
Now to our former business:
The obligation wherein we all stood bound
To the deceas'd late king's will and our decree;
His cousin Jane and the two absent dukes,
Cannot be conceal'd without great reproach
To us and to our issue. We have sworn,
In presence of the sacred host of heaven,
Unto our late young lord, to both the dukes,

* There is manifestly a line or lines wanting here.

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That no impeachment should divert our hearts
From the impeachment of the Lady Jane.
To this end we have seiz'd her in the Tower,
By public proclamation made her queen;
To this end we have arm'd the duke with power,
Given them commission under our own hands
To pass against the lady. You perform
In hostile manner, and no doubt the spleen
Of the undaunted spirit of Northumber's earl
Will not be call'd with writings of repeal.
Advice in this I hold it better far,
To keep the course we run, than, seeking change,
Hazard our lives, our heirs, and the realms.

WYATT. In actions roving from the bent of truth,
We have no precedent thus to persist
But the bare name of worldly policy.
If others have ground from justice and the law,
As well divine as politic agreeing,
They are for no cause to be disinherited.
If you not seven years since to that effect
Swore to the father to maintain his seed,
What dispensation hath acquitted you
From your first sacred vows? You 'll say the will
Extorted from a child. O, let mine eyes
In naming that sweet youth observe their part,
Pouring down tears, sent from my swelling heart!
God's mother, I turn* child! but I'll go on.
Say that the will were his, forc'd by no trick,

* *turn.*] The old copy "*tearme.*"

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But for religious love his simple act,
Yet note how much you err. You were sworn before
To a man's will, and not a will alone,
But strengthen'd by an act of parliament.
Besides this sacred proof, the princely maids
Had they no will nor act to prove their right,
Have birthrights no privilege, being a plea so strong,
As cannot be refelled, but by plain wrong?
Now were you touch'd. The lady in [the] Tower,
Alas, she's innocent of any* claim!
Trust me, she 'd think it a most happy life,
To leave a queen's and keep a lady's name.
And for the dukes, your warrants sent them forth;
Let the same warrants call them back again:
If they refuse to come, the realm, not they,
Must be regarded. Be strong and bold.
We are the people's factors. Save our sons
From killing one another; be afraid
To tempt both heaven and earth. So, I have said.

ARUN. Why then give order that she shall be queen.
Send for the mayor. Her errors we 'll forget,
Hoping she will forgive.

WYATT. Never make doubt:
Setting her ceremonious order by,
She is pure within, and mildly chaste without.

ARUN. Give order to keep fast the lady Jane.

* *any.*] The old copy "*my.*"

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Dissolve the council. Let us leave the Tower,
And in the city hold our audience.

WYATT. You have advis'd well, honourable lords:
So will the citizens be wholly ours,
And if the dukes be cross, we 'll cross their powers.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter BRETT, CLOWN, *and* SOLDIERS.

BRETT. Lancepersado*, quarter, quarter.

CLOWN. What shall we quarter, captain?

BRETT. Why, the soldiers.

* *Lancepersado.*] Written also *lanceprisado*, *lancepesado*, *lancepesade*, or *lancepesata*; (Ital. *lancia spezzata*,) the lowest officer of foot, one who is under the corporal.

"He is a gentleman of no ancient standing in the militia, for he draws his pedigree from the time of the wars between Francis I. and his son, Henry II., kings of France, on the one part; and the Emperor Charles V., and his brother-in-law, the Duke of Savoy, on the other part. In those wars, when a gentleman of a troop of horse, in any skirmish, battle, or rencounter, had broke his lance on the enemy, and lost his horse in the scuffle, he was entertained (under the name of a broken lance) by a captain of a foot company as his comerade, till he was again mounted. But as all good orders fall soon from their primitive institution, so in a short time our Monsieur Lancepesata (for so he was called) was forced to descend from being the captain's comerade, and become the caporal's companion, and assisted him in the exercise of his charge, and therefore was sometimes called by the French, *aide caporal*. But when the caporal grew weary of the comeradeship of his lancepesata, he made him officiate under him, and for that had some allowance of pay more than the common souldier."—Turner's *Pallas Armata*, p 219—(as quoted by Grose, *Mil. Ant.*, v. i., p. 262.)

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CLOWN. Why, they are not hanged, nor drawn yet.

BRETT. Sir, I mean quarter them, that the offended multitude may pass in safety.

CLOWN. May we not take tolls of the pies and the apple-women?

BRETT. Not in any sort; the duke's pleasure will pass free.

CLOWN. The commons shall be used with all common courtesy, that goes in rank like beans, and cheesecakes on their heads, instead of caps.

BRETT. Sirrah, this is a famous university*,
And those scholars; those lofty buildings and goodly houses
Founded by noble patrons. But no more:
Set a strong watch; that be your chiefest care.

Enter a COUNTRYMAN *and a* MAID.

COUNT. What 's here? soldiers!

BRETT. Fear not good speech. These rude arms I bear,
Are not to fright sweet gentle peace away†,
But to succour your lives. Pass peaceably away.

CLOWN. Cry God save the queen, as you go, and God send you a good market.

* *A famous university.*] *i. e.* of Cambridge.

† This line in the old copy is given thus:—
"Ist not to fight? Sweet, gentle Peace away."

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COUNT. God save the queen! what queen? there lies the sense:
When we have none, it can be no offence.

CLOWN. What carry you there in your basket?

MAID. Eggs, forsooth.

CLOWN. Well, cry God save queen Jane, as you go, and God send you a good market.

MAID. Is the right queen call'd Jane? alack, for woe,
[That] at the first she was not christen'd so!

[*Exeunt Countryman and Maid.*

BRETT. Thus old and young still descant on her name,
Nor lend no ear when we her style proclaim.
I fear, I fear,—fear, Brett! what should'st thou fear?
Thou hast a breast compos'd of adamant.
Fall what ill betide,
My anchor is cast, and I in harbour ride.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, HUNTINGDON, WYATT, *and* SOLDIERS.

WYATT. My lord, 'tis true, you sent unto the council
For fresh supplies; what succour, what supplies?
Happy is he can draw his neck out of the collar
And make his peace with Mary.

NORTH. How stands the treasurer addicted to us?

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WYATT. I had forgot: when we were at council,
He stole away, and went home to his house,
And by much entreaty was won to return:
In brief, they all incline to queen Mary.
My lord, farewell:
Each hasty hour will colder tidings tell. [*Exit.*

NORTH. Come they in thunder, we will meet with them:
In the loudest language that their ordnance speaks,
Ours shall answer theirs. Call me a herald,
And in the market-place proclaim queen Jane.
[*A Herald called in.*
The streets are full, the town is populous,
The people gape for novelty: trumpets, speak to them,
That they may answer with an echoing cry,
God save queen Jane, God save her majesty!
[*A trumpet sounds, and no answer. The Herald sounds a parley, and none answers.*
Ha! a bare report of trumpets;
Are the slaves hoarse, or want they art to speak?
O me! This town consists on famous colleges,
Such as know both how, and what, and when to speak.
Well, yet we will proceed,
And smother what close envy hath decreed.

Enter AMBROSE DUDLEY.

Ambrose, my son, what news?

AMB. O my thrice-honour'd father!

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NORTH. Boy, speak the worst:
That which sounds deadliest, let me hear that first.
AMB. The lords have all revolted from your faction.
NORTH. We in ourselves are strong.
AMB. In Baynard's Castle was a council held,
Whither the mayor and sheriffs did resort,
And 'twas concluded to proclaim queen Mary.
NORTH. Then they revolt the allegiance from my daughter,
And give it to another?
AMB. True, my thrice-honour'd father;
Besides, my brother Guildford and his wife,
Where she was proclaim'd queen, are now close prisoners,
Namely in the Tower.
NORTH. God take them to his mercy! they had need
Of grace and patience, for they both must bleed.
Poor innocent souls, they both from guilt are free!
AMB. O my thrice-honour'd father, might I advise you,
Fly to your manor, there study for your safety!
NORTH. Boy, thou say'st well:
And since the lords have all revolted from me,
Myself will now revolt against myself.
Call me a herald to fill their empty ears;
Assist me, son; my good lord Huntingdon,
Even in this market-town proclaim queen Mary.

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A trumpet sounds a parley, the HERALD *proclaims.*

HER. Mary, by the grace of God, Queen of England, France, and Ireland, defendress of the faith, amen. [*Within, a shout and a flourish.*

NORTH. Amen: I bear a part,
Ay, with my tongue, I do not with my heart.
Now they can cry, now they can bawl and yell:
Base-minded slaves, sink may your souls to hell!

Enter ROOSE, *with letters.*

ROOSE. My honour'd lord, the council greets you with
These letters.

NORTH. Stay, master Roose; ere you depart, receive
An answer and reward. [*He readeth the letter.*
In the sovereign name of Mary our queen,
You shall upon the sight hereof
Surcease your arms, discharge your soldiers,
And presently repair unto the court,
Or else to be held as an arch traitor.
'Tis short and sharp.
Master Roose, we do obey your warrant:
But I pray tell me, how do* all our friends at court?
Is there not a great mortality amongst them?

* *do.*] The old copy, "*doth.*"

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Is there not a number of them dead of late,
Since I came thence?

ROOSE. My gracious lord, not any.

NORTH. O, master Roose, it cannot be; I will assure you,
At my departure thence, I left living there at least
Five hundred friends, and now I have not one,
Simply, not one; friends! ha, ha, ha! commission,
Thou must be my friend,
And stand betwixt me and the stroke of death;
Were thy date out, my life's date were but short;
They are cold friends that kill* their friends in sport.

AMB. Here comes your honour'd friend, the earl of Arundel.

Enter ARUNDEL.

NORTH. My honour'd friend——

ARUN. I am no friend to traitors:
In my most high and princely sovereign's name,
I do arrest your honour of high treason.

NORTH. A traitor, Arundel!
Have I not your hand in my commission?
Let me peruse it: as I take 't, 'tis here,
And by your warrant have [I] so strict proceeded:
Are† the limits of my warrant broke? answer me.

* *kill.*] The old copy, "*kils.*"
† *Are.*] The old copy, "*In.*"

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ARUN. It may be that it hath pleas'd her majesty
To pardon us, and for to punish you:
I know no other reason; this I must,
I am commanded, and the act is just.
NORTH. And I obey you. When we parted last,
My lord of Arundel, our farewell was
Better than our greeting now: then you cried, God speed;
Now you come on me, ere you say, take heed;
Then you did owe me your best bloods, nay griev'd
You could not spend them in my service;
O, then it was a double death to stay behind!
But I am overtook, and you are kind,
I am, beshrew you else; but I submit,
My crime is great, and I must answer it.
ARUN. You must with your three sons be guarded safe
Unto the Tower; with you those lords and knights,
That in this faction did associate you:
For so I am enjoin'd.
Then peaceively let us conduct you thither.
NORTH. O my children, my soul weeps endless tears for you!
O, at the general sessions, when all souls
Stand at the bar of justice, and hold up
Their new-immortalized hands, O then
Let the remembrance of their tragic ends
Be raz'd out of the bead-roll of my sins!

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Whene'er the black book of my crime 's unclasp'd,
Let not these scarlet letters be found there;
Of all the rest only that page be clear.
But come to my arraignment, then to death.
The queen, and you, have long aim'd at this head:
If to my children she sweet grace extend,
My soul hath peace, and I embrace my end.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter SUFFOLK.

SUFF. Three days are past, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday too,
Yet my protesting servant is not come:
Himself conducted me to this hard lodging,
A simple cabin for so great a prince;
And then he swore, but oaths you see are vain,
That he would hourly come and visit me.
I that was wont to surfeit in estate,
Am now through hunger almost desolate.

Enter HOMES, *sweating, with bottle and bag.*

HOMES. My lord.

SUFF. Ned Homes, speak, hast thou brought me meat?

HOMES. With much ado, my lord, meat, bread, and wine:
While you refresh yourself, I will record
The cause of my long stay.

SUFF. I prithee do:
Need bids me eat, need bids me hear thee too.

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HOMES. The night I left you in the hollow tree,
My house was search'd.
SUFF. Go on, go on.
HOMES. And I no sooner enter'd, but attach'd;
Threaten'd the rack, and if I did not yield
Your gracious self into their graceless hands.
SUFF. And thou has done 't, thou hast betrayed me?
HOMES. Done it! O, betray you! O, no!
First would I see my loved wife and children
Murder'd and toss'd on spears, before I would
Deliver your grace unto their hands, for they
Intend your death.
SUFF. Go on, go on.
HOMES. And offer'd
A thousand crowns to him that can bring news
Of your abode; 'twas offer'd in my hands,
Which I beseech may stop my vital breath,
When I am fee'd with gold to work your death.

Enter SHERIFF *and* OFFICERS.

SHER. See, yonder sits the duke.
SUFF. I kiss thee in requital of this love.
HOMES. And in requital of so great a grace,
I kiss your hand that dares to kiss my face.
SHER. So Judas kiss'd his master. Seize the duke.
SUFF. Ah me! Ned Homes, we are undone; both thou
And I betray'd!

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SHER. My lord, late duke of Suffolk, in her Highness'
Name, I do arrest you of high treason.
SUFF. I do obey, and only crave this kindness,
You would be good unto my servant Homes,
Who* in relieving me hath but perform'd
The duty of a servant to his lord.
SHER. You are deceiv'd, sir, in your servant much;
He is the man that did betray you.
Here, master Homes, towards your thousand pounds,
Here is a hundred marks;
Come to the Exchequer, you shall have the rest.
SUFF. Hast thou betray'd me? yet with such a tongue,
So smoothly oil'd, slight of my danger's fear?
O, break my heart! this grief 's too great to bear.
HOMES. Pardon me, my lord.
SUFF. God pardon thee,
And lay not to thy soul this grievous sin!
Farewell, and when thou spend'st this ill-got gold,
Remember how thy master's life was sold;
Thy lord that gave thee lordships, made thee great,
Yet thou betray'd'st him as he sat at meat.
On to my grave; 'tis time that I were dead,
When he that held my heart betrays my head.
[*Exeunt Suffolk, Sheriff, and Officers.*

* *Who.*] The old copy, "*Where.*"

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HOMES. O God, O God, that ever I was born!
This deed hath made me slave to abject scorn.
[*Exit.*

Enter the CLOWN.

CLOWN. O poor shrimp, how art thou fallen away for want of mouching! O, colon* cries out most tyrannically! the little gut hath no mercy.
What 's here? victuals! O rare, O good!
Feed chops, drink throat, good victuals make good blood.

Enter HOMES, *with a halter about his neck.*

But stay, who 's here? more sheriffs, more searchers? O no, this is Homes, that betrayed his honest master: how, with a halter about his neck! I hope he doth not mean to hang himself. I 'll step aside.

HOMES. This is the place where I betray'd my lord;
This is the place where oft I have reliev'd,
And villain I betray'd him to the jaws of death.
But here before I further will proceed,
Here will I bury this enticing gold:
Lie there, damn'd fiend, never serve human more.

CLOWN. This is rare: now in this mood he would hang himself, 't were excellent.

* *colon.*] A word frequently in the mouth of hungry personages in our old dramas: it is the largest of the human intestines, not "the *little* gut," as the clown here calls it.

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HOMES. Shall I ask mercy? no, it is too late; Heaven will not hear, and I am desperate.

[*He strangles himself.*

CLOWN. So, so, a very good ending: would all false servants might drink of the same sauce! Gold, you are first mine: you must help to shift myself into some counterfeit suit of apparel, and then to London. If my old master be hanged, why, so: if not, why, rustick and lustick. Yet before I go, I do not care if I throw this dog in a ditch: come away, dissembler. This cannot choose but be a hundred pound, it weighs so heavy. [*Exit.*

Enter QUEEN MARY, WINCHESTER, NORFOLK, PEMBROKE, WYATT, ARUNDEL, *and* ATTENDANTS.

Q. MARY. By God's assistance and the power of heaven,
After our troubles we are safely set
In our inheritance; for which we do subscribe
The praise and benefit to God, next thanks
To you, my lords. Now shall the sanctuary,
And the house of the Most High, be newly built;
The ancient honours due unto the church,
Buried within the ruin'd* monasteries,
Shall lift their stately heads and rise again,
To astonish the destroyers' wondering eyes.
Zeal shall be deck'd in gold: religion,
Not like a virgin robb'd of all her pomp,

* *ruin'd.*] The old copy, "*ruine.*"

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But, bravely* shining in her gems of state,
Like a fair bride be offer'd to the Lord.
To build large houses, pull no churches down,
Rather enrich the temple with our crown:
Better a poor queen, than the subjects poor.

WIN. May it please your grace to give release unto
Such ancient bishops that have lost their honours
In the church affairs.

Q. MARY. We have given order
To the duke of Norfolk to release them.

ARUN. Your sacred highness will no doubt be mindful
Of the late oath you took at Framlingham.

Q. MARY. O, my lord of Arundel, we remember that;
But shall a subject force his prince to swear
Contrary to her conscience and the law?
We here release unto our faithful people
One entire subsidy, due unto the crown
In our dead brother's days. The commonalty
Shall not be o'erburden'd in our reign:
Let them be liberal in religion,
And we will spare their treasure to themselves.
Better a poor prince than the nation poor:
The subjects' treasure is the sovereign's store.

ARUN. What is your highness' pleasure about the rebels?

* *bravely.*] The old copy, "*briefly.*"

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Q. Mary. The queen-like rebel *, mean you not, Queen Jane?

Arun. Guildford, and Jane, with great Northumberland,
And haughty Suffolk's duke.

Q. Mary. The duke of Suffolk
Is not yet apprehended: therefore, my lords,
Some of you most dear to us in love
Be careful of that charge: the rest we 'll leave
For trial of the other prisoners.

Wyatt. The lady Jane, most mighty sovereign,
Allied to you in blood,
For she 's the daughter of your father's sister,
Mary the Queen of France, Charles Brandon's wife,
Your niece, your next of blood except your sister,
Deserves some pity, so doth youthful Guildford.

Win. Such pity as the law allows to traitors.

Norf. They were misled by their ambitious fathers.

Win. What son to obey his father proves a traitor,
Must buy their disobedience with their death.

Wyatt. My lord of Winchester still thirsts for blood.

Q. Mary. Wyatt, no more; the law shall be their judge:
Mercy to mean offenders we'll ostend,

* *rebel.*] The old copy, "*rebels.*"

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Not unto such that dare* usurp our crown.

ARUN. Count Egmond, the ambassador from Spain,
Attends your Highness' answer 'bout† those letters
Sent from the emperor in his son's behalf.

Q. MARY. In the behalf of lovely, princely Philip,
Whose person we have shrined in our heart,
At the first sight of his delightful picture?
That picture should have power to tingle love
In royal breasts: the darts of love are words,
Pictures, conceit; he'll prevail by any.
Your counsel, lords, about this foreign business.

ARUN. I say, and it like your royal majesty,
A royal treaty, and to be confirm'd;
And I allow the match:

WIN. Allow it, lords! we have cause to thank our God,
That such a mighty prince as Philip is,
Son to the emperor, heir to wealthy Spain,
And many spacious kingdoms, will vouchsafe——

WYATT. Vouchsafe, my lord of Winchester! pray, what?

WIN. To grace our mighty sovereign with his honourable title.

WYATT. To marry with our queen, mean you not so?

WIN. I do; what then?

WYATT. O God!
Is she a beggar, a forsaken maid,

* *dare.*] The old copy, "*dares.*"
† *'bout.*] The old copy, "*brought.*"

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That she hath need of grace from foreign princes?
By God's dear mother—O God pardon! swear I?
Methinks she is a fair and lovely prince;
Her only beauty, were she of mean birth,
Able to make the greatest potentate,
Ay, the great emperor of the mighty Cham,
That hath more nations under his command
Than Spanish Philip 's like to inherit towns,
To come and lay his sceptre at her feet,
And to entreat her to vouchsafe the grace
To take him and his kingdom to her mercy.

WIN. Wyatt, you are too hot.

WYATT. And you too proud.
Vouchsafe! O, base! I hope she'll not vouchsafe
To take the emperor's son to her dear mercy.

Q. MARY. Proceed, my lord of Winchester, I pray.

WIN. Then still I say we have cause to thank our God,
That such a mighty prince will look so low
As to respect this island and our queen.

WYATT. Pardon me, madam; he'll* respect your island
More than your person: think of that.

NORF. Wyatt, you wrong the affection of the prince,
For he desires no fortresses nor towns,
Nor to bear any office, rule, or state,
Either by person or by substitute,

* *he 'll.*] The old copy, "*hee.*"

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Nor yet himself to be a councillor
In our affairs.

WYATT. What need he, noble lords,
To ask the fruit, when he demands the tree?
No castle, fortresses, nor towers of strength!
It boots not, when the chiefest tower of all,
The key that opens unto all the land,
I mean our gracious sovereign, must be his.
But he will bear no office in the land!
And yet will marry with the queen of all;
Nor be of council in the realm's affairs!
And yet the queen inclosed in his arms.
I do not like this strange marriage:
The fox is subtle, and his head once in,
The slender body easily will follow.
I grant he offers you, in name of dower,
The yearly sum of threescore thousand ducats,
Besides the seventeen famous provinces,
And that the heir succeeding from your loins
Shall have the sovereign rule of both the realms.
What! shall this move your highness to the match?
Spain is too far for England to inherit,
But England near enough for Spain to woo.

WIN. Have* not the kings of England, good Sir Thomas,
Espous'd the daughters of our neighbour kings?

WYATT. I grant your predecessors oft have sought
Their queen from France, and sometimes, too, from Spain:

* *Have.*] The old copy, "*Has.*"

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But never could I hear that England yet
Has been so base, to seek a king from either.
'Tis policy, dear queen, no love at all.

WIN. 'Tis love, great queen, no policy at all.

WYATT. Which of you all dares justify this match,
And not be touch'd in conscience with an oath ?
Remember, O remember, I beseech you,
King Henry's last will and his act at court !
I mean that royal court of parliament,
That does prohibit Spaniards from the land,
That will and act to which you all are sworn,
And do not damn your souls with perjury.

Q. MARY. But that we know thee, Wyatt, to be true
Unto the crown of England and to us,
Thy over-boldness should be paid with death :
But cease, for fear your liberal tongue offend.
With one consent, my lords, you like this match ?

OMNES. We do, great sovereign.

Q. MARY. Call in Count Egmond, honourable lords.

Enter EGMOND.

We have determin'd of your embassy,
And thus I plight our love to Philip's heart.
Embark you straight, the wind blows wondrous fair:
Till he shall land in England I 'm all care.

[*Exeunt all but Wyatt.*

WYATT. And ere he land in England, I will offer

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My loyal breast for him to tread upon.
O, who so forward, Wyatt, as thyself
To raise this troublesome queen in this her throne!
Philip is a Spaniard, a proud nation,
Whom naturally our countrymen abhor.
Assist me, gracious heavens, and you shall see
What hate I bear unto their slavery!
I'll into Kent, there muster up my friends,
To save this country, and this realm defend. [*Exit.*

Enter GUILDFORD, JANE, *and* LIEUTENANT.

GUILD. Good morrow to the patron* of my woe.
JANE. Good morrow to my lord, my lovely Dudley:
Why do you look so sad, my dearest lord?
GUILD. Nay, why doth Jane thus with a heavy eye,
And a defected look, salute the day?
Sorrow doth ill become thy silver brow:
Sad grief lies dead, so long as thou lives fair;
In my Jane's joy I do not care for care.
JANE. My looks, my love, are† sorted with my heart.
The sun himself doth scantly shew his face.
Out of this firm grate you may perceive
The Tower-hill throng'd with store of people,
As if they gap'd for some strange novelty.

* *patron.*] Qy. "*partner.*"
† *are.*] The old copy, "*is.*"

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GUILD. Though sleep do seldom dwell in men of care,
Yet I did this night sleep, and this night dream'd.
My princely father, great Northumberland,
Was married to a stately bride;
And then methought, just on his bridal day,
A poison'd draught did take his life away.

JANE. Let not fond visions so appal my love,
For dreams do oftentimes contrary prove.

GUILD. The nights are tedious, and the days are sad:
And see you how the people stand in heaps,
Each man sad looking on his appos'd object,
As if a general passion possess'd them?
Their eyes do seem as dropping as the moon,
As if prepared for a tragedy;
For never swarms of people there do tread,
But to rob life and to enrich the dead,
And shew they wept.

LIEUT. My lord, they did so, for I was there.

GUILD. I pray resolve us, good master lieutenant,
Who was it yonder that tender'd up his life
To nature's death?

LIEUT. Pardon me, my lord;
'Tis felony to acquaint you with death
Of any prisoner; yet to resolve your grace,
It was your father, great Northumberland,
That this day lost his head.

GUILD. Peace rest his soul!
His sins be buried in his grave,

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And not remember'd in his epitaph.*
But who comes here?

JANE. My father prisoner!

Enter SUFFOLK, *guarded forth.*

SUFF. O, Jane; now nought but fear! thy title, and
Thy state, thou now must leave for a small grave.
Had I been contented to ha' been great, I had stood,
But now my rising is pull'd down with blood.
Farewell. Point me my house of prayers.

JANE. Is grief
So short? 'Twas wont to be full of words, 'tis true,
But now death's lesson bids a cold adieu.
Farewell: thus friends on desperate journeys part;
Breaking off words with tears, that swells the heart.
[*Exit Suffolk.*

LIEUT. It is the pleasure of the queen that you part lodgings,
Till your arraignment, which must be to-morrow.

JANE. Good master lieutenant, let us pray together.

* *His sins be buried in his grave,*
And not remember'd in his epitaph.] From Shakespeare;

"Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph."
First Part of Henry IV., act v. sc. iv.

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LIEUT. Pardon me, madam, I may not; they that owe you, sway me.

GUILD. Entreat not, Jane: though she our bodies part,
Our souls shall meet: farewell, my love.

JANE. My Dudley, my own heart. [*Exeunt.*

Enter WYATT, HARPER, ISLEY, RODSTON, *and* SOLDIERS.

WYATT. Hold, drum: stand, gentlemen: give the word along;
Stand, stand.
Masters, friends, soldiers, and therefore gentlemen;
I know some of you wear warm purses
Lined with gold; to them I speak not; but
To such lean knaves that cannot put up crosses
Thus, I say, fight valiantly, and by the Mary God,
You that have all your life-time silver lack'd
Shall now get crowns; marry, they must be crack'd.

SOLD. No matter, we 'll change them for white money.

WYATT. But it must needs be so, dear countrymen,
For soldiers are the masters of war's mint;
Blows are the stamps they set upon with bullets,
And broken pates are when the brains lie* spilt,
These light crowns that with blood are double gilt.

* *lie.*] The old copy, "*lyes.*"

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But that 's not all that your stout hearts shall earn:
Stick to this glorious quarrel, and your names
Shall stand in chronicles, rank'd even with kings.
You free your country from base Spanish thrall,
From ignominious slavery: who can
Disgest* a Spaniard that 's a true Englishman?

SOLD. Would he might choke, that disgests him!

WYATT. He that loves freedom and his country,
Cry a Wyatt! he that will not, with my heart,
Let him stand forth, shake hands, and we 'll depart†.

SOLDIERS. A Wyatt, a Wyatt, a Wyatt!

Enter NORRY, *sounding a trumpet.*

HARP. Forbear, or with the breath thy trumpet spends
This shall let forth thy soul.

NORRY. I am a herald,
And challenge safety by the law of arms.

HARP. So shalt thou when thou art lawfully employ'd.

WYATT. What loud knave 's that?

NORRY. No knave, Sir Thomas, I am a true man
To my queen, to whom thou art a traitor.

SOLD. Knock him down.

* *Disgest.*] See note *, p. 58.

† *depart.*] *i. e.* part.

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WYATT. Knock him down! fie, no,
We 'll handle him, he shall sound before he go.
HARP. He comes from Norfolk, and those fawning lords,
In Mary's name, weighing out life to them
That will with baseness buy* it: seize on him,
As a pernicious enemy.
WYATT. Sir George,
Be rul'd; since we profess the art of war,
Let 's not be hiss'd at for our ignorance:
He shall pass and repass, juggle the best he can.
Lead him into the city. Norry, set forth,
Set forth thy brazen throat, and call all Rochester
About thee; do thy office;
Fill their light heads with proclamations, do,
Catch fools with lime-twigs dipt with pardons.
But Sir George, and good Sir Harry Isley,
If this gallant open his mouth too wide,
Powder the varlet, pistol him, fire the roof
That 's o'er his mouth.
He craves the law of arms, and he shall ha't:
Teach him our law, to cut 's throat if he prate.
If louder reach thy proclamation,
The Lord have mercy upon thee!
NORRY. Sir Thomas, I must do my office.
HARP. Come, we 'll do ours too.
WYATT. Ay, ay, do, blow thyself hence.
[*Exeunt Harper, Isley, and Norry.*

* *buy.*] The old copy, "*burie.*"

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Whorson, proud herald, because he can give arms,
He thinks to cut us off by the elbows.
Masters, and fellow soldiers, say will you leave
Old Tom Wyatt?

OMNES. No, no, no.

WYATT. A march! 'tis Norfolk's drum upon my life.
I pray, see what drum it is. [*Within, cry, Arm.*

ROD. The word is given; arm, arm flies through the camp,
As loud, though not so full of dread, as thunder.
For no man's cheeks look pale, but every face
Is lifted up above his foreman's head,
And every soldier does on tiptoe stand,
Shaking a drawn sword in his threatening hand.

WYATT. At whom, at whose drum?

ROD. At Norfolk, Norfolk's drum.
With him comes Arundel. You may behold
The silken faces of their ensigns show
Nothing but wrinkles straggling in the wind:
Norfolk rides foremostly, his crest well known,
Proud as if all our heads were now his own.

WYATT. Soft, he shall pay more for them.
Sir Robert Rodston, bring our musketeers,
To flank our pikes; let all our archery
Fall off in wings of shot aboth sides of the van,
To gall the first horse of the enemy,
That shall come fiercely on our cannoneers:
Bid them to charge: charge, my hearts.

OMNES. Charge, charge.

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WYATT. Saint George for England, Wyatt for poor Kent!
Blood lost in country's quarrel is nobly spent.

Enter ISLEY.

ISLEY. Base slave, hard-hearted fugitive,
He that you sent with Norry, false Sir George,
Is fled to Norfolk.

ROD. Sir George Harper fled!

WYATT. I ne'er thought better of a counterfeit:
His name was Harper, was it not? let him go;
Henceforth all harpers*, for his sake, shall stand
But for plain ninepence throughout all the land.
They come: no man give ground in these hot cases;
Be Englishmen, and beard them to their faces.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter NORFOLK, ARUNDEL, BRETT, CLOWN, *and* SOLDIERS.

NORF. Yonder the traitor marcheth with a steel-bow,

* *Henceforth all harpers, for his sake, shall stand*
But for plain nine-pence.] "The harp first appeared upon the Irish money in his [Henry the Eighth's] reign."—Ruding's *Coinage*, vol. ii. p. 443, ed. 1819. By a proclamation, set forth in 1606, it was declared, "that every of the said *Harp Shillings* should have and bear the name and value only of twelve Pence Irish, according to the old standard of that realm; being in true value no more than *nine Pence English*."—*Id.* vol. iii. p. 112.

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Bent on his sovereign and his kingdom's peace.
To wave him to us with a flag of truce,
And tender him soft mercy, were to call
Our right in question. Therefore put in act
Your resolute intendments: if rebellion
Be suffer'd to take head, she lives too long;
Treason doth swarm, therefore give signal to the fight.

BRETT, 'Tis good, 'tis good, my lord.

NORF. Where 's Captain Brett?

BRETT. Here, my lord.

NORF. To do honour to you, and those five hundred
Londoners, that march after your colours,
You shall charge the traitor in the vanguard,
Whilst myself, with noble Arundel
And stout Jerningham, second you in the main.
God and Saint George this day fight on our side,
While thus we tame a desperate rebel's pride.

[*Exeunt all but Brett, Clown, and some Soldiers.*

BRETT. Countrymen and friends, and you the most valiant sword and buckler men of London, the Duke of Norfolk in honour has promoted you to the vanguard, and why to the vanguard? but because he knows you to be eager men, martial men, men of good stomachs, very hot shots, very actious *

* *actious.*] So Warner.

" With divers here not catalog'd, and for a cheefest take
All *actious* Candish, and of these eternall pen-worke make."
Albion's England, p. 294, ed. 1612.

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for valour, such as scorn* to shrink for a wetting, who will bear off any thing with head and shoulders?

OMNES. Well forwards, good commander, forwards.

BRETT. I am to lead you, and whither? to fight; and with whom? with Wyatt; and what is Wyatt? a most famous and arch-traitor—to nobody, by this hand, that I know.

OMNES. Nay, speak out, good captain.

BRETT. I say again,—is worthy Norfolk gone?

OMNES. Ay, ay, gone, gone.

BRETT. I say again, that Wyatt for rising thus in arms, with the Kentish men dangling thus at his tail, is worthy to be hanged—like a jewel in the kingdom's ear: say I well, my lads?

OMNES. Forwards, forwards.

BRETT. And whosoever cuts off his head shall have for his labour—

CLOWN. What shall I have? I 'll do 't.

BRETT. The pox, the plague, and all the diseases the spittle-houses and hospitals can throw upon him.

CLOWN. I 'll not do 't, that 's flat.

BRETT. And wherefore is Wyatt up?

CLOWN. Because he cannot keep his bed.

BRETT. No, Wyatt is up to keep the Spaniards down, to keep King Philip out, whose coming in

* *scorn.*] The old copy, "*scornes.*"

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will give the land such a filip 'twill make it reel again.

CLOWN. 'A would it were come to that, we would; we would leave off Philips and fall to hot-cockles.

BRETT. Philip is a Spaniard; and what is a Spaniard?

CLOWN. A Spaniard is no Englishman, that I know.

BRETT. Right, a Spaniard is a Camocho, a Calimanco; nay, which is worse, a Dondego,—and what is a Dondego?

CLOWN. A Dondego is a kind of Spanish stock-fish, or poor John.

BRETT. No, a Dondego is a desperate Viliago, a very Castilian; God bless us. There came but one Dondego* into England, and he made all Paul's stink again: what shall a whole army of Dondegoes do, my sweet countrymen?

CLOWN. Marry, they will make us all smell abominably: he comes not here, that 's flat.

BRETT. A Spaniard is called so because he 's a Span-yard, his yard is but a span.

CLOWN. That 's the reason our Englishwomen love them not.

* *There came but one Dondego, &c.*] So Heywood:

"But for these Spaniards, now *you Don Diegoes*,
You that made Paules to stinke."

Fair Maid of the West, 1631, part 1st, p. 51.

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BRETT. Right, for he carries not the Englishman's yard about him. If you deal with him, look for hard measure; if you give an inch, he 'll take an ell; if he give an ell, he 'll take an inch; therefore, my fine, spruce, dapper, finical fellows, if you are now, as you have always been, counted politic Londoners to fly to the stronger side, leave Arundel, leave Norfolk, and love Brett.

CLOWN. We 'll fling our flat caps at them.

BRETT. Wear your own neat's-leather shoes; scorn Spanish leather; cry, a fig for the Spaniard. Said I well, bullies?

OMNES. Ay, ay, ay.

BRETT. Why, then, fiat, fiat!
And every man die at his foot that cries not a Wyatt, a Wyatt.

OMNES. A Wyatt, a Wyatt, a Wyatt.

Enter WYATT.

WYATT. Sweet music, gallant fellow-Londoners!

CLOWN. I' faith, we are the madcaps, we are the lickpennies.

WYATT. You shall be all Lord Mayors at least.

[*Exeunt Wyatt, Brett, Clown, and Soldiers.*

Alarum sounds, and enter WYATT, BRETT, RODSTON, ISLEY, *and* SOLDIERS, *again.*

WYATT. Those eight brass pieces shall do service now

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Against their masters, Norfolk and Arundel:
They may thank their heels
More than their hands for saving of their lives.
When soldiers turn surveyors, and measure lands,
God help poor farmers. Soldiers and friends, let us all
Play nimble blood-hounds and hunt them step by step.
We hear
The lawyers plead in armour 'stead of gowns:
If they fall out about the case they jar,
Then they may cuff each other from the bar.
Soft, this in Ludgate: stand aloof, I 'll knock.

He knocks; enter PEMBROKE *upon the walls.*

PEM. Who knocks?

WYATT. A Wyatt, a true friend.
Open your gates, you lowering citizens;
I bring you freedom from a foreign prince:
The queen has heard your suit, and 'tis her pleasure
The city gates stand open to receive us.

PEM. Avaunt, thou traitor! thinks thou by forgery
To enter London with rebellious arms?
Know that these gates are barr'd against thy entrance;
And it shall cost the lives
Of twenty thousand true subjects of the queen
Before a traitor enters.

OMNES. Shoot him through.

WYATT. Stay, let 's know him first.

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CLOWN. Kill him; then let 's know him afterwards.

PEM. Look on my face, and blushing see with shame
Thy treasons character'd.

BRETT. 'Tis the Lord Pembroke.

WYATT. What have we to do with the Lord Pembroke?
Where's the queen's lieutenant?

PEM. I am lieutenant of the city now.

WYATT. Are you Lord Mayor?

PEM. The greatest lord that breathes enters not here
Without express command from my dear queen.

WYATT. She commands by us.

PEM. I do command thee, in her highness' name,
To leave the city gates, or, by my honour,
A piece of ordnance shall be straight discharg'd
To be thy death's-man, and shoot thee to thy grave.

WYATT. Then here's no entrance?

PEM. No, none. [*Exit.*

BRETT. What should we do following Wyatt any longer?

WYATT. O London, London, thou perfidious town!
Why hast thou broke thy promise to thy friend,
That for thy sake, and for thy general sake,
Hath thrust myself into the mouth of danger?
March back to Fleet-street. If that Wyatt die,
London, unjustly buy thy treachery.

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BRETT. Would I could steal away from Wyatt! it should be the first thing that I would do.

[*Here they all steal away from Wyatt, and leave him alone.*

WYATT. Where's all my soldiers? what, all gone,
And left my drum and colours without guard!
O infelicity of careful men!
Yet will I sell my honour'd blood as dear
As ever did faithful subject to his prince. [*Exit.*

Enter NORFOLK and ISLEY.

ISLEY. Pembroke revolts and flies to Wyatt's side.

NORF. He 's damned in hell that speaks it.

Enter HARPER.

HARPER.* O my good lord, 'tis spread
That Pembroke and Count Arundel both are fled!

Enter PEMBROKE *and* ARUNDEL.

PEM. 'S foot who said so? what devil dare stir my patience?
Zounds, I was talking with a crew of vagabonds
That lagg'd at Wyatt's tail, and am I thus
Paid for my pains!

NORF. And there being miss'd,
Some villain, finding you out of sight, hath rais'd
This slander on you: but come, my lord.

PEM. I 'll not fight.

* *O my good lord, &c.*] The old copy gives this to Isley.

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NORF. Nay, sweet earl.

PEM. Zounds, fight, and hear my name dishonour'd!

ARUN. Wyatt is march'd down Fleet-street: after him.

PEM. Why do not you, and you, pursue him?

NORF. If I strike one blow, may my hands fall off.

PEM. And if I do, by this ———

NORF. Come, leave your swearing:
Did not country's care urge me to this quarrel,
For my part I would not strike a blow.

PEM. No more would I:
I 'll eat no wrongs: let 's all die, and I 'll die.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESS. Stand on your guard,
For this way Wyatt is pursued amain.

A great noise, follow. Enter WYATT, *with his sword drawn, being wounded.*

Within. Follow, follow.

NORF. Stand, traitor, stand, or thou shalt ne'er stand more.

WYATT. Lords, I yield;
An easy conquest 'tis to win the field
After all 's lost. I am wounded: let me have
A surgeon, that I may go sound unto my grave.
'Tis not the name of traitor
'Pals me, nor plucks my weapon from my hand:
Use me how you can,

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Though you say traitor, I am a gentleman.
Your dreadful shaking me, which I defy,
Is a poor loss of life; I wish to die:
Death frights my spirit no more than can my bed,
Nor will I change one hair, losing this head.

PEM. Come, guard him, guard him.

WYATT. No matter where;
I hope for nothing, therefore nothing fear.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter WINCHESTER, NORFOLK, ARUNDEL, PEMBROKE, *with other lords.*

WIN. My lord of Norfolk, will it please you sit;
By you, the noble Lord of Arundel:
Since it hath pleas'd her sacred majesty
To nominate us here commissioners,
Let us, without all partiality,
Be open-ear'd to what they can allege.
Where 's the Lieutenant of the Tower?

Enter LIEUTENANT.

LIEUT. Here, my good lord.

WIN. Fetch forth the prisoners;
Place them severally in chairs of state.
Clerk of the crown, proceed as law requires.

Enter GUILDFORD *and* JANE.

CLERK. Guildford Dudley, hold up thy hand at the bar.

GUILD. Here at the bar of death I hold it up;

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And would to God, this hand heav'd to the law,
Might have advanc'd itself in better place,
For England's good and for my sovereign's weal!

CLERK. Jane Gray, Lady Jane Gray, hold up thy hand at the bar.

JANE. A hand as pure from treason's innocence,
As the white livery
Worn by the angels in their Maker's sight!

CLERK. You are here indicted by the names of Guildford Dudley, Lord Dudley, Jane Gray, Lady Jane Gray, of capital and high treason against our most sovereign lady the queen's majesty. That is to say, that you, Guildford Dudley, and Lady Jane Gray, have, by all possible means, sought to procure unto yourselves the royalty of the crown of England, to the disinheriting of our new sovereign lady the queen's majesty, the true and lawful issue to that famous king Henry the Eighth, and have manifestly adorned yourselves with the state's garland imperial, and have granted warrants, commissions, and such like, for levying of men and soldiers to be sent against the said majesty: what answer you to this indictment,—guilty, or not guilty?

GUILD. Our answer shall be several like ourselves;
Yet, noble earl, we confess the indictment.
May we not make some apology unto the court?

NORF. It is against the order of the law;
Therefore directly plead unto the indictment,
And then you shall be heard.

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GUILD. Against the law!
Words utter'd then as good unspoken were,
For whatsoe'er you say, you know your form,
And you will follow it unto our deaths.
NORF. Speak, are you guilty of these crimes, or no?
JANE. I'll answer first, I am, and I am not;
But should we stand unto the last unguilty,
You have large-conscience jurors to besmear
The fairest brow with* style of treachery.
NORF. The barons of the land shall be your jury.
JANE. An honourable and worthy trial;
And God forbid so many noblemen
Should be made guilty of our timeless deaths!
ARUN. You'll answer to the indictment, will you not?
GUILD. My lord, I will: I am——
NORF. What? are you guilty or no?
GUILD. I say unguilty still, yet I am guilty.
JANE. Slander not thyself:
If there be any guilty, it was I;
I was proclaim'd queen, I the crown should wear.
GUILD. Because I was thy husband, I stand here.
JANE. Our loves we sought ourselves, but not our pride;
And shall our fathers' faults our lives divide† ?

* *with.*] So the copy in the king's collection: Malone's and Mr. Mitford's copies, "*which.*"

† *divide.*] So the copy in the king's collection: Malone's and Mr. Mitford's copies, "*deride.*"

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GUILD. It was my father that made thee distrest.
JANE. O, but for mine, my Guildford had been blest!
GUILD. My Jane had been as fortunate as fair.
JANE. My Guildford free from this soul-grieving care.
GUILD. If we be guilty, 'tis no fault of ours;
And shall we die for what's not in our powers?
We sought no kingdom, we desir'd no crown:
It was impos'd upon us by constraint,
Like golden fruit hung on a barren tree;
And will you count such forcement treachery?
Then make the silver Thames as black as Styx,
Because it was constrain'd to bear the banks,*
Whose battering ordnance should have been employ'd
Against the hinderers of our royalty.
WIN. You talk of senseless things.
GUILD. Do† trees want sense,
That by the power of music have been drawn
To dance a pleasing measure?
We 'll come, then, nearer unto living things:
Say we usurp the English royalty,
Was 't not by your consents?
I tell you, lords, I have your hands to shew,
Subscrib'd to the commission of my father,
By which you did authorize him to wage arms.
If they were rebellious against your sovereign,

* *banks.*] Qy. "*barks.*"
† *Do.*] The old copy, "*Dooe's.*

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Who cried so loud as you, God save Queen Jane?
And come you now your sovereign to arraign?
Come down, come down, here at a prisoner's bar;
Better do so than judge yourselves amiss:
For look, what sentence on our heads you lay,
Upon your own may light another day.

WIN. The queen hath pardon'd them.

GUILD. And we must die
For a less fault, O partiality!

JANE. Patience, my Guildford, it was ever known,
They that sinn'd least, the punishment have borne.

GUILD. True, my fair queen; of sorrow truly speak,
Great men, like great flies,* through law's cobwebs break,
But the thinn'st frame the prison of the weak.

* *Great men, like great flies, &c.*] It may be urged that Dekker wrote this, as the following passage occurs in one of his plays:—

"*Jovinelli.* You must hang up the lawes.
Octavio. Like cob-webbe in fowle roomes, through which great flies
Breake through, the lesse being caught b'ith wing there dies."

If this be not a good play the devil is in it, 1612, Sig. D 3.

But the simile is derived from ancient wisdom:—"One of the Seven was wont to say, that laws were like cobwebs; where the small flies were caught, and the great brake through."—Bacon's *Apophthegms*, No. 284.

See, too, what Delio says in *The Dutchess of Malfi*—
"Then the law to him," &c. vol. i. p. 185.

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NORF. Now trust me, Arundel, it doth grieve me much
To sit in judgement of these harmless——
ARUN. I help'd to attach the father, but the son—
O, through my blood I feel compassion run!
My lords, we 'll be humble suitors to the queen,
To save these innocent creatures from their deaths.
NORF. Let 's break up court: if Norfolk long should stay,
In tears and passion I should melt away.
WIN. Sit still:
What! will you take compassion upon such?
They are heretics.
JANE. We are Christians; leave our conscience to ourselves,
We stand not here about religious causes,
But are accus'd of capital treason.
WIN. Then you confess the indictment.
GUILD. Even what you will:
Yet save my Jane, although my blood you spill.
JANE. If I must die, save princely Guildford's life.
NORF. Who is not mov'd to see this loving strife?
ARUN. Pray pardon me; do what you will to-day,
And I 'll approve it, though it be my death.
WIN. Then hear the speedy sentence of your deaths:
You shall be carried to the place from whence you came,
From thence unto the place of execution,

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Through London to be drawn on hurdles,
Where thou, Jane Gray, shalt suffer death by fire,
Thou, Guildford Dudley, hang'd and quarter'd;
So Lord have mercy upon you!

GUILD. Why, this is well,
Since we must die, that we must die together.

WIN. Stay, and hear the mercy of the queen;
Because you are of noble parentage,
Although the crime of your offence be great,
She is only pleas'd that you shall——

BOTH. Will she pardon us?

WIN. Only, I say, that you shall lose your heads
Upon the Tower-hill. So, convey them hence:
Lieutenant, strictly look unto your charge.

GUILD. Our dooms are known, our lives have play'd their part.
Farewell, my Jane.

JANE. My Dudley, mine own heart.

GUILD. Fain would I take a ceremonious leave;
But that 's to die a hundred thousand deaths.

JANE. I cannot speak, for tears.

LIEUT. My lord, come.

GUILD. Great griefs speak louder, when the least are dumb.* [*Exeunt.*

* *Great griefs speak louder, when the least are dumb.*] The old copy, "*dumb'd.*"—But surely the poet wrote;

"Least griefs speak louder, when the great are dumb,"

According to Seneca;

"Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent."

Hippolytus, v. 607.

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Enter WYATT, *in the Tower.*

WYATT. The sad aspect this prison doth afford
Jumps* with the measure that my heart doth keep;
And this enclosure here, of nought but stone,
Yields far more comfort than the stony hearts
Of them that wrong'd their country and their friend.
Here is no perjur'd councillor † to swear
A sacred oath and then forswear the same!
No innovator‡, here doth harbour keep;
A stedfast silence doth possess the place:
In this the Tower is noble, being base.

Enter NORFOLK, WINCHESTER, ARUNDEL, *and* OFFICERS, *to* WYATT.

NORF. Sir Thomas Wyatt.

WYATT. That 's my name, indeed.

WIN. You should say traitor.

WYATT. Traitor, and Wyatt's name,
Differ as far as Winchester and honour.

WIN. I am a pillar of the mother church.

WYATT. And what am I?

WIN. One that subverts the state.

WYATT. Insult not too much o'er th' unfortunate;
I have no bishop's rochet to declare

* *jumps.*] i. e. agrees.

† *councillor.*] i. e. member of the council: the old copy, "*counsellors.*"

‡ *innovator.*] The old copy, "*innovators.*"

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My innocency. This is my cross,
That causeless I must suffer my head's loss:
When that hour comes wherein my blood is spilt,
My cross will look as bright as yours twice gilt.

NORF. Here 's for that purpose.

WYATT. Is your grace so short?
Belike you come to make my death a sport.

WIN. We come to bring you to your execution;
You must be hang'd and quarter'd instantly:
At the Park corner is a gallows set,
Whither make haste to tender nature's debt.

WYATT. Then here 's the end of Wyatt's rising up*:
I to keep Spaniards from the land was sworn:
Right willingly I yield myself to death,
But sorry such should have my place of birth.
Had London kept his word, Wyatt had stood,
But now King Philip enters through my blood.

[*Exeunt Officers with Wyatt.*

WIN. Where 's the lieutenant of the Tower?

Enter LIEUTENANT.

LIEUT. Here, my lord.

WIN. Fetch forth your other prisoners.

LIEUT. My lord, I will;
Here lies young Guildford, here the Lady Jane.

NORF. Conduct them forth.

* *Wyatt's rising up.*] So the copy in the king's collection: Malone's and Mr. Mitford's copies, "*Wyatt's up.*"

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Enter GUILDFORD *and* JANE.

GUILD. Good morrow once more to my lovely Jane.

JANE. The last good morrow, my sweet love, to thee.

GUILD. What were you reading?

JANE. On a prayer-book.

GUILD. Trust me, so was I: we had need to pray,
For see, the ministers of death draw near.

JANE. To a prepared mind death is a pleasure:
I long in soul till I have spent my breath.

GUILD. My lord high chancellor, you are welcome hither:
What! come you to behold our execution?
And, my lord Arundel, thrice welcome: you help'd
To attach our father; come you now to see
The black conclusion of our tragedy?

WIN. We come to do our office.

GUILD. So do we;
Our office is to die, yours to look on:
We are beholding unto such beholders.
The time was, lords, when you did flock amain
To see her crown'd, but now to kill my Jane.
The world like to a sickle bends itself:
Men run their course of lives as in a maze:
Our office is to die, yours but to gaze.

JANE. Patience, my Guildford.

GUILD. Patience, my lovely Jane!
Patience has blanch'd thy soul as white as snow,

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But who shall answer for thy death? This know,
An innocent to die, what is it less
But to add angels to heaven's happiness?
The guilty dying do applaud the law,
But when the innocent creature stoops his neck
To an unjust doom, upon the judge they check.
Lives are, like souls, requir'd of their neglectors,
Then ours of you that should be our protectors.

WIN. Rail not against the law.

GUILD. No, God forbid,
My lord of Winchester! It 's made of law*,
And should I rail against it, 'twere against you.
If I forget not, you rejoic'd to see
The fall of Cromwell: joy you now at me?
Oft dying men are fill'd with prophecies,
But I 'll not be a prophet of your ill.
Yet know, my lords, they that behold us now,
May to the axe of justice one day bow,
And in that plot of ground, where we must die,
Sprinkle their bloods, though I know no cause why.

NORF. Speak you to me, Lord Guildford?

GUILD. Norfolk, no:
I speak to——

NORF. To whom?

GUILD. Alas, I do not know!——
Which of us two dies first?

* *My lord of Winchester! It 's, &c.*] Qy.
"My lord of Winchester *is* made of law."

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WIN. The better part.

GUILD. O, rather kill the worst!

JANE. 'Tis I, sweet love, that first must kiss the block.

GUILD. I am a man; men better brook the shock
Of threatening death: your sex are ever weak;
The thoughts of death a woman's heart will break.

JANE. But I am arm'd to die.

GUILD. Likelier to live;
Death to the unwilling doth his presence give:
He dares not look the bold man in the face,
But on the fearful lays his killing mace.

WIN. It is the pleasure of the queen
That the Lady Jane must first suffer death.

JANE. I thank her highness,
That I shall first depart this hapless world,
And not survive to see my dear love dead.

GUILD. She dying first, I three times lose my head!

Enter the HEADSMAN *and* LADIES.

HEADS. Forgive me, lady, I pray, your death.

GUILD. Ha! hast thou the heart to kill a face so fair?

WIN. It is her headsman.

GUILD. And demands a pardon
Only of her, for taking off her head?

JANE. Ay, gentle Guildford, and I pardon him

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GUILD. But I 'll not pardon him: thou art my wife,
And he shall ask me pardon for thy life.
HEADS. Pardon me, my lord.
GUILD. Rise, do not kneel;
Though thou submitt'st, thou hast a lowering steel,
Whose fatal declination brings our death:
Good man of earth, make haste to make us earth.
HEADS. Pleaseth the Lady Jane, I 'll help her off
With her night-gown.
JANE. Thanks, gentle friend, but I
Have other waiting-women to attend me.
Good Mistress Ellin*, lend me a helping hand
To strip me of these† worldly ornaments.
Off with these robes, O, tear them from my side!
Such silken covers are the guilt of pride.
Instead of gowns, my coverture be earth,
My worldly death, or new celestial birth‡!
What, is it off?
LADY. Madam, almost.
JANE. Not yet? O God,
How hardly can we shake off this world's pomp,

* *Good Mistress Ellin, &c.*] "Then kneeling downe, she said the psalme of Miserere mei Deus, in English, and then stood up and gave her maid (*called mistresse Ellin*) her gloves and handkercher," &c. *Holinshed*, vol. ii., p. 1100. ed. 1587.

† *these.*] The old copy, "*this.*"

‡ *birth.*] The old copy, "*breath.*"

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That cleaves unto us like our bodies' skin!
Yet thus, O God, shake off thy servant's sin!

LADY. Here is a scarf to blind your eyes.

JANE. From all the world but from my Guildford's sight:
Before I fasten this beneath my brow,
Let me behold him with a constant look.

GUILD. O do not kill me with that piteous eye!

JANE. 'Tis my last farewell, take it patiently:
My dearest Guildford, let us kiss and part.
Now blind mine eyes never to see the sky:
Blindfold thus lead me to the block to die.

[*Exit with Headsman, &c.*

GUILD. O! [*He falls in a trance.*]

NORF. How fares my lord?

ARUN. He's fallen into a trance.

NORF. Wake him not, until he wake himself.
O happy Guildford, if thou die in this,
Thy soul will be the first in heavenly bliss!

Enter HEADSMAN, *with* JANE'S *head.*

WIN. Here comes the headsman with the head of Jane.

GUILD. Who spake of Jane? who nam'd my lovely Jane?

WIN. Behold her head.

GUILD. O, I shall faint again!
Yet let me bear this sight unto my grave,
My sweet Jane's head:
Look, Norfolk, Arundel, Winchester,

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Do malefactors look thus when they die;
A ruddy lip, a clear reflecting eye,
Cheeks purer than the maiden orient pearl,
That sprinkles bashfulness through the clouds?
Her innocence has given her this look:
The like for me to show so well, being dead,
How willingly would Guildford lose his head!

WIN. My lord, the time runs on.

GUILD. So does our death:
Here 's one has run so fast, she 's out of breath.
But the time goes on, and my fair Jane's white soul
Will be in heaven before me, if I do stay.
Stay, gentle wife, thy Guildford follows thee:
Though on the earth we part by adverse fate,
Our souls shall knock together at heaven's gate.
The sky is calm, our deaths have a fair day,
And we shall pass the smoother on our way.
My lords, farewell, ay, once farewell to all:
The fathers' pride has caus'd the children's fall.

[*Exit Guildford to death**.

* Dudley, as every reader of history knows, was put to death before his wife.

Warner, in describing the end of this unhappy pair, adheres more closely to the truth:—

"Come was the day, the tragicke day, wherein they both should die,
When Either, passing to their end, ech other did espie,
Shee in her lodging waiting death, prepared her that day,
And he in being led thereto, her Lodging in his way,

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NORF. Thus have we seen her highness' will
perform'd:
And now their heads and bodies shall be join'd
And buried in one grave, as fits their loves.
Thus much I 'll say in their behalfs now dead,
Their fathers' pride their lives hath* severed.

[*Exeunt.*

Assending and dissending Signes then fly and fall apace,
And each bemones the other more than mindes their private
cace.
Their Eies, that looked Love ere while, now looke their last
adew,
And staine their faces, faultles ere this dismall enter-vew:
Their Eares, earst listning ioies, are deafe, unless to sighes
profound:
Their tongs, earst talking ioies, those looks and sighes did
now confound:
What part soere of them had felt or tasted ioyes ere this,
Weare senceles now of any ioy, save hope of heavenly blis.
Whilst Either thus for Earthly Pompe no longer time did
looke,
He passeth to the fatall Blocke, she praying on her booke:
Whence (having made a godly end) he was return'd, whilst
Shee
Prepard for like, and of her Lord the senceles Tronke did
see.
A sight more deathful than her death that should cōsort him
straite,
And for the which her feareles eies did every moment waite.
She unabashed, mounting now the Skaffold, theare attends
The fatall stroke, and unto God her better parte commends,
And as she liv'd a vertuous life so vertuously she ends."

Albion's England, p. 196, ed. 1612.

* *hath.*] The old copy, "*have.*"

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